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January



"The
Scarlet
Nemesis"

by S.S. VAN DINE

ginning

"The
Lagrant Years", by the Author of "Revelry"

.. and the Christmas Spirit need never die



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THE BEST SONGS

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VOL. LXXXVI NO. 1

Hearst's International
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JANUARY,
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Cosmopolitan

RAY LONG,
Editor



At Our Doorstep

By
O. O.
McIntyre

BACK in the purple-cowled and glamorous hills of old Mexico, two miles beyond the rather wild and lawless Tia Juana and a fourteen-mile drive from San Diego, there has arisen a new Monte Carlo for thirsty Americans with a fever for gambling.

It is situated, appropriately enough, at a spot called Agua Caliente, which translated means "Hot Water." Here under lazulite skies has been built a magnificent rose-spangled casino glistening white like a Turkish mosque in the sun.

In the restaurant *patio*, native dancers click castanets in fandangos and strolling musicians in latticed trousers and bright sashes twang haunting threnodies of Spain on instruments of string. At night even dark-eyed *señoritas* peep from moonlit balcony windows to add to the sensuous illusion.

Silver buckets holding rare vintage wine dot the table sides. Fashionably gowned ladies and equally cosmopolitan escorts sit under the gay striped umbrellas feasting on culinary yum-yums fashioned by imported chefs.

In the adjoining gambling-room, fairly dripping with crystal chandeliers and flashing with mirrored elegance, is the click of the roulette-wheel and the monotonous drone of the suave *croupier*. The play is heavy and fortunes are won and lost daily.

At the long bar, men and women are tossing down tiny glasses of cognac or lazily sipping silver and golden fizzes from tall tumblers. A few steps across the greensward is the amphitheater of the dog track where lean, muzzled hounds daily and frantically chase an electrically propelled rabbit.

The atmosphere is one of catch-as-catch-can conquest—the easy flirtatious *camaraderie* of those who have temporarily thrown off restraint. Imperious ladies, *demi-mondes*, worldlings, collegiates and flappers rub elbows . . . Eat, drink and be merry . . . Quotations from Omar . . . And oh, what a head!

Tia Juana's open-fronted saloons whirl with slot-machines. Busy bartenders ladle out countless glasses of frothy beer. "Percentage girls" whisper songs of seduction at your elbow.

Here, then, at our doorstep is the licensed freedom we have, for a number of years, been denied and for which there have

been so many agonized jeremiads. A few miles over the border—and the sky is the limit. And yet—

Somehow there was a note of ineffable sadness. America has grown self-conscious in intemperance. What many of us once looked upon as tip-top gaiety now has the sad gloom of a tinselled *bal masqué* costume the morning after.

In the pleasure-seeking throng one could not help but sense the hastening note of apology—the rather shamefaced manner of those who have indulged a foolish lark and regret it.

Americans do not remain long in this Mexican oasis created for them. Unless visitors have crossed the border by six in the evening they must remain until next morning. Few stay over.

It seemed to me there was a collective sigh of relief as wave after wave of motor-cars passed through customs and rolled beyond ear-shot of the tawdry pleasures.

As we skirted the Pacific with its cool rush of winds, I had a clearer realization than ever before of the complete change in American thought toward the saloon.

I am conscious of bootlegging lawlessness and its rapidly multiplying evils, but if there are those who do not believe the passing of the saloon is a notable achievement for America, a short visit to Tia Juana and its cheap glitter will convince them.

THAT night on the beautiful veranda of a Coronado hotel were young folk dancing to the strains of an Hawaiian orchestra and sipping iced soft drinks at intermissions. Elders sat at other tables playing bridge. There was a polite but modulated hum of well-ordered conversation. Little groups of men clotted together to puff cigars and gossip. All would be sleeping peacefully by midnight.

Perhaps I am a sentimental softy—there have been complaints!—but after a day of Tia Juana and its saloons and Agua Caliente and its high-play gambling, there was something inspiring, a gloat of pride in it all. Here was the real stuff—the America of our forefathers—and if there was a slight constriction in the throat at the pleasant thought that through stress and storm it has endured, that is my business.

I'm not such a hard-boiled guy as you might think, anyway.

By CHARLES



Watching

DANA GIBSON



the Market

by Samuel Hopkins Adams

who wrote
"REVELRY"



A NOVEL in a Setting of the Beauty Shop of Today

The Flagrant Years

Illustrations by
R. F. Schabelitz

H EAT blanketed the city, the enervating, sluggish heat of midsummer New York. It seemed an emanation of the place itself rather than a condition imposed upon its discomfort; a reek from the pullulating sidewalks, the roaring corners, the high, flat, blank, dully hostile buildings between which stale air drifted idly to and fro still redolent of the sunken, murky sun and quite unfit for decent lungs to breathe. It thickened the pulses, that stifling mockery of a breeze. One's skin became pallid; one's eyes became listless. Virtue went out of one's spine. One slumped.

One mustn't slump. In this great, hurrying, careless, non-friendly New York one must carry oneself unafraid, independent, if one would face it successfully; so much the girl already had gathered though she had been in the city less than ten days, not long enough to sap her courage, but long enough to make her feel very much alone. That loneliness was her own choice. There were opportunities and importunities in plenty to abandon her isolation; accosts every time she went out, tentative and timid or brutally direct, jocular, or even comradely. They had carried her through successive phases of alarm, resentment, disgust, derision, and amused indifference leading, perhaps, to eventual responsiveness. That might also arrive.

A headlong parade of traffic along Seventh Avenue held her up. Near Forty-second Street a man began abruptly to bawl at her. He was insistent and he seemed to be saying something incongruous about coolness and ocean breezes in a voice that dwindled to persuasiveness. Oh! Coney Island. There was the motor-bus waiting, all ready, the shillaber assured her, fairly panting, in fact, to start the moment she got in.

"How much is it?"

"Dollah'n-a-haff the round trip."

"I couldn't possibly do it," she breathed, painfully denying her own temptation.

The barker was surprised; in fact, he was grieved. Still, he had seen it before. Those swell lookers and snappy dressers didn't have the price so often it'd jar you. It was a world of wasted opportunities. He looked at her again and did a most unprofessional thing.

"Fall right into the subway, sister," he counseled. "It'll take you there for a nickel. Don't say I never done you a favor."

People were kind, after all, she reflected as she thanked him. But, five minutes later, packed in and pressed upon, gasping and sweltering, she regretted that well-meant advice. After an interminable time the mass burst at the end of the route, spewing her out from an inferno of dimness and heat into another inferno of glare and heat and clash and roar and intolerable glitter. It was like being inside a giant baby's metal toy. And where was the ocean? And the greenery? And the quiet coolness?

In her ignorance she had pictured long avenues, pleasant with trees, under which one sat on benches, looking at the stars and inhaling the soft breath of the sea. There were no trees, at least, no public trees, no benches, no stars visible through that blinding electrical radiance, and the only available inhalations were unmitigatedly hot-dog. She felt disillusioned, cheated. What was there to do here but walk and be shoved about by crowds? She could walk and be shoved about by crowds on Broadway. But she walked. She walked until she was very tired. Then she sat down in a chair which seemed detached.

It was not as detached as it seemed. A waiter appeared.

"I just wanted to rest a minute," explained the girl.

The waiter looked dubious. A young man lounged up and dropped into an adjacent chair. He was unremarkable except that he looked cool and his linen suit was fresh and undisheveled. Evidently he had not come down in the subway. He addressed her.

"I'm sorry to be late."

"Late? For what?"

"As a matter of fact, you're early." To the waiter he said confidently: "Fetch a menu, Androcles, and be sure it's handsomely illustrated." He turned back to the girl as the waiter retired. "That bluff was for the benefit of the menial," he remarked. "They don't encourage pick-ups here. Why choose the most respectable place on the Avenue? Don't answer; I know it already; because you're respectable yourself. Then why do I try to pick you up? Tell you later. Have a sandwich."

"No, thank you," said she, a little dizzied by this volubility.

"Better reconsider. People do things at Coney Island that they wouldn't dream of doing anywhere else. I've known perfectly respectable married women come down here with no intentions beyond an ice-cream soda, and after an hour in the bright lights suddenly go completely frankfurter. It's something in the air. Have a steak. Fix the mind firmly on a tender young sirloin garnished with mushrooms or perhaps with the succulent though antisocial onion. Tell me not that you're unhungry because I distinctly saw your mouth quiver when I first said 'steak.' And don't be timorous. It all goes on the expense account. This is business, not seduction."

Again her expressive mouth quivered, but not with fleshly desires this time. "What a relief!" she murmured.

"Yes; it must be. You see, I'm a woman hunter."

"And that is meant to be reassuring—to a woman?"

"You may be a woman in your home-life, but to me you're just a type." The menu claimed his attention. He delivered a rapid but comprehensive order. "Urge it along, will you, Barabbas?" he said to the waiter. "Now, where were we? Oh, yes; about types. Want a job?"

"How did you ever happen to guess it?"

"I was in the bus when you registered shock at the barker's price. So, I surmise that you aren't as pecunious as you might be," he said.



IPSYDOODLE SMITH



"Right again. Do you go around offering jobs to any girl who looks as if she needed one?"

"You don't *look* as if you needed one. You look like the illustrations to a government bond. That's why you might do for me."

"Would you mind telling me what you mean?"

"The pictures. Didn't you guess it? Ever think of 'em?"

"No."

"Blah! Every girl does." He whisked a notebook out of his pocket.

"Name?" he requested, very businesslike.

She hesitated, then smiled.

"Consuelo Barrett."

The pencil started to write, but paused and poised. "Come again," he invited with placid but obvious disbelief.

"Oh, all right! Aurelia McGoop."

"Is it really your name?" said he doubtfully. "The Consuelo one, I mean. It sounds too neat to be true."

"Take the other one, then." She was laughing at him now.

"I'll string with Connie. It's made to order for the screen. Age?"

"Twenty-two," she lied glibly.

"On the verge of senility," he commented. "Still, you might get by. I don't say you would, but you might."

"Are you actually a Hollywood scout?"

This Novel tells poignantly the Story of a Girl Alone in New York, a Girl With a Mystery in her Past—

"That's me. I'm a director. Supernal Films Corporation. On vacation now but always with the old eye out for types. Minute I saw you I inventoried you. No raving beauty, but all there.

"What is known in our cultured circles as class. Eyes good, hair good, figure swell, skin the best of all though you ought to switch make-up. You've got carriage, and manner, and looks. I know it, you know it, and the dog knows it. But will the camera know it? Doubted."

"Doubted here, too," she admitted. "But suppose it should? What then?"

"Back to hectic Hollywood with Handsome Harry."

"I don't want to go to Hollywood. I want to stay in New York."

"Hm! Thought you needed a job."

"I do. Terribly. But there must be jobs in New York, and I'm going to stick till I get one."

"Score for the metropolis. Well, my family coat of arms is two helping hands, outstretched. We will consider the situation. What can you do?"

"Nothing, apparently, that anybody wants done. At least, that's what they seem to think at the places where I've applied. All I get is a kindly look and not always that."

"What have you tried?"

"Everything."

"Marriage?"

"Not yet."

"Like to marry me?"

"No."

He stuck out his tongue at her. She began to wonder whether he wasn't slightly demented. "Wouldn't do you any good if you did," he stated. "I've got a wife, a mistress, and thirteen children crying for bread in Beverly Hills, California. So you'd rather work than marry."

"Yes."

"Foolish virgin! Well, it's no business of mine and I don't know why I should be getting all interested in it."

"Neither do I."

He promptly contradicted himself. "Well, I do. It's the look in the eye of you."

"Rot!" said Consuelo sweetly.

"Oh, not the ordinary come-hither stuff, the come-and-kiss-me side-swipe of the eye. Cheap goods, that. It's the come-and-be-good-to-me look that you've got. If I could put that on the screen I'd make a star of you. Ready for coffee?"

"Yes. Whatever I've got," she added, "it hasn't landed me a job."

"Never forgetting the job for a minute!" He drew from his pocket a pair of horn-rimmed glasses and a pencil and tore a leaf from his notebook. "Can you take dictation?" he inquired.

"Not shorthand."

"Then I'd better use my own stenographer."

He settled himself to write and entered upon a little dialog wherein he played both rôles. "Miss De Courceville, oblige me by taking a letter.

"Certainly, Mr. Wriothlesley-Mansard. (This in a coy chirp.)

"Ready? Address—never mind the address. Shoot. 'Deah Mantalini.'" He wrote it as he spoke, then looked up sidelong at Consuelo. "Don't you think Mantalini's a swell name?"

"I think it's a demd, damp, moist, unpleasant name," she smiled. "I thought so," murmured her strange companion to himself, as if pleasantly confirming his own judgment. "The child is intelligent. She may even be educated. Proceed, Miss Chateaulafitte." And, dictating aloud to himself, he wrote what he dictated, word by word:

"Deah Mantalini paragraph. Miss Consuelo McGoop Barrett who brings you this welcome letter comma is the oldest friend I

have in the world stop. In fact comma she is my aunt stop. But don't let that stand in her way stop. Many a Smith is better than he comma she comma or it looks stop. If you have a job loose give it to her stop. If you hav'n't comma give her one anyway because she needs it and she will prove an asset to your business stop. In case you should get experimental and want to try anything on comma stop comma look comma and listen stop. For she is not that kind of girl stop." He raised an inquiring eye. "There seems to be a mix-up on the stops in that," he remarked. "Does it seem to you to have any sense?"

"Not much."

"Never mind. Neither has he. Continue, Miss Grubstakes, and kindly do not interrupt me again . . . I can vouch for her character comma honesty comma good looks and ditto intentions comma and healthy appetite stop. Don't try and pass her along stop. I'm telling you stop. Love and kisses to the trade stop. Signed . . ." He looped a long single signature across the page. It looked like an angleworm that had just come out of curl.

"There! That ought to do the business. Or maybe it won't. You never can tell. Old Spanglewax might be dead or sore on me or something. I seem to remember having soaked him in the eye the last time we met. Or maybe it was only on the ear. Anyway, you'd better try."

"But what am I trying for? I'd be awfully interested to know."

"A job in Mr. Gerstel Corss' finishing joint for females."

"But I'm not qualified to teach!" she cried. "I left college in sophomore year."

"An external finishing joint for females," he elucidated.

"External?"

"A beauty salon, Simporetta. You ought to go big, with that June-rose skin of yours and your general look of having just shaken off the tissue-paper. By the way, where do you sleep, if as and when you sleep?"

"Tonight," she replied vaguely. "I don't know." For an indefensible and spendthrift idea had come into her head. With truly feminine logic she had been figuring in a corner of her brain that the subway trip had saved her one dollar and forty cents. Now, if by adding a little to that she could find lodging in some respectable small hotel or inn—"I hadn't made up my mind," she finished.

To her surprise she found him regarding her with disfavor.

"The answer to that one, sister," he imparted to her gravely, "is 'Home with Momma' or words to that effect."

"Would you call a stifling fourth-floor closet under a tin roof home?" she retorted.

"Not if I could help it. What's the answer? You weren't going to stay down here, were you?"

"I don't see why not."

"Alone?"

"Of course, alone."

"And how old did you say you were?"

"I said I was twenty-two. I'm really twenty—almost."

"Yes. Well, you don't know your Coney. Not a chance, little one. We trot back to the big city and there I bid you a fond farewell forever. I wanted your address in case anything turned up. Here's mine, by the way." He wrote it out: James I. Smith, Supernal Films Corporation, Hollywood, Calif. "Come along. There'll be a bus starting pretty soon."

"I can't afford the bus."

"On me. Don't be silly. The subway will be worse than coming down."

"All right," she yielded gratefully.

On the way up he said, "It's none of my business, but are you broke?"

"No."

"Pretty near?" he persisted.

"I can get along for a while."

"And then what?"

"Oh, then I can get along for a while more."

"Indebegoshdarnpendent, huh? You look it. The point is,

R O W D Y



B O B

There's a light-hearted side to the Story—as, for instance, her Encounter with a Surprising Young Man at Coney Island

could you spread yourself for ten bucks and still eat?"

"I could."

"Then go to one of the Fifth Avenue joints and get the swellest facial, marcelle and manicure that can be bought for money before you go after the job. Have 'em make you up a little older and tell my friend, Spanglewax, that you're twenty-six."

"Who?"

"Gerstel, of course. You'd never get the job at your real age."

AT THE terminus he hailed a taxi and followed her in, to give her some parting advice, as he explained. "The real money's in the tips and the commissions. You've got to be a saleswoman. I think you have the personality for it. And remember, you're twenty-six. Thirty'd be better, but they'd give you the laugh if you tried to get away with it. Couldn't you go hungry for a few days and get a line or two on the old map?"

"I may have to one of these days," she said. But she laughed. Absurd though he was, he made her feel strangely encouraged.

As they turned at the corner of the park, the cab gave a swift, wide swerve and bumped the curb, throwing Consuelo into her young man's arms. An elderly man with a dour face was threatening the taxi man with his cane, for having nearly run him down.

"I'll bust you one in the eye," snarled the driver and was rising when his fare violently pulled him back.

"Go on, you fool," he warned. "That's 'Wager' Daniels. Do you want your license revoked?"

"Gee!" whispered the taxi man, and threw in his clutch.

The pedestrian transferred his attention to Consuelo. His expression changed to a look of blank surprise, which was itself surprising. He turned and went on his way.

"What an old beast," she said as the cab went on. "Who is he?"

"One of the biggest real estate operators in New York. And as overbearing and tyrannical as he is rich. I tried to interview him once when I was a reporter. Ooph!"

At the curb of the tall dim house in upper Lexington Avenue he rather casually kissed her good night. "Here's luck if I don't see you again," he said. "Don't take any bluff from old Gollop. Tell him he's got to give you a job or I'll come back and punch his other eye. Bidy-bye."

She turned at the door and ran after the departing cab, calling. No use. It whirled around the corner leaving her feeling suddenly supportless. For James I. Smith had forgotten to give her that remarkable letter. Oh, well! It was a crazy sort of thing anyway. Probably it wouldn't have helped a bit.

Well, why not? The imperative question was there waiting for her when she woke up the morning after the Coney Island episode. It faced her across the chocolate and cracker that made up her home breakfast. Why not? She had tried everything else that a girl, alone and without references, might conceivably be fitted for.

One hundred and fifty-seven dollars and thirty-five cents could not be expected to last forever, nor could her impeccable clothes. The suggestion of the obliging, though perhaps slightly insane Mr. Smith demanded, whether or not it deserved, serious consideration.

Certainly it was not what she would have chosen. She could not, without distaste, see herself in that sort of occupation. Her traditions revolted against it, as something servile. Still, she had discarded other traditions. It might very well be that the external finishing trade, as Smith had called it, was the solution of her problem. Anyway, it was a chance. Therefore, why not? Miss Consuelo Barrett became an intrepid and determined young person.

Gerstel Corss was the name. Easy to remember; not so easy to spell. She went out to consult a telephone book. Probab'y spelled with an e. Corse; Abner, Henrietta, three Johns and two Samuels. Corss; Mary, Norris and Whitfield. Coarse; not one.

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On the verge of giving up she had an inspiration; it might be spelled *K-o-h-r-s*. Sure enough. There it was. "G. N. Kohrs." And after it "Undertakers' supplies"! One more chance. After some research she located a city directory. There too the lethal furnisher monopolized the hopeful name. Miss Barrett did not sit down and cry. She went out on the street and said, "Oh, the devil!" in a low but courageous voice, and a passing postman grinned and commented, "That's the spirit!"

Well, maybe he was right; maybe that *was* the spirit for the assault upon the forbidding defenses of a city which must nevertheless be pregnable. Other people got jobs. Why not she?

She walked up Fifth Avenue, taking it slowly because someone had told her that shoes deteriorated rapidly from a fast pace. Up and down she covered fifteen blocks before selecting a salon in the Fifties, with the inconspicuously lettered title "La Primavera."

Out of turmoil the elevator lifted her into an area of peace and restfulness, modulated voices and subdued lights playing upon harmonious colors. The air was bland with the soothing richness of ointments. A Perfect Being at a desk smiled upon her.

"Madame has an appointment?"

"No," answered Consuelo. "Is it necessary? I want a full treatment," she added.

"One of our best operators will be free in a few minutes," said the Being after consultation with a businesslike tablet of exquisite finish. "Will you take a seat?"

Even the chair had a suggestion of languorous soothing. Consuelo was quick to catch the hypnotic purport of the whole atmosphere. If she ever owned a beauty parlor she would call it "Lotus Land." Evidently the unseen clients of the place took on the tone of their environment; their voices, heard from the various cabinets, were for the most part attuned to its pitch. Incongruously there intruded a strident narrative of a peculiarly autobiographic nature.

"Who d'you think you are?" I says to him. Just like that. 'Think you're goddlemity,' I says, 'and can get away with arson? If so,' I says, 'you picked the wrong girl to marry.'"

The eye of the Perfect Being at the appointment desk telegraphed an apology to the waiting girl. "A client of long standing," she murmured. "They will become confidential about their

family affairs at times." She looked ruefully in that direction as the voice continued:

"And what d'you think he had the noive to say to me? What? . . . Oh, finny, eh? Gee! Is it that late? All righty, I'll tell you the rest next time."

A gentle and glorious-looking brunette emerged from behind the curtain. She had the Madonna contour and the eyes of a trusting fawn.

"Put me down fer eleven o'clock Wensdy, Miss Kest-chine," she said to the appointment manager, who nodded and made a note. "By, Miss Roberts," she said to the operator

who had followed her out, a blond, strong-looking girl.

"Will you take this young lady, Miss Roberts?" said the Perfect Being. "I think she is a new client. Are you not?"

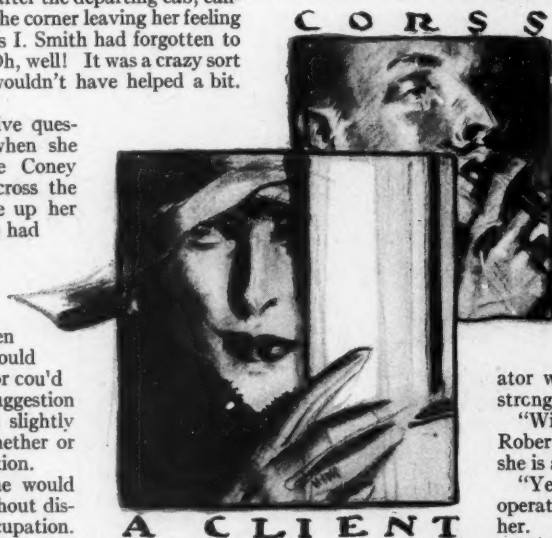
"Yes," said Consuelo, conscious that the operator was unobtrusively inventorying her.

"I'm sure you will be pleased," continued the Being. "The full treatment, Miss

Roberts." She and the operator exchanged a private look which the observant Consuelo saw but could not interpret.

In the cabinet which was all in one tone of orchid, matched by the frock and stockings of the blond girl, Consuelo laid aside hat and waist and stretched her slight figure on an apparatus as elaborate as a surgical table. The operator fluffed out her hair and touched chin, cheek and throat with light exploratory fingers.

"You have an attractive color of tan," she said. "Quite *chic*,





this season." Her intonation was careful and practised.

"It's real. I've been in the Sierras."

"Oh-h-h-h-h? Have you come to New York to stay?"

"Yes."

"We shall hope to have you as a regular client. Though"—she laughed pleasantly—"you're younger than most we get. Still, that's good sense: take care of it while you've got it and it'll be there when you need it." The clever, soothing finger-tips rested at the side of the nostrils. "Been having a little pore trouble?"

"Not that I know of," replied Consuelo, surprised.

"It doesn't amount to much. Later it might." She handed the girl a mirror with a slightly magnifying surface. In it the soft, fine texture of the youthful skin looked coarse, almost pitted. "I'll treat you for it. And we have a corrective lotion for home use that is wonderfully effective in checking it."

With mechanical address the operator selected from shelves full of white jars, arranged with a scientific particularity, that which she needed. Deftly she began to work in the ointments

and salves, kneading the skin with gentle, persuasive strength. Consuelo began to feel relaxed, sleepy. That wouldn't do. For her outlay she must pick up what pointers she might.

"Is it hard to give treatments?" she inquired.

Having heard that same question hundreds of times from idle minds in search of conversation, the operator was pat with her answer. "It's a technique. One has to know the skin and its functions." (She was glib with this formula from the lecture-rooms of her apprenticeship.) "It isn't the manipulation alone."

"Does it take long to learn?"

"Oh, yes. It's very scientific."

"About how long?"

"Six months, for a really good course."

"Isn't there any quicker way?" asked Consuelo, dismayed.

"There are cheap schools where you work on free models while you learn. We would not have any of those girls in the place."

"Is the regular course very expensive?" the interrogator nerved herself to ask.



"You can't get the best for nothing," was the oracular response.

"I am thinking of trying it."

"You?" Instantly Miss Roberts' manner changed and with it her speech, though the clear and quiet intonation endured. "What's the big idea?" she asked, curt, faintly suspicious, curious, but human and natural.

"I've got to do something."

"Asso?" She was not convinced. "Want to see how it seems to be an honest working goil, huh?"

"I want to eat," explained Consuelo bluntly.

"Fair enough," conceded the other. Her tone began to show an interest. "Ever had any experience?"

"In eating? More than I have in working."

The feeble little joke brought a friendly grin to the face bending

over her. "I'll say you have! How much did them footies cost you?"

"Twenty-seven dollars."

"Class! Well, you started it; now finish. What's the answer? Did he ditch you?"

"Who?"

"How do I know who! The Duke of Smoking-Jacket, I'd say, by your general get-up. Who was the departed sugar-daddy?"

"There wasn't any. It isn't that."

"Beat it from home and a crool stepmomma?"

"No. I haven't any home and not much money left and I've got to get a job. A friend thought I might do in this business if I could get a start. That's why I'm trying to find out about it."

"Listen intently, baby-kid. Nine out of ten girls would warn you that there's nothing in it. That's magnolia essence! I'm

She attends a Party in a Club called The Barn; and on that evening is laid the Foundation of a Baffling Murder

gonna give you the up-and-up. It's a swell line if you can make the grade, and there's good money in it. If I couldn't pull down my little sixty a week I'd go drink a cyanid cocktail."

"I had no idea salaries ran as high as that," said Consuelo. "Salaries, me glass eye!" retorted the other in her charming voice. "You couldn't eat bird-seed for breakfast on 'em. It's the tips and the commissions and the double-your-work extras that puts a kolinsky collar on last year's coat."

"Would there be any chance for me, do you think?"

Miss Roberts considered. "You're a swell, aren't you?"

Consuelo laughed, not quite naturally. "What's a swell?"

"Why, you know. You're talking to me now just like you always talk to anyone, aren't you? It isn't just put on, like our shop-talk. It's the way you're brought up. Isn't that right?"

"Of course."

"That's what I mean. Class. And I thought for a minute you were one of those midnight dolls. I must have been dizzy! What I'm trying to get to is this: it's a tough game for any girl that's been brought up on pap all her life."

"Not me. I've just spent two months practically alone in a mountain cabin cooking my own food and killing most of it."

"Yeh? But that was a lark. This is a grind. Could you stick it out?"

"I'm strong."

"You have to be. There's other things. You're awful young."

"Couldn't you make me up to look older?"

This seemed to strike Miss Roberts as a masterpiece of humor. "That's a new one, that is! I've been asked to do everything in this game but that."

"There must be a way, though, isn't there?"

"Search my bureau drawers, detective. There may be. They don't teach it in the courses." She became grave. "There is a way if you've got the nerve."

"What is it?"

"Try starving for a month. That'll put lines in your face. I did it once—because I had to, not because I wanted to—and it did things to my map that got me turned down at two places for being too old."

"What is the best age?"

"Oh, twenty-five to thirty."

"But you're not that, are you?"

"You'd be surprised," chuckled the other. "Some of the trimmings of this beauty business are sure the bunk—I guess every business is that way—but one thing it does do for you, it keeps you young and no bunk about that."

"You said something about my pores being—"

"Forget it! That was selling talk. I was laying the foundation to soak you with a jar of our special pore lotion and hand myself a ninety-cent commish. There isn't a skin like yours comes into the place twice a month. It'll be your best bet when you go job-chasing."

"That's what I don't know how to do."

"Look here, kiddo. I don't know how I stand with you, but we're on the edge of telling each other our real names and ideers. I like you. You're the goods. And if you say so I'll just bust the union rules wide open and help you if I can."

"Is there a union?" asked Consuelo. "Do I have to join it?"

"Gee, kid! You certainly let your mind run wild at times. Don't you know the smell of hot air when it rises? I only meant that we don't usually boost new girls coming into a trade that's getting overstocked now, what with Russian princesses and Roumanian dukesses and Aligazambian heavenknowswhattesses crowding into New York, all broke, and all taking to the manicure knife and the marcelle iron like ducks to a drake. I'm for a tariff on titles. Not that they use 'em, and not that some of 'em aren't good guys at that. I've got one flat-mating with me. Like you to meet her."

"I'd be delighted," said the other politely.

"Got anything on this evening?"

"No."

"Come up to the joint. Not to see Varvara; she's going to some

meeting or something; they're always holding meetings, those Russians. But the boy-friend's coming up and he's got a blind drag from Wheeling, West Virginia. I don't know him, but it's a swell bet he's all right if he's a friend of Victor's. He's in the commission business. We four could go and look at a night club."

"I'm afraid I couldn't," said Consuelo hastily. She was attracted by the girl's rough and easy comradeship; she even warmed to it. But the thought of being drawn into the kind of associations that she was likely to have startled her.

"Pulling the Ritz stuff on me?" It was said without resentment, but with a tinge of disappointment, as if the speaker recognized and accepted the difference between them. Consuelo was instantly conscience-stricken.

"Not at all. It isn't that." She sought desperately for an excuse. "I'm not so good on parties just now. My—my father died—"

"Say no more, kid!" broke in the operator. "That's tough." And Consuelo's conscience felt still worse, for while the paternal demise was true enough, there was the qualifying circumstance that it had occurred eighteen years before. "You might try one of the Fourteenth Street free-model joints," continued the mentor.

"Are they good?"

"They're terrible. But they're cheap. And they're practical."

"What do I do?"

"Pick out a free-treatment sign, go in and tell 'em you want a facial. While the learner is working on you, you can size up the methods."

"A learner? On me? This is the only face I've got."

"Well, I don't blame you for wanting to save it. Not that they'd be likely to hurt it permanently. The other way is to brace the madam and tell her you're entering for the course."

"I'll do it," decided Consuelo. She exchanged addresses with the other, promising to look her up and report as soon as the latter returned from her vacation, which began the next week.

Fourteenth Street took her breath away and when she recovered it she did not care much for what it offered to breathe. All the beauty parlors seemed about equally gilt-and-tinselly. She selected one at random and went in. The place was shrill with chatter, adjurations, directions and occasional plaints issuing from a double row of canvas-walled booths between which a formidable little instructress paraded like the overseer of a galley between chained slaves.

"No more frees 'afternoon," announced this person, sighting Consuelo. "You can get a p.g. Half price."

"I came to see about taking lessons."

"May—tee! Here's a goil wants t' enroll."

"Jussa minnit," answered a voice from a rear recess.

"Take a look," invited the slave-driver with an expansive gesture.

Consuelo took a look, also, involuntarily, a smell which she instantly regretted. The air was rancid with the odor of powerful perfumes complicated by the reek of burnt hair. Every one of the thirty girls in the place was toiling with concentrated energy on the face, hair, arms or fingers of

some subject. There was an effect of tense purpose here; one might get useful training in such a place, if one could stand it. But was it possible that such retreats as the fragrant and peaceful Primavera recruited their experts from such a human boiler-shop as this? (It wasn't; but she did not find that out until later.)

"Send that new applicant in," came the call from the recess, and Consuelo found herself being sparkled at by a hard, fat, brilliant-eyed Jewess. "We have just one vacancy in the class," she imparted briskly. "You wish to take the full course, don't you?"

"I don't know. What is it?"

"Six weeks gives you everything—face, hair, hands, special treatments—everything except permanent wave. That's extra. Ten dollars a week. It don't cover (Continued on page 150)



What **YOU** do if Fate Would Gave You

These Five
Women Answer
in a Human
Document that is
being **LIVED**

SUPPOSE the Final Judge should pronounce this sentence on you: "Here is a certified check for \$10,000 and here are twelve months of life. Spend this money as you wish; and spend this time as you wish—but there will be no reprieve, no last-minute stay of execution."

What would you and I do?

What would we do with these priceless, swiftly passing months of life?

What would we do with the 10,000 pieces of silver?

Would the knowledge that certain death was lurking near by rob us of the joy of wealth that was ours to spend as we wished? Or would the knowledge that now we could buy the things we had dreamed of rob death of its sting?

At this very moment in the neighborhood of Orange, New Jersey, five women, the oldest only a little more than thirty, are living the answers to these fantastic questions. Early last June a check for \$10,000 was handed to each of them and each was told that there was no hope of a cure for the radium poisoning from which they were suffering. By Christmas one or two of them probably will be dead; the others will follow in swift and terrible succession.

But at least to some of the living ones this Christmas will be in many ways the best Christmas of their lives. For the first time they will have an abundance of money to do with as they wish. They will be able to buy happiness and comfort for themselves and their families.

This strange little drama of life and death and sudden wealth opens in a long, bright, cheery factory room in New Jersey. It is war-time. A hundred and more girls are seated in front of high benches painting watch dials with a radium composition. Many of these luminous dials will be used by young American soldiers on French battlefields.

For the most part they are girls from fifteen to twenty years old. They discover that they can best paint the hour numbers on these watch dials if now and then they "point" the brushes with their lips. So, instructed or uninstructed, they do that.

Between this opening scene and the second act several years pass. Then on January 23rd, 1925, the newspapers carried the first warning of the unknown tragedy that was to follow:

Paris, Jan. 23.—The chemist, Dementioux, who worked with Prof. Curie and Mme. Curie, died in a hospital here, the victim of a strange, lingering and agonizing affection caused by long-continued experimentation in radium research.

Six weeks later, on March 9th, Margaret Carlough of East Orange, New Jersey, sued a radium corporation for \$75,000.

Little attention was paid the suit at the time. Then on June 8th, Doctor Edward H. Lehman, chief chemist of the Radium Corporation and one of the leading authorities of the country on the extraction of radium from ore, died at his home in Orange of "pernicious anemia." He had been experimenting with radium



Mrs. Quinta McDonald



Miss Katherine Schaub

International News Reel

P. & A.

for fifteen years. Only a month before his death, Doctor Lehman had remarked to a friend: "I'm afraid something is happening to me here. I'll put in a year or two more and then I'll quit for good."

Still no one realized the terrible toll that was to be taken by commercial use of Madame Curie's great discovery and the world's most valuable substance—radium.

Shortly afterwards, Doctor S. A. von Sochocay, radium expert, issued a statement in which he urged all persons who had been in contact with radioactive materials to undergo exhaustive medical examinations. "Once a radioactive element reaches the body of a living organism," said Doctor von Sochocay, "it does not leave the organs until it decays completely by itself. In other words, if a man were to swallow one gram of radium and could live 1,700 years, he would still have in his bones and organisms one-half of the original amount."

During 1925 several suits were filed by women who had been affected with this lingering and mysterious ailment. Then early in 1928 new suits were brought against the Radium Corporation by five young women upon whom the sentence of death had already been passed. Each suit was for \$250,000. Finally a compromise settlement was made, each of the five receiving \$10,000 in cash and an assurance of \$50 a month each as long as they lived. Their past and future doctors' bills and medical supplies were provided for and their attorney fees were paid.

So it was that a bit of the rainbow came to the doomed five: Miss Katherine Schaub, Mrs. Edna Hussman, Miss Grace Fryer, Mrs. Albina Larice and Mrs. Quinta McDonald.

It was early in June when the settlement checks were received. Immediately their mail was flooded with suggestions concerning investments and with offers of "cures." Tracts and hopeful poems vied with proposals of marriage for the attention of the radium victims. Some of the writers sent sacred medals and oils.

But even with the sentence of death pronounced on them the young women did not lose their common sense. They had only to spend their money and their last months as they chose.

And so we come to the final act in this human drama. What have they done? How have they spent their money? And what, in the final analysis, has money to do with contentment?

The first thing that Miss Katherine Schaub, the youngest of the

By Robert L.

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\$10,000 *and* ONE YEAR *to Live?*



Mrs. Albina Larice



Mrs. Edna Hussman



Miss Grace Fryer

Murray

five, did was to use part of her money to take up a mortgage on her father's home in Newark. Then she purchased an automobile and set out to fulfil two long-cherished desires. The first was to live in the country; the second to embark on a literary career.

August found Miss Schaub established as a boarder at a homely farmhouse in the Catskills. She had purchased a small library of carefully selected books and was feeding her hungry mind. The farmhouse faces a winding road half-way up the mountain-side. A sleepy village snuggles in the valley below and a church spire is visible where it tops trees that flank peaceful streets.

To Miss Schaub it is not dull. She feels she is living for the first time. Driving along the country roads, she passes farm wagons and receives cheery greetings from her new-found friends. None knows of her affliction. She explains her lameness and pallor as being the result of an accident.

The change in environment brought contentment despite her constantly increasing ills. She gained some weight. Now one finds that she has even summoned up hope. It is a furtive, desperate sort of hope, but it is hope.

Each day Miss Schaub does some reading. Each day she spends some time at her little poems. I asked her for one of them:

Down to the valley and up the hill,
The lazy road winds its way;
And neighborly folk who travel past
Will pass you the time of day.

The farmhouse porch with its rambling rose
Looks out on the vale below;
And the road climbs past to the peaks above,
That are capped with the year's first snow.

The village that rests on the valley's lap
Is kindly and good and clean—
There is so much happiness close at hand
To banish the small and mean.

But best of all are the cheery smiles
That greet you where'er you go;
While, in the city, a person may
Be lonesome—and mighty so.

Mrs. Edna Hussman had been happily married while she was still working with the deadly radium. She and her husband had lived in modest comfort in their own home. There was enough money for the necessities but little to spare. She had been ill, but she would improve with a change of diet and medical care, the doctors promised.

Then one night as she got up from her bed to find her medicine she glanced up at a tall mirror. A scream broke from her lips. In the mirror she saw a shimmer, a ghostly light radiating from her body. Her hair and skin were luminous in the dark.

She crumpled on the floor. She knew that she was doomed. She and her husband did everything that could be done. Their savings went for medical fees and vain efforts at cures. Money dwindled with the months. Then in June came the check for \$10,000.

At once Mrs. Hussman bought a comfortable car and she and her husband started on a leisurely tour. There was plenty of money to pay the bills. She could have anything she wanted. For years she had dreamed of a beautiful player-piano, so on her return she ordered one. Then she purchased a fine cabinet radio.

Between these two she has all the music she had been longing for. There are new joys of life now—new facets of happiness that compete with the pain and suffering and even the knowledge that death is lurking around the corner.

The third of the quintet is the only one who is striking back at death. Miss Grace Fryer has her little fortune safely invested, and she has let neither the money nor the approaching doom change her life or her outlook. She retains her position with a trust company in Newark, fighting with an unwavering courage the inroads of the malady.

I was so thrilled by the battle which this young woman is putting up against her fate that I tried to find some bit of hope that I might carry to her. I found only the opposite.

"Nothing known to science will counteract the condition," Doctor Harrison S. Martland, Chief Medical Examiner of Essex County, New Jersey, explained to me. "These radioactive salts are chiefly insoluble salts. If they were soluble they would be eliminated from the body without difficulty, but instead they form on bones and cannot be removed.

"For a time, when these substances reach the bone, the victim feels better than normal, but the constant (Continued on page 163)



Illustrations by Rose O'Neill

Read this story by
Sir Philip

Gibbs

first; then
read the one by his son,

Anthony,

four pages on.

Promenade des Anglais—the Hôtel Magnifique—where he hadn't paid his bill yet, and feared the worst.

It was because he was sick to death of that hotel in Nice where every mirror reflected the same kind of girl powdering her nose and using her lip-stick, that he had suggested this spin to St. Ambrose in the car he had driven down from Calais.

Phyllis had accepted on condition that he wouldn't talk "shop." But as she sat beside him, giving a little squeal now and then as he took a hairpin bend, he repeated the offer which was the main reason of his coming down to Nice.

"Better sign that contract, dear lady. The movies are all right as a side-show, but you're getting out of touch with your real public. You ought to come back to the Forum. I made your reputation, didn't I?"

Phyllis laughed with shrill mockery.

"I made it myself, old dear, and don't you forget it . . . You can't get people to the Forum—not if you provide them with free drinks. I'm earning four times as much as any fee you have the pluck to put in a contract. Fifty pounds a week! Why, it wouldn't pay for my stockings."

"I'll make it sixty," he said desperately.

Phyllis Wise was still a draw. If he could get her back to the Forum in one of her old sketches it would make a lot of difference to the box-office.

He had made a bad break with that girl Lydia Lorenzo. Then there was that Man Monkey. A bit of a genius. He had banked on him as a certain draw. So he would have been, if the Daily Tribune hadn't worked up sham indignation against his show as an outrage against good taste.

Then there was—well, what was the use of nagging over past failures? He'd got to find something new or the Forum would have to shut its doors. The bottom had dropped out of the theatrical business.

"Nothing doing, Harvey, old thing," said Phyllis. "And mind that precipice, if you don't mind. My little life is worth a lot—to me!"

"THAT girl has personality—and nice legs," said Harvey Moss, the theatrical manager.

"Oh, come off it!" said Phyllis Wise, who was getting a big enough salary as a film star to be rude to a man who was suffering from the slump in London theaters. "Let's go and get a cup of tea, old dear. It's enough to stifle one in this barn, and I'm fed up with these silly old folk-dances."

"The show will be over in five minutes," said Harvey Moss. "May as well stick it out. I'm rather interested. That girl is a peach. I shouldn't be surprised—"

He did not tell Phyllis Wise what was in his thoughts just then. Rather surprising thoughts for a theatrical manager in a big barn at the back of an old church in a French village perched on a peak of the Alpes-Maritimes, an hour's motor run from Nice. Phyllis wouldn't understand. Cocktails and bridge were more in her line, at that palace of sham marble and gilt-framed mirrors on the

The PROVENÇAL DANCERS

He lighted a cigar to keep his temper steady, with one hand on the steering-wheel. No good talking to that fool woman at his side. As selfish and obstinate as the rest of them.

Anyhow it was pretty good climbing these mountains. He had been born with a sense of beauty. There was some touch of the artist in him which hadn't been killed by theatrical management, or too many whiskies. Some of his crowd held it up against him, to account for some of his failures. "You're too much of an artist, Harvey. The public doesn't care a curse for art or beauty and all that bosh. -Crude stuff is what they like."

Not always. He had put over that Russian show. Sheer artistry—and the public had risen to it so that the Forum was packed every night for six months. Two years ago now, and nothing much since.

Well, there was St. Ambrose, perched up on a crag like an eagle's nest, with stone houses that were made out of the rock on which they were built. It would make a pretty good back-cloth for a romantic sketch, with those shadows as black as ink flung down from the walls over the white rocks.

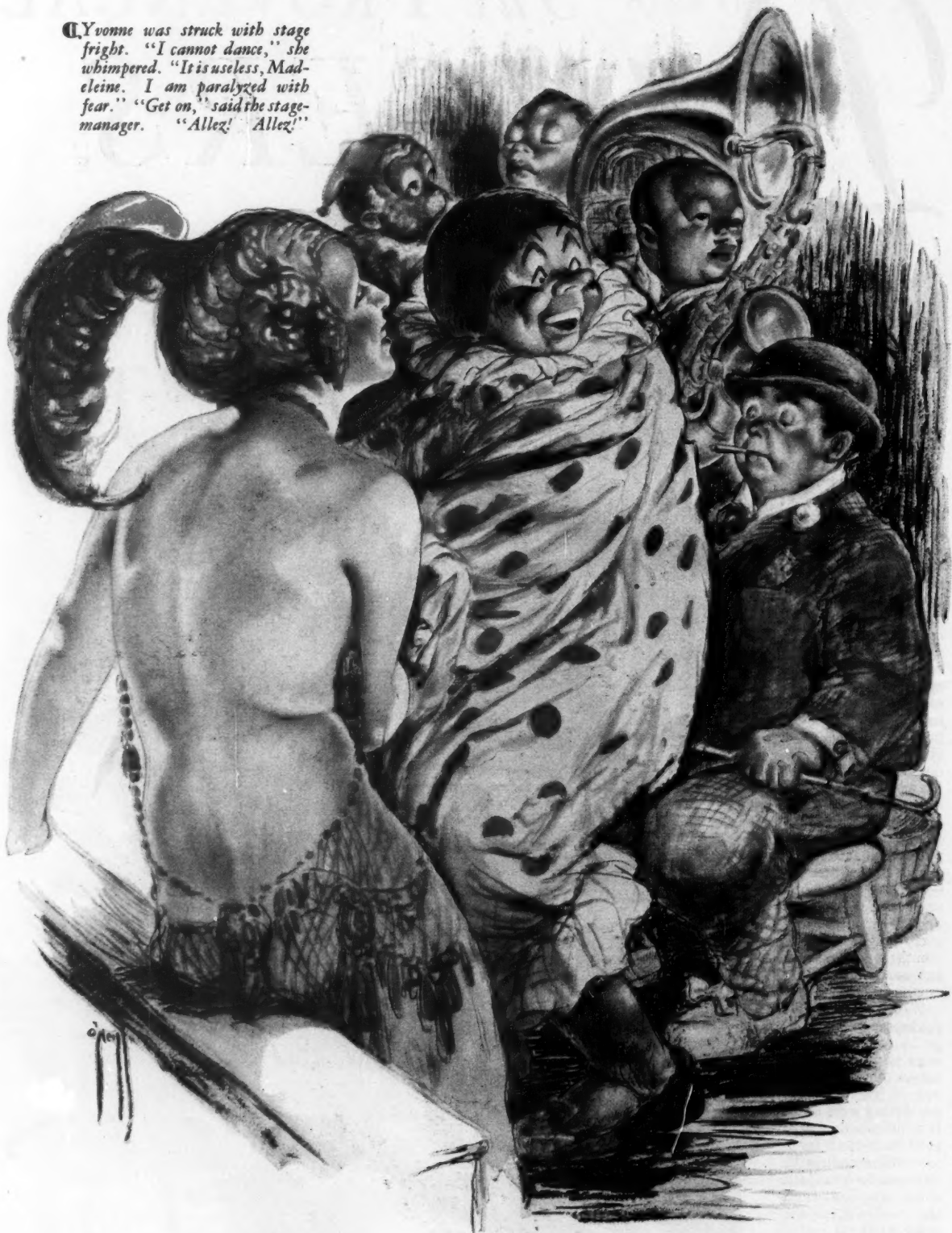
Harvey Moss had driven his car into the market-place, dead slow. There was some sort of fête-day in progress. All the people were out in this market square or making their way to it through the narrow streets, little dark alleys between tall houses with slit windows—a thousand years old by the look of them.

Two Gipsies, a man and a girl, were walking around on high



"That girl has personality—and nice legs," said Harvey Moss. "Oh, come off it! I'm fed up with these silly folk-dances," responded Phyllis.

CYvonne was struck with stage fright. "I cannot dance," she whimpered. "It is useless, Madelineine. I am paralyzed with fear." "Get on," said the stage-manager. "Allez! Allez!"



stilts jingling tambourines among a crowd of peasants and farm folk in their holiday clothes. Some of the younger women wore the old Provençal dress with big black bows at the back of little white caps and full petticoats with embroidered aprons.

Primitive, these people, and picturesque. The real old thing, he supposed, and not made up to please motorists from the Riviera. They seemed to be enjoying themselves among themselves. It annoyed him to see three or four Americans standing

by the side of a big motor-car taking photographs. One day he would like to go to a place beyond the reach of tourists and shingle-haired ladies.

He spoke in French—pretty good French, too—to a young man in a *béret* standing near the car.

"What's going on? It seems to be a holiday up here."

The young man grinned and glanced sideways at Phyllis. He answered in a kind of patois—a touch of the old Provençal



which was somewhat difficult for Harvey to understand.

It was the feast-day of Saint Ambrose. The village celebrated it once a year by folk-songs and dances. There was to be an exhibition of them in the old Hall. The Provençal dancers were worth seeing. Especially to strangers who were unfamiliar with the old customs, perhaps. They would begin in ten minutes.

Harvey Moss interpreted this to Phyllis Wise. "It might be interesting. Would it amuse you at all—now we're here?"

"Very boring probably," said Phyllis. "Still, we needn't stay more than five minutes if we get fed up."

That was how a London manager and a famous movie actress found themselves in a barnlike room, in a village perched on a high crag in the Alpes-Maritimes, watching a group of Provençal dancers who did not guess that chance or fate was weaving a plot in which their lives would be tangled, and even their souls.

Phyllis Wise was amused and interested for a time. In front of her was a row of girls in Provençal dress, very demure and rather sweet, she thought. Innocent-looking, (Continued on page 143)

Debt ^{of} Honor

SUCH as John Pettigrew was, he had made himself. He was a large man, a rich man, and he went to church. But most of the time he spent lolling heavily in the Managing Director's chair in the big works just outside Leatherhead. He passed, sometimes, through the Leatherhead lanes in his big car, and the people nudged one another and said, "That's Pettigrew." And on those occasions, if you were quick enough, you might catch a glimpse of a red face and a white mustache and a mustard-colored suit, and even a corner of the Times. For John Pettigrew was successful.

Now, if there was one thing more than another thing that distinguished old John Pettigrew from the usual run of this class of person, it was his good nature. He was one of the genial sort. Pleasant to the office boy, kindly to the men. The workers in the crashing inferno of the "J. P." plant, the tenders of the gigantic presses, the toilers in the din, retired each evening to their model town, to little strips of lawn, plump wives and fat babies.

It is true the workmen did not own their houses, that they were little more than slaves, owing to the necessity of finding the instalments due, so that a man might never change his job without the loss of his home. That was the fault of the system, not of Mr. Pettigrew. That gentleman made it his business to go round his premises once each day, with a kind word for every man, a nudge, a nod, and a "Hullo, Jim." You understand that Mr. Pettigrew was genial.

If success meant happiness, Mr. Pettigrew should have been amply happy. One does not suspect the self-made man of trouble with his conscience. The majority of self-made men have made themselves too badly. Yet that was just what worried old John Pettigrew, sometimes, in the dull periods when he was alone with his thoughts, after luncheon, or in the middle of the night. Mr. Pettigrew was not a thief, exactly, yet if Albert Little had not spent that Saturday afternoon in Kingston with his aunt, Mr. Pettigrew might have been a little man, and Albert Little great.

Simply ages ago, when motor-cars were horseless carriages, clanking, evil-smelling things that fouled the highways with their passage, Jack Pettigrew was a mender of bicycles in a small corrugated-iron shed down by the river Mole. You may see it there to this day, preserved for sentiment's sake in the midst of a great acreage of buildings. And a little farther down the same road, one Albert Little also tended to the wants of the fashionable velocipede in a very similar shed. Only there is nothing left of that now. It has been swallowed up by the J. P. works, that monster which has devoured, indirectly, half the factories of Europe.

Jack Pettigrew was different in those days. He was not so large or quite so genial, nor was his face so red, for he had not yet made himself to his own designs, being satisfied to accept



"They're giving Albert a pauper's funeral," said Sally. "And after all, it was outside his shed—"

those of the common (or garden) Creator.

He was rather a round-faced young man, with a smear of thick oil down the side of his cheek and a general effluvium of rubber solution. Even in those days he was genial—well, not genial exactly, for that implies condescension—but good-natured. He knew the soul of the bicycle inside out, so what was more natural than that the bicyclists of the neighborhood, and particularly the young ladies of the neighborhood, who adored the red roundness of his face and squealed at the oil on his cheek and swooned at the gallant ways of him, should come with their punctures and their broken chains and stand talking at the door of his shed?

Young Sally Mitchell in particular, who showed as pretty an instep as ever treadled a pedal, spent many an idle half-hour watching him thumbing her tubes in a pail of water, looking for punctures. The number of punctures that young woman had was really rather extraordinary, considering she never did more than ride between the

Three Feathers where her father lived and the Rustic Tea Rooms which that astute gentleman had opened in opposition to himself for a different class of client. But as he mended them for nothing but love of the sight of her standing in the road, she didn't mind that very much, not she.

Albert Little now, when she took her troubles to him, always wanted to kiss her. But that was because he was a rat-faced fellow—the first garage face in England—and took himself seriously.

Like all rat-faced fellows he could see nothing comic in affection, nor understand the exquisite sensation of a giggle. He frightened her sometimes, the way he came out of his dark interior with her bicycle and handed it to her as if it had been some instrument of pain, there was such a fire in his hollow eyes. She even suspected him of unfixing it somewhere, so that it would collapse under her when she rode. He seemed to want to hurt her. And on the whole it was Jack Pettigrew she preferred, for he could laugh with her in the sunshine and tickle her till she screamed with joy and her sailor-hat was all askew with excitement.

So that's how it was.

Well, one day she came to see him 'on her bicycle.

"Hullo, Jack," said she.

And "Hullo, Sal," said he.

There was white dust on the hedges, and rooks cawed in the sky, and over the river the midges danced, for it was August.

He came from his rubbery cave like a new kind of hermit and stood in the bright sunlight, smiling and running his dirty hands through his hair. He eyed her bicycle and the foot on its pedal,

By Anthony Gibbs

who Permits you to see into the Soul
of a Man who was Not Quite a Thief

and more particularly that foot on the ground with her skirt just lifted from its ankle.

"Puncture?" he asked, seeing her tires whole, and laughed. He spoke with the soft Surrey burr which you might hear in those days before motors made Surrey a suburb and cockney the universal tongue.

"Not this time, Ja-ack," she said slowly, singsong, in the same lazy speech.

He nodded. "Just friendly. Y're looking pretty, Sal."

She looked sideways up the road. "Do yew know where might Albert be, Ja-ack?"

He thought hard. Then, "Albert?" he repeated.

"He's not up at the she-ed," she said, and shook her head a little stupidly. It is difficult to convey their slight liberties with the vowel sounds without being exasperating.

Illustrations by
Joseph M. Clement



C "How did you know about that?" cried Pettigrew, and then trembled at the way he had given himself away.

Young Pettigrew came forward. "Listen, Sal, what might yew be wanting with that Albert? I'm a better man than he is, Sal, an' yew know it." He put an oily, muscular fist inside his shirt and thumped his hot chest. "I've got success comin' to me."

He stood grinning at her, and she followed the line of his brown arm with her eyes, where it went under his shirt, and smiled with a slightly guilty look.

"No, Ja-ack; it's not that. I don't want nothin' off of that Albert, not that way."

"Well, what might it be then?" He took out his fist and

spread his hand on her shoulder. "Eh?" he said, and lifted her plump chin.

"One o' them automo-automobiles——" She stumbled with the word.

"Where?" asked young Pettigrew, looking around.

"I never set eyes on such a thing. All brass, an' polished, tew, an' lovely green paint, an' a gentleman in a fur coat. Fairly burstin' 'e is. An' it's got a door, in the back."

"Now look here, Sal. Where?"

"I'm tellin' yew!" she said. "Over by Albert's shed it is, an' won't go no further. I say, Ja-ack——"

But he was gone, surprisingly, an ungainly figure hurrying up the hot white road, for his shoe hurt. A quarter of a mile he ran, over the bridge that spans the Mole, so called because it burrows beneath the ground just here and reappears near Dorking. The perspiration poured from his forehead, and the larks sang to him as he ran.

And round the corner he came, panting, upon the autocar, first in all Leatherhead. A new Panhard, chain-driven, with the radiator in front, which was such an excellent idea, and acetylene lighting. From the black-grilled front of it the hot water dripped in the roadway, turning the dust to unaccustomed mud and leaving a little steam upon the still summer air. There was a lady perched in the back of it, with a broad-brimmed hat and a veil tied under her chin, poor thing. The chauffeur (it was only afterwards the word came to mean a liveried servant) stood by its side, distorted grotesquely with his thick fur coat, goggled, capped, the caricature of a man.

"Are you the owner of this place?" demanded the gentleman, and jerked his thumb at Albert's shed.

"An' what if I am?" said Jack Pettigrew, a prevaricator, but a liar nevertheless.

"Know anything about motor-cars?" said the

gentleman fiercely, and muttered a few general remarks about automobilism under his breath.

Young Pettigrew eyed the glittering contrivance doubtfully. It was the first he had seen. "I might be able to do something," he agreed, and spat on his hands and rubbed them, ready for work.

"Have you got any water?" suggested the gentleman. "I think the machinery must be overheated."

"I might have," said Jack, and added as an afterthought—"sir."

He went into Albert Little's shed and looked about him.

There was a pail of water which Albert used, in the same way as Jack Pettigrew himself, for looking for punctures. It was not very fresh, and a thin film of dusty oil lay on its surface. He carried it out to the road, making a trail of slops in the dust.

"That ought to do something," said the intrepid automobilist. He was not really furious, only leaden with the sense of fate. "Let's have it in here," and he unscrewed a hole in the front. A thin quiver of heat danced above the opening.

Young Pettigrew put his tongue in his cheek, lifted the pail and sent a lurching stream into the hole. Instantly the greater part of it shot again into the air, a puff of steam warmed him suddenly in the left knee, there was an ominous clang in the interior of the contrivance, and the thin trickle which had all along been puddling in the road increased to a steady and beautifully rounded downpour.

"Oh, Harry!" said the lady reproachfully from behind her veil. It was the first time she had spoken.

"Great Scott, look at that!" said the gentleman.

Young Pettigrew put down the pail and mopped his forehead with the back of his hand.

"Where's the engine?" he demanded. The time seemed ripe for some display of mechanical ability.

"In the back," said the gentleman, almost respectfully.

"I might have a look at un," suggested young Pettigrew, and he spat on his hands again, and rubbed them.

"You'll have to get underneath," the gentleman warned him.

"That's all right," boasted Jack Pettigrew. "I'm used to that." He went into the shed again and fetched a small spanner from the bench. It was rather loose. He had a better spanner than that. He wondered slowly where Albert might be. He came out and crawled under the car, undulating himself under its innards with the motion of a young caterpillar crawling on a stalk. Only his boots showed, with a little metal let in at the heel for economy, like the ears of a rabbit.

We have told how Jack Pettigrew had never seen a motor in his life before. He saw quite a lot of this one. He unscrewed something, and then unscrewed something else. The difficulty was that one thing led to another. So that at the end of the first hour he was still on the flat of his back, gazing upwards into a twisted enigma, his body surrounded on all sides by screws, nuts, small brass rings, pieces of pipe, links of chain, split pins and other mysteries.

From time to time the feet of the autocarist cast a shadow as that gentleman paced the roadway, up and down, his sense of time fading to a new conception of eternity. Occasionally, also, the lady shifted her position feebly, and the springs squeaked just over his face. And from moment to moment he wondered where Albert might be. There was as yet no decision in his mind but that he must get the hang of the danged thing before Albert came back and wanted his spanner and his shed and his customer.

THE first half of the second hour passed, and with it something of the glory of the day.

Then the gentleman tugged on his ankles and he wriggled out. The gentleman was well past the stage of being angry. He was no longer even mildly apprehensive. He was past that, too. He was in that stage, which is more familiar to a later generation with whom an inert automobile is as common an object as a dripping bathroom tap, the stage of utter coma together with some weak hunger and a desire to sleep.

"How are you getting on?" asked the gentleman quite pleasantly.

Jack Pettigrew scratched his ear. He glanced anxiously up the road. "I might be some time yet," he answered grudgingly.

"Quite," said the gentleman. He seemed not unduly disappointed. "Is there such a thing as a horse in the neighborhood?"

"A horse?" repeated Jack, switching his mind slowly to this new topic.

"Nasty unhygienic beasts," said the motorist, "but they do cover the ground."

"Would yew be wanting a tow?"

"Tow be blessed. I want to be taken home."

"A carriage?" suggested Jack.

"A hearse if necessary," responded the gentleman.

"I'll fetch one on my bicycle," said Jack. He wheeled Albert's out into the road, climbed up over the step, wobbled a little, and set off up the road.

His conscience was a little guilty. For Albert Little was his friend. Albert Little was his rival, which is the same thing sometimes. Should an honest Pettigrew refuse work which by virtue of location belonged rightly to another man? Young Pettigrew was inclined to think not. It was only afterwards, when young Pettigrew was old Pettigrew, that the thought bothered him, in the dull moments after luncheon or in the middle of the night.

For you must know that he came back with a wagonette which he hired from no less a person than Jock Mitchell, the father of that Sally whom you already have met. And he found the motorist sitting on the step of his motor, and the lady talking volubly and piteously from the inside of her veil. The gentleman sprang to his feet at the cavalcade's approach, the clapping horse with its wagonette preceded by young Pettigrew on his—on Albert's bicycle.

"Look here," said the motorist. "Will this infernal machine ever go again, do you think?"

"It might," thought Jack Pettigrew, vaguely.

"Well, you can have the thing," said the motorist. "Don't



C "Do yew know where might Albert be, Ja-ack?" "What

let me ever see it again." And he hoisted the lady onto the wagonette, and gave an address in Epsom and was drawn melancholily away, while young Pettigrew stood in the white roadway and leaned on Albert's bicycle and watched him go, until he and the motor-car were alone.

For ten minutes he gazed alternately up the road to the spot where the beneficent automobilist had been trundled sadly from his view, and to the car he left behind him. Then with a sudden and most peculiar swiftness he dropped the bicycle on the ground to lie where it fell, and wriggled deftly under the machine. Came the busy sounds of screwing, the tap of spanners, the click of objects fitted in their places.

THEN he wriggled out again and disappeared into the shed, to emerge again with putty, a round ball of squashy stuff. He busied himself at the front end of the car, squatting on his broad hams and breathing stertorously. He stood up and blew, filling his cheeks with air. He glanced up the road. Still no sign of Albert.

With desperate furtiveness he poured the second half of the pailful into the radiator. In a sort of way it held. He went round to the back and tugged quietly on the handle. There was a premonitory chug, a wheeze, a tremble, a loud report, and the thing leaped into tremendous life, while a thick blue cloud filled

the roadway between the white hedges and rose slowly to the sky, like Cain's sacrifice.

Young Pettigrew picked up the bicycle and put it in the shed. The putty he returned. Likewise the spanner and the pail, all to their places. Then he mounted the driving-seat, put over the tiller, and drove thoughtfully away.

John Pettigrew grew. And all over forty pounds.

When Pettigrew thumped his young chest and said, "I've got success comin' to me," he spoke no less than the truth. It was the motor-car that did it, of course. For whereas Albert Little ran nothing but a bicycle shed, Mr. John Pettigrew was the proprietor of a garage. There was a big notice to say so.

JOHN PETTIGREW. GARAGE.

It was done in that flaming yellow which is the only color motorists are supposed to notice. And for many years an ancient Panhard stood before the door bearing a card, and on that card an inscription which the world and his wife might read:

For hire. One s. per mile.

And if you came to Leatherhead in a motor-car and broke down on the steep hill into the town, which was (Continued on page 134)



might yew be wanting with Albert? I'm a better man than he is, Sal. I've got success comin' to me."

You've got to Keep After 'Em

*After Whom?
Why, the WOMEN,
of course*

"YOU'VE got to keep right after them," Mrs. Schulman said as Mr. Schulman descended in the elevator of his apartment-house en route for the place of business of Schulman & Brown, manufacturers of men's and boys' clothing in wholesale lots of such enormous quantity that Schulman & Brown were the envy and despair of their competitors. "Otherwise," Mrs. Schulman continued, "they get quite beyond themselves."

Mrs. Schulman referred to husbands and not to men's and boys' clothing, and her sister, Mrs. Rebecca Rudinow, nodded. There was, however, not much sympathy in the nod, for she herself had not constantly kept after her husband. She had indulged his every weakness, including four lumps of sugar in his morning coffee and as many cigars as he cared to smoke after dinner, with the result that she was now a widow, whereas Mrs. Schulman still possessed a robust husband who, in his own home at least, was restricted to one lump of sugar in his coffee, no cigar ashes on the carpets, an orderly arrangement of the Sunday papers and the amount of spending-money he could allow his daughter Ruth.

"Well, all I can say is that you've been keeping right after him for twenty-five years," Mrs. Rudinow said, "and so far as I could see, he ain't changed any."

"Ain't changed any!" Mrs. Schulman exclaimed. "I suppose when I first married him he wasn't city salesman for old man Jones, and now look at him."

She expanded with pride over what she conceived to be her handiwork, although, strictly speaking, it was wasted energy for Mrs. Schulman to expand. Nature had done the job so thoroughly that Mrs. Rudinow often wondered why Mrs. Schulman didn't restrict herself to one lump of sugar in her own coffee before plucking the lump out of her husband's coffee—to paraphrase a Biblical expression.

"And would you believe me, Becky," she said, "if he would have been fired once for coming down late, he would have been fired every other day, because the way I had to pick on him to get him out of the house by eight o'clock, you wouldn't believe at all!"

This reflection on Mrs. Rudinow's ability to believe how Mrs. Schulman had nagged her husband was entirely unnecessary. Mrs. Rudinow had lived with her sister ever since the late Mr. Rudinow had died two years before, and only sisterly affection and a natural timidity had prevented her from telling Mrs. Schulman that she—Mrs. Rudinow—for one, was sick and tired of this continual regulation of Mr. Schulman's comings and goings, of Ruth Schulman's repressed girlhood and of her own prosperous widowhood, for Mr. Rudinow had bequeathed to her what Mrs. Schulman was accustomed to refer to as a pretty penny.

One may therefore take it for granted that it was a pretty penny, for Mrs. Schulman in the light of her husband's own prosperity would have considered nothing less than two hundred thousand dollars to be a pretty penny, and as a matter of fact, according to the unit of Mrs. Schulman's pretty pennies, Mrs. Rudinow possessed almost a pretty penny and a half—in her own right, and without restriction as to remarriage.

"Half past eight and that girl ain't up yet," Mrs. Schulman said, consulting a wrist watch of the best Swiss make, containing eighty-one diamonds—all brilliants of the first water, weighing in the aggregate sixteen and five-eighths carats, a sum which Mrs. Schulman was accustomed to mention accurately as a reflex

of anybody remarking that she had a nice diamond wrist watch.

"Let her sleep," Mrs. Rudinow said. "She didn't get home till nearly three o'clock."

Mrs. Schulman's head grew tremulous with suppressed anger.

"I said it was nearly three o'clock,"

she declared. "'Popper,' I said, 'ain't that Ruth just getting in?' I said, and he said: 'What are you talking nonsense? She got in a couple hours ago,' and I said he should look at his



Illustrations by
J. Henry

watch, and he said his watch was in the wardrobe in his vest pocket."

"Well, suppose she did get in at three o'clock," Mrs. Rudinow protested. "She was with Monroe Feltman, wasn't she?"

"It ain't who she was with, it's the principle of the thing," Mrs. Schulman insisted, "which that low-life went to the wardrobe and looked at his watch and when he got back to his bed he said it was only half past one and I should let him go to sleep." She sighed heavily. "They're all the same," she said. "You can't trust them."

"But it ain't every night she goes to the ball of the Ladies' Coal and Aid Society and Monroe Feltman's mother is president of it and everything," Mrs. Rudinow said.

"Yes, and between them, they ain't got a cent to bless themselves with," Mrs. Schulman retorted, "which I heard only the other day that Monroe even borrowed the money to put himself through law school with."

A faint blush—a blush of conscious guilt—spread itself over Mrs. Rudinow's delicate features, but fortunately it was not

By Montague Glass



discovered by Mrs. Schulman.

"And yet you read every day in the papers where boys wait on table and do anything and everything to put themselves through college," Mrs. Schulman continued, "but not Monroe Feltman. He's better by eating than waiting."

"Well, he passed all his bar examinations and he's already a full-fledged lawyer," Mrs. Rudinow said.

"Without clients, and believe me, Becky, a full-fledged lawyer without clients is like a full-fledged chicken without feathers; it ain't exactly what you'd call a warm proposition," Mrs. Schulman declared. "Whereas you take a young feller like Eli Tichmann and he don't have to be fledged, full or otherwise. He is already of the Yellow Aster Brand Tea, Coffee, Baked Beans and Cooking Soda, and they're now extending it to pure fruit preserves with strawberry and raspberry for a start."

"Is this the Tichmann which was round here the other night with the cross-eyes?" Mrs. Rudinow asked.

"I suppose you think it's a pleasure for a mother to see her daughter married to a handsome young loafer with straight eyes and a crooked law business?" Mrs. Schulman asked.

"Monroe ain't got any law business, straight or crooked, yet, Minna," Mrs. Rudinow said mildly, "but my idea is that a girl should begin where her husband begins and work their way up together the way you and Lem Schulman did, let alone me and my poor Aaron *olav hasholom*."

Mrs. Schulman noted the tears beginning to moisten her sister's gentle brown eyes and at once forestalled them.

"Me and Lem begun together in a cold-water walk-up on East 123rd Street with Italians on the ground floor," she said harshly, "and all I can say is that rather as subject my daughter to such a treatment as the way that old-fashioned bathroom looked after Lem got through with it, Becky, she should live and die single."

Even after twenty-five years, Mrs. Schulman could not restrain her indignation.

"Did it ever occur to him to so much as pick up a piece of soap when he dropped it onto the linoleum—because we didn't have no tiled floor?" she demanded. "Oser! And you know as well as I do, Becky, a piece of wet soap on linoleum is worse as a rattlesnake if you step on it. I think wonder there's left two inches of my skull which ain't been fractured anyhow three times."

Whatever she could still remember of that Early American bathroom, as the decorators say, was interrupted by the entrance of her daughter Ruth, and here let it be noted that most fat and ugly parents never stop to reflect on the miracle which results in

"Now, I'm meaning to make you mad at me, Mommer," said Schulman. "Ruthie and me are going to dinner with Becky."

an offspring so flowerlike, so altogether delicately beautiful that any young man in the vicinity catches his breath, swallows convulsively, and is practically never the same again.

This at least had been the result when Monroe Feltman first had seen Ruth's slender white neck supporting a face so full of charm that one never noticed whether it was round or oval. All that a young man such as Monroe Feltman could see for the moment were two eyes so liquid brown, so melting at one moment and so flashing the next that he quite missed a smooth slightly olive complexion with just one small mole on her cheek, made doubly attractive at the moment she came into the Schulman dining-room by the circumstance that her bobbed hair was in disorderly curls all over her well-shaped head.

"That's what I always said," Mrs. Schulman announced, sourly regarding her daughter's hair. "She argued with me and argued with me, but a girl like that ain't going to keep her hair no tidier because it's bobbed than because it's long. It ain't the hair. It's the temperament, and that girl's a Schulman through and through."

IT MUST be confessed that for a dutiful daughter, Mrs. Schulman's commentary on the condition of her hair had little effect on Ruth. She merely stretched her two lithe arms and yawned loudly, thereby disclosing that in addition to her other charms she possessed teeth of a whiteness and evenness which might have been photographed as an advertisement for the newest and most efficacious tooth-paste. In fact, she looked altogether so irresistible in her red quilted dressing-gown that Mrs. Rudinow enfolded her only niece in her thin arms and hugged her ecstatically.

"Somebody loves me *anyway*," Ruth announced and Mrs. Schulman threw up her hands helplessly.

"And I suppose I hate you, simply because I want to see you behave like a young lady—what?" she began. "Furthermore, I shall also be a regular spitfire if I so much as breathe that you

are getting altogether too friendly with Monroe Feltman, and the first thing you know, he'll come to your popper and tell him you want to get married, and it ain't only a few years ago what I used to be fixing milk formulas for you with an Arnold sterilizer."

Here Mrs. Schulman sank or rather—one might say—poured herself into the nearest easy chair and gave way to unrestrained tears, which of course had their intended effect of detaching Ruth from her aunt's embrace and of sending her at once to console her mother.

"Many a time I threw out the whole formula because I couldn't remember did I put two or three tablespoons milk-sugar in the whole milk and barley-water, and this is the thanks which I get for it," Mrs. Schulman sobbed while Ruth kissed her frantically.

"Well, you didn't have to," Mrs. Rudinow said tartly. "Which only last night Mrs. Feltman was telling me she raised Monroe on practically the cheapest condensed milk, and look what a fine healthy boy *he* is today."

"Mrs. Feltman talks a whole lot with you, don't she?" Mrs. Schulman commented with a most audible sniff.

"Maybe she does," Mrs. Rudinow retorted, "but that's anyhow the first time she ever mentioned condensed milk whereas you've been talking about whole-milk formulas ever since Ruth was six months old. Even when this here Yellow Aster Brand man was here last week you made talk by telling him right in front of Ruth how you had to alter the formula with one-fifth more barley-water because she broke out on her arms from it, and if you think that's a

"Now it comes out that you *admit* he's got cross-eyes!" she cried, whereat Mrs. Schulman grew so purple with rage that Mrs. Rudinow began to think she had gone too far. As a matter of fact, she *had*.

"Do you know what you are?" Mrs. Schulman said hoarsely. "You are a snake in the grass which bites the hand what feeds it."

"Mommer, dear!" Ruth protested.

"My own sister you are," Mrs. Schulman continued, "and you turn my only daughter against me, which *you* married a man your own age—*didn't* you?—and *his* eyes was also straight—too straight. He could see a cocktail a mile off."

"It's a lie," Mrs. Rudinow said, on the verge of tears. "My poor Aaron got kidney trouble from hard work."

"Hard work!" Mrs. Schulman exclaimed. "Sure it's hard work making up stories to tell you—where he was the night before."



C "I decided long since already I would give Monroe a show with my law business, Becky," Schulman announced.

way to interest a man pretty near forty years of age, you've got a funny idea of conversation I must say."

Mrs. Schulman grew as scarlet as Ruth's arms had been on the occasion in question. "He ain't forty years of age, and you know it!" she cried. "You're only saying it to prejudice Ruth here."

She glared savagely at her sister, in a manner which had so often quelled Mr. Schulman, the prosperous clothing merchant, but to Mrs. Schulman's chagrin, her sister, for the first time since the death of her husband, seemed to be unquellable.

"Yo! He ain't forty!" she said. "I guess you don't remember when I was in Miss Silverman's class in the old Chrystie Street school that the sister, which was younger yet, also had cross-eyes."

"And just because two people has got the same name and cross-eyes, they're related, I suppose!" Mrs. Schulman said, and her sister threw up one hand in a gesture of triumph.

Mrs. Rudinow rose to her feet, and anger repaired the ravages which sorrow had made, so that instead of a faded widow with mild brown eyes, she became as erect as Ruth and had the appearance of a woman much less than her forty-two years.

"Never look at me—never speak to me again," she said to her sister. "Today—this morning, I pack my things and go to a hotel."

"Oh, aunty, you mustn't!" Ruth cried, her lower lip trembling. She clung to Mrs. Rudinow and they began to weep together.

"I stood enough—I can't stand it no more," Mrs. Rudinow wailed. "I can't stay here to see such things what I see every day, because that woman makes *everybody's* life miserable—*everybody's*."

Mrs. Schulman jumped out of her chair and for a moment it looked as though she were about to commit a personal assault upon her sister. She thought better of it, however, and merely grabbed her daughter instead.



"You go right to your room," she said, "and keep out of this . . . Now then, Becky," Mrs. Schulman began as soon as the door had closed behind Ruth, "you're making a big fuss out of nothing."

Had Mrs. Schulman said this in a conciliatory manner, Mrs. Rudinow undoubtedly would have retired defeated, but Mrs. Schulman was quite unused to conciliation. You didn't have to conciliate a husband who outside of the clothing business possessed the courage of a hunted rabbit, and certainly there was no necessity to conciliate Ruth who regarded everything her mother did, or said, as right. Nor had she ever found it necessary to conciliate Mrs. Rudinow and she certainly was not going to

begin now, particularly as Mrs. Rudinow showed every evidence of weakening.

"Who is going to be executor of your husband's estate, if Lem resigns?" Mrs. Schulman asked abruptly. Mrs. Rudinow almost forgot the quarrel and its cause, in her surprise.

"Executors don't resign," she exclaimed. "They can't!"

"Can't they?" Mrs. Schulman retorted. "And do you suppose for one moment that if you left this house, I would let Lem execute for you any more?"

"You would let him!" Mrs. Rudinow cried.

"That's what I said," Mrs. Schulman declared. "My husband listens to what I tell him. He don't go off *schickering* with lodge brothers and smoking big strong cigars till all hours of the night, in spite of everything and anything I say, and then when Doctor William Williams himself told him he should lay off schnapps, he goes and buys two cases more in spite of paying fifty dollars for an office call and everything."

Mrs. Rudinow had grown much paler at the thought of Lem Schulman resigning as executor, but once more her cheeks became flushed.

"S'enough!" she said huskily. "You insulted my poor Aaron enough, so if Lem wouldn't execute for me, there's trust companies, or I could execute for myself."

"Don't be a fool, Becky," Mrs. Schulman advised her. "You can't execute for yourself. I guess you forget that all your life you ain't done a *thing* for yourself. If it wasn't your poor Aaron *olav hasholom*, then it was me or Lem. Just remember that once."

"I forget nothing and I remember everything," Mrs. Rudinow replied with a sob. "Aaron was a good husband and you've always been a good sister no matter how you try to run everybody, but I've made up my mind, Minna, and you can tell Lem that if he wants to see me about anything, I'll be at the New Gallatin Hotel."

It was now Mrs. Schulman's turn to think she had gone too far. "Becky!" she cried. "You must be crazy! Ten dollars a day for a room, without meals, they charge there, and do they give you service?"

"I don't want service," Mrs. Rudinow said. "I want peace, so let's part anyhow friends, Minna."

She reached up and pecked once at her sister's fat cheek and then rushed, sobbing, from the room, whereat Mrs. Schulman once more sat down heavily and smiled to herself. She felt confident that in half an hour everything would be serene again, and as she had not yet read the morning paper, she applied herself to the obituary columns with the melancholy pleasure of a New York matron who possessed a large circle of acquaintances, most of whom overate and underexercised.

She had earmarked—as it were—two decedents to discuss with her sister, when Mrs. Rudinow entered the room with her gloves and her hat on. In her right hand she carried a traveling bag and in her left, something which dangled and sparkled as it oscillated. It was a handsome pearl necklace with a diamond clasp.

"Here, Minna," she said, "you might as well have them as that I should be robbed of them by strange hotels, so I wish you health to wear 'em."

She threw the string of pearls in her sister's lap, and while Mrs. Schulman was still looking at them in dazed astonishment, for they were genuine oriental pearls valued at not less than fifteen thousand dollars, and Mrs. Schulman was easily dazed by fifteen thousand dollars, the hall door banged. It was, as Mr. Frederick Lonsdale would say, "The Last of Mrs. Rudinow."

That evening when Mr. Lemuel Schulman entered his apartment he was extremely shocked and surprised to find his wife's face all swollen and inflamed from weeping, while as for Ruth, she was still sobbing convulsively.

"Mommer! Ruthie!" he cried. "What's the matter?"

Mrs. Schulman sighed heavily while Ruth continued to sob. "Becky!" Mrs. Schulman said. "She's gone!"

And at this fresh realization of her bereavement, Ruth began to weep anew and more hysterically than ever.

"Ruthie, don't!" Mr. Schulman cried, gathering her in his arms. "Your aunty will recover. We'll get the best doctors."

"What do you mean—recover?" Mrs. Schulman asked.

"Why, she's gone to a hospital, ain't it?" he said.

"She's gone to a hotel, not a hospital," (Continued on page 136)



Photograph by E. O. HOPPE

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I Don't Want to be a *MOTHER*

I REPRESENT a type of woman increasingly common in the world of today—the frankly non-maternal. Too often this is taken to indicate a type devoid of the softer attractions of womankind—devoid of affection, sweetness, “womanliness”—whatever that overworked term may mean!—wholly given over either to ultra-masculine tastes and ways, or else to cocktails and doubtful morality!

This generalization is as stupid as are most generalizations.

I think I may stand as a specimen of all-round normal modern womanhood. And therefore, say the elders of the tribe, I am either slack, cowardly or selfish, in frankly and flatly refusing to produce children! And why, they demand, peevishly, rudely, or sardonically, according to their kind, do I so refuse? Herewith my answer: Because—quite honestly—I don't want to! And I bluntly declare, moreover, that there is nothing whatever wrong with me, mentally, morally, or physically, in not wanting a child.

This tradition has endured too long—this fatuous adulation of the mere mechanical breeding of the human race. Let us examine it, see from what this Mother-cult arose and how far it is worthy of the blind, unquestioning worship that is generally accorded it.

It arose, obviously, in the necessity for preserving the race. The female, in the very beginning, was the race!—its beginning, its life-blood, and, unless she bent all her energies towards the breeding of as many children as possible to swell the numbers of the race, she was, likewise, its end! For without a mounting supply of members to fill the gaps left by war, accident and pestilence in those savage days, the race must dwindle and die out.

Hence the vital importance of the mother in the first dawn of life. Hence that almost superstitious reverence with which she still is regarded, though sundry irreverent members of the modern set, like myself, are beginning to question, to probe, to demand why they should be expected to join in the dervish chorus of praise that goes daily upwards. It is not remarkably clever to reproduce your kind, nor does it necessarily alter or improve a woman's character; though, to listen to some of these complacent mothers, one would think that the arrival of a baby must prove a palliative to every ill—an immediate solution to all life's problems!

Does a woman dislike her husband?

“Ah, wait till a little one comes along!” mouth these smug advisers. “Everything will be all right then!”

The fact that the little one does come along, and that Mabel still dislikes her husband as heartily as heretofore, which happens with disconcerting frequency, is conveniently ignored by these old wives!

Is a wife nervous, overtired, delicate?

“Ah, she wants a child! She'll soon pick up then!”

Is a woman dissatisfied, unhappy, starved for lack of self-expression—homesick, as frequently happens, for the career, the job she left to get married?

“Ah, it's only the need of a child! She'll forget all about her painting, business or music when baby comes!”

She may give up talking about it—but does she forget? Sometimes, if the child has been desired earnestly by the woman, this does happen, but far less frequently than the gossips like to think. The old idea that a baby was a sort of divine pomade that immediately would spread bland happiness and content over the

By

Margery
Lawrence
(Mrs. Arthur Towle)

Author of “Red Heels”



sore places in life—and glue together two people who were drifting apart!—this idea, futile and stupid and untruthful as it is, still persists with nauseating longevity.

The truth is that a baby is a wedge forcing two people apart fully as often as it knits them together, and it is a nuisance as often as a joy.

Then we have long worshiped the idea of the “mother martyr”—the “giving up of one's life to one's children” . . . How I resent the use of this sentence by every mother, irrespective of whether she deserves it or not! Heaven forbid that anyone should have aught but the deepest respect and admiration for the many women, poor, alone, who do indeed give their very lives for their children—work, starve, fight for them—but how does the “sacrifice” idea fit the case of a woman, who can, and does, get a nurse to look after her children, has servants to wait on them, a husband who makes a very adequate income to keep them?

True, she goes periodically into the nursery, fusses around, irritates the nurse, and quite frequently the children also, and plays with the baby—but she does this because she likes it; she loves the sense of being in control, loves the consciousness of power, not less than she loves the subsequent sinking into a cushioned chair to wait to the inevitable sympathizing friend:

“My dear, I'm utterly done! Been with the children all day.” Cue for friend—cue invariably taken if friend knows her job:

“Mary, you're wonderful—you shouldn't, you know! You give up your whole life to those children!”

She may—but she does it because she likes to do it, wants to do it, is happy doing it. Again, why adopt an attitude of virtue? There's nothing particularly saintlike about doing what you like! Yet this attitude is deliberately

fostered, encouraged, played up to by the vast majority of women, especially the older ones, from life's beginning to its end.

“Give up”—the phrase makes me ill! It has been used to me *ad nauseam*—it always is, when a girl tries to leave home, or strike out for herself in any way. Did we, any of us, *ask* to be born? Some of us don't find the life so generously conferred too pleasant a thing anyway—but don't blame us for the fact that, having life, we think twice before we pass it on! Don't ask us to sit back and admire you, as, doubtless, daughters in Early Victorian days did. We know that there was no mystery about our birth.

We know all about it—it does not move us to pity, fear, or even interest. You did what you had a perfect right to do. But wait! We claim similar rights, and paramount among those rights is the right not to reproduce our species unless and until we genuinely and seriously feel that irresistible desire to bear a child. That is, in my opinion, the sole and only reason for bearing one at all.

Somewhere, out in the Void, that a few of us, with humility and patience, are trying to explore, wait the souls that must be incarnate—in their own good time or in God's good time—in mortal flesh. I firmly believe that when a soul chooses its place on earth—as I think they do—a silent call goes forth from that spark of divinity on the Other Side and wakes a response on This Side, in the soul of the mother that is to be . . . and that then, gloriously, certainly, unmistakably, the desire for motherhood is born! The woman desires a child. That, to me, is the only true motherhood—when, beyond all doubt or wondering, deeply, sincerely, one knows that one wishes to bear a child!

“All healthy young women should (Continued on page 164)

By Maurine Watkins Common Sense

The Story of a Man Who Bought a Life

IT WAS one of those disasters that are always impossible—

"Not in this day, sir!"

"Oh, no, we've conquered all that!" "Safer than you would be in your own bed!"—until they occur. And an hour after they're over, Man throws back his head, tightens his belt, and stanchly declares, "It never can happen again." But in the interim it is found that scientific invention may be infallible but orders are executed by human beings.

S. S. Balamina, slipping from the sleet and snow to the sunshine of Havana, with three hundred passengers; a fire in the engine-room; and life-boats enough for eighty. Someone had made a mistake, that's all.

I was at the club when the news came—a club once sacred to whist and chess but long since gone the way of a simpler generation, and four of us were following a hand of auction on the air when the SOS cut us off. Half an hour later the announcer gave the details as they had come:

"It is dark now, except for the moon and a few cigarette-lighters, some of which work . . . the band is playing 'The Star-Spangled Banner' . . . 'Home, Sweet Home' . . . 'Nearer, my God, to Thee.'"

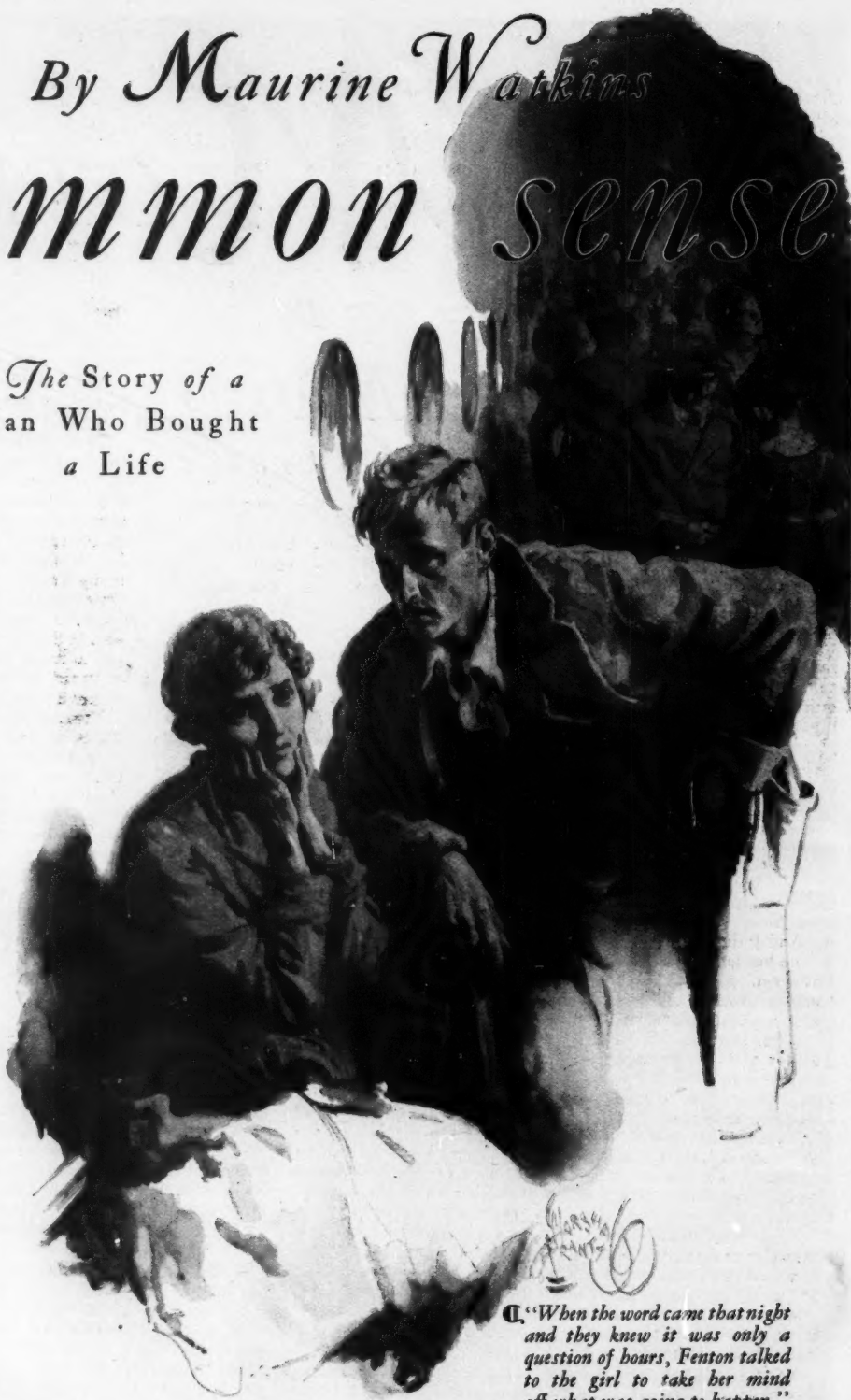
Those were the last words, he said. Their gallantry tore our hearts. Colors flying, band playing, a jest on the lips, a prayer in the heart. And we on the land sat powerless, helpless, watching movies, playing bridge, drinking bootleg liquor, reading extras, or listening to terse, vivid descriptions on the air.

"Turn it off," begged old Doc Fleming as he trumpeted his nose, "turn it off. I'm afraid I'll never be able really to enjoy a shipwreck till they get television and I can watch the poor devils drown. This is a terrible makeshift."

The door was flung open to admit Sammy Hard, the club's magnet for news, gossip and scandal.

"Guess who's on that boat!" he cried. "Guess!" (This absurd command was offered only to heighten the value of his information and his own importance in obtaining it.) "Fenton Ridgely! The girls"—that meant the Ridgely cousins, good Boston women of fifty—"just had a wire from New York."

We were all silent a moment.



C. "When the word came that night and they knew it was only a question of hours, Fenton talked to the girl to take her mind off what was going to happen."

Doc was thinking, I knew, of the delicate child he'd brought into the world some twenty-three years ago to be the long-awaited Ridgely heir; of the mother who'd died with his birth, happy at last, her duty done; of the father he'd buried some ten years later.

And I was seeing the boy I had tutored in Latin and Greek for his college-entrance exams, a light-hearted, pleasant little chap, but with no feeling whatever for syntax or structure and, moreover, fortified with the belief that the Ridgely heir could do very well without such nonsense.

"Aorist instead of imperfect? Very well, if you like, Mr. Blakely." (That's my name.) "Whatever you say. Personally

I can't see that it matters." Which is not, you must admit, the proper frame of mind for a classical scholar, and I pointed this out.

"But I don't want to be a classical scholar. Why should I? I'm only taking the darn stuff—I beg your pardon, Mr. Blakely!—because it's required."

And, after all, why should he! There is no royal road to learning, but that's a path the rich need never tread. And at twenty-one he would be sole owner of the Ridgely Foundry, from his father and grandfather, the Taylor Mills, from his mother, chief stockholder in half a dozen lesser concerns, director of three banks, and who would give an iota subscript if he thought the Homeric question dealt with steamships and Terence was a horse?

I'LL BET YOU AGREE WITH US

SOME people think that editors are austere persons who wear pince-nez glasses, wield blue pencils ruthlessly, and live in fear that by some look or word they may give an impression that they are human.

Quite the contrary is true. They're a lot of hard-working folks who love to find stories they like—and think you'll like—and then to express their enthusiasm loudly. For instance, when we read this story in our office, we hurried to Miss Watkins the following not-at-all-dignified but straight-from-the-heart telegram:

**COMMON SENSE IS BY LONG
ODDS BEST STORY YOU HAVE
WRITTEN STOP CONGRATULA-
TIONS FROM ALL OF US STOP
FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE DON'T
LET SUCH A LONG TIME ELAPSE
BEFORE WE GET ANOTHER**

Writers also are human. This was Miss Watkins' answer:

**YOU WERE A GRAND PERSON
TO TAKE TIME FOR THAT WIRE
I AM DANCING IN THE STREETS
AND WILL TRY MY VERY BEST
FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE EXCLA-
MATION POINT**

We'll go still further; we'll say that we think it's not only her best—and that's high praise, indeed—but one of the best any American has written in years.

R. L.

And Judge Farris—we looked at him and remembered: only a month ago, at a holiday dance, his daughter's engagement had been announced.

"They were to be married in June," he said. "I'd better go home, for of course she's had word. Poor Millicent."

The door had scarcely closed after him when Sammy picked up his words,

"'Poor' Millicent's right! Too bad they weren't married before he sailed. Four million dollars and I understand he's left no will." Thereupon he fell to dividing the spoils. "Let's see . . . there's the two girls, cousins on his father's side, a great-uncle in Philadelphia and all his tribe, and the three children of the aunt that died. That's the Ridgely end of it. Then there's Docie Taylor and the two stepsisters—do they share like blood, Harvey? And the second cousin in Europe, and the children from his Aunt Rhoda's second marriage and . . ."

Eight o'clock the next morning we learned the Balamina had gone down, and her sister ship, the S. S. Aramina, had picked up the drifting life-boats with eighty-odd women and children, and was headed straight for the nearest hospital.

By noon the Ridgely girls had ordered mourning, wired and

cabled the various relatives, laid plans for a beautiful funeral service with quartet and soloist from New York, promised the Westminster Church a stained-glass memorial window, ordered the mill and factory and foundry closed for three days, and given the local press sedate items for an obituary. That much we knew for a fact. And Sammy Hard said that he understood also they'd sent for an architect to turn the old house into an Italian villa and made reservations on a floating-palace for a world tour.

Therefore, you can see it was something of a surprise—I might say even a shock—when the evening metropolitan papers came out with front-page head-lines:

ONE MAN SURVIVES DISASTER MILLIONAIRE BUYS LIFE

It seems the women had drawn lots when the captain had realized only eighty could be saved, among them a young Jewish girl, Rachel Epstein; and when the order came to let go she had quietly stepped aside for Fenton Ridgely, who had dropped into the last place in the last boat and shoved off before anyone could stop him.

"Why?" the reporters buzzed when they found him. "Why?"

It was then he gave his answer: "It seemed to me the part of common sense."

How simple! How logical! How irrefutably true! That was all he said and all he needed to say!

Tinder. Dynamite.

Every paper in the country carried his picture with scalding head-lines and epithets not used since the war. Pictures of the Ridgely holdings and stories of his childhood, school-days, the college he attended, fraternity brothers in a row . . . And in silently eloquent balance, pictures of the Epsteins from Delancey Street—a sad-eyed mother and eight children, all younger than Rachel, who had been on her way, third-class, to Miami, shipped as a waitress by an employment agency.

"She was always sickly-like," the mother explained in Yiddish; "lint on the lungs from making flowers, huh? And they said the sunshine would make her strong again. Half her wages she was to send . . . a good girl . . ."

The reporters explained. Shrieks, curses, wailing enough to satisfy the most sadistic. But her tears were stopped by the Ridgely check for five thousand dollars, which was, his attorney said, to be paid annually.

That added fuel to the flames: to buy a life!

It was clearly an occasion for editorials.

Some were bitter and melancholy, "Quo vadis, O Youth!" "America, O Shame!"

Others were vitriolic and made Ridgely the basis of a few compliments to Benedict Arnold, Aaron Burr and Judas Iscariot; then passed on to the animal kingdom—rat, weasel, with their kindred—and, as a final fillip, apologized to the zoo.

Most of them, however, realized it was an opportunity for a noble essay that would, perchance, be reprinted from year to year, memorized by school children. "What Price Life?" they asked, and pointed out that while Ridgely had seemingly purchased his, in reality he had given up all that Man holds dear: his self-respect and the respect of his fellows, faith and honor. They recalled Sir Philip Sidney, who purchased immortality with a cup of water, in honor preferring another. Others paid tribute to the hundred and eighty-four men who had gone down, without question, without thought of question, who yielded their places to women and children as naturally as they breathed. "Chivalry is not dead," these proclaimed, "one brute forgot he was a man, but others remembered, and it is they we call American!"

A few, in the smaller dailies, reminded him that his mother was

a woman and asked did he have a sister.

Then, since it was the twentieth of February: "Did Washington at Valley Forge follow the part of common sense? Or Lincoln and Grant in those dark hours that made our nation one? And those gallant boys who lie in Flanders Fields? No, Fenton Ridgely, our country was founded and preserved by men who dared throw common sense aside, who dared give all for country, flag and God."

"Greater love hath no man . . ." and the names of martyrs leaped from the page. Men whose eagle eyes could pierce beyond the grave, who did not sell their birthright for a mess of pottage.

Womanhood, America's glory . . . chivalry . . . home . . . country . . . Christianity . . . democracy. It was Old Home Week for the Bible and Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations."

The following Sunday every sermon in the land contained at least a reference to the ignominious conduct of Fenton Ridgely, a greater tragedy by far than the mere loss of the lives involved, as it was clearly and unmistakably a sign of the times. Fenton Ridgely, a youth of twenty-three, of good parentage, the finest education, every advantage money could give, and yet—a product of this jazz-mad, sensation-seeking, selfish, materialistic age. This, then, was the result of teaching mechanistic philosophy, behaviorism, evolution: man, accepting his descent from an ape, feels justified in reverting to the brute in crises. This was the terrible result of liquor (it seems there had been wine aboard the Balamina); no, no, the result of *bootleg* liquor—charge it up to Prohibition! The controversies were on.

And to a press that was using Fenton as a peg on which to hang their rhetorical effusions and to a pulpit that found in him the fruit of whatever evil was most obnoxious, the public gave fervent response.

Sweat-shop owners in limousines and parents whose children slaved in the fields, shed tears, genuine tears, over the fate of poor little Rachel; and greasy men in subway-seats and scrawny girls hanging on straps were one in their hatred and voluble scorn of a guy who'd treat a woman like that—yeah, and get away with it, too. Can yuh beat it!

Women in barber-shop chairs shrieked shrill anathema upon a man who'd stoop to steal the privilege of another sex, and Lucy Stoners and fighters for the Women's Equality Bill ceased lobbying long enough to draw up a resolution of stern condemnation.

Prairie housewives, born to live and die a thousand miles from the sea, thrilled in the revolt of American manhood against this heinous departure from the code; and mothers, straightening from wash-tubs to hear their husbands' and sons' account of the dastardly act,



“Fenton Ridgely had laughed—in church—hand was held toward him, not a word was glance that might meet his. A faint hiss,



and they didn't know why . . . That settled it. Not a spoken. He held his head high, his gaze fastened beyond any hardly more than a whisper . . . We never saw him again."

glowed in the possession of men who couldn't look a job in the eye but who would face a crisis, when, as and if offered, like heroes. And, I have no doubt, ladies of the virtue known as easy, thanked God each night their men were not as Fenton Ridgely.

"Sure he beats me, your Honor, but he don't mean nothin' by it. He ain't holdin' no ill-feelin' nor plottin' against me like that dirty bum that pushed the girl overboard." (That was the third-day version: one good swift shove, and possibly a kick, into the icy waters, which swirled and closed over her head.)

Even a gunman en route to the chair paused, with a grandiloquent gesture, to tie-up for glory: "Yes, I stuck 'em up and when they pulled their gats I let 'em feel lead. But they was men and armed—no sick girl, lone and defenseless. Whatever I've done, I'm no Fenton Ridgely."

Altogether it was an orgy of hatred for which there had been no outlet since the war, coupled with a debauch of sickly sentimentality, and followed by pharisaical strutting. In less than a week, however, the wave of hysteria abated. They had laid their sins upon him, sent him into the wilderness, and then—to tangle Biblical references—had washed their hands and turned their attention, with equally frenzied head-lines and lusty cheers, of approval this time, to the latest adventure exploit.

The world had forgotten, but we in Ridgefield could not forget. We were the wilderness, and to us the scapegoat was coming home.

How should he be received?

It was clearly a delicate situation. We could not—at least we would rather not—tar and feather a man whose great-grandfather had given his name to the town and whose family since had furnished a livelihood to three-fourths of the inhabitants. Such an act would certainly smack of the ungracious. On the other hand, we did not care to strew with roses the path of one who had become overnight the Nation's Villain, for we had our civic pride, even a Rotary Club and Chamber of Commerce that were struggling to put Ridgefield on the map. What a setback this was to them you can well imagine.

With the first news that "our distinguished and highly esteemed fellow citizen" had been a passenger on the ill-fated *Balamina*, the editor of our paper, *The Clarion*, had done us proud with a special edition that was most impressive with its solemn head-line, "LOST AT SEA," an "In Memoriam" square edged with black, a detailed obituary, a lengthy prospectus of the funeral service with a list of honorary pall-bearers, relatives and friends from out of town, a description of intended floral offerings, and a two-column editorial that chronicled gratefully what the Ridgelys (Continued on page 165)

By Kathleen
Norris

A Man who

*Which tells of a
a Stenographer*



C"I bet with Jean Ray any girl could get any man—and we picked you," said Amy.

GOOD evening, Mr. Dalrymple."
"Good evening, Miss—ah—" said J. G. confusedly.

"Miss Cortelyou," she supplied, almost inaudibly. He did not repeat the name, but he smiled uneasily and reddened as he smiled. Until this moment he had thought of her as merely that rather tall one among the giggling, murmuring group of stenographers, as the one he called "the nearly-laughing one." For some reason her long gray eyes always seemed to be brimming with amusement at everything.

They two were the only persons in the big elevator leaving the office tonight. He had been delayed by a telephone call; he could not imagine what had kept her until half past five. However, here she was, a tall, fair girl, with a small brown hat pulled snugly down over her eyes, and brown fur at the throat of her

brown coat. Her worn gloves were warm and brown; she had a flat brown purse caught under her right arm.

Miss Cortelyou. He thought that he would try to remember the name; he got all their names mixed up in "center office." They didn't mix his name up, naturally, because, in the first place, he looked like such a fool, with his big glasses and his round, moon face and his ridiculous height. No mistaking him. He had been "Fatty" in school and college; he was not fat now, exactly. Still, he had to exercise.

But besides that, the firm by which these girls, and hundreds of men, were employed, was that of Dalrymple and Dean, wholesale stationers, and even though he was only a nephew, he had an interest in the business and he had the name. He might easily be identified, by these giddy, casual clerks, as one of the higher-ups.

Cortelyou was an aristocratic name, and this was an extremely nice-looking girl, a very handsome girl really. But J. G. could not look at her now; naturally, standing a few feet away from her, he couldn't stare her out of countenance. So he plunged his hands into his overcoat pockets, cleared his throat and looked steadily at the back of the colored elevator man. What Miss Cortelyou was doing with her eyes, her hands, or her thoughts, he did not know.

But after a minute she whispered, "Oh, heavenly day!" and J. G. simultaneously ejaculated, "Hello!" They looked wide-eyed at each other. The elevator had stopped short, half-way between two floors.

J. G. then said, "What's up?" and Miss Cortelyou said, "What is it?" sharply. But the colored elevator man knew neither what was up, nor what it was.

"No danger," J. G. said, then, to the girl, and she laughed and answered nervously, "Oh, I know that."

She had, however, whitened noticeably.

"Don't—take any chances," she said to the elevator man.

"Well, we'll just have to wait," J. G. suggested, more comfortably and genially than he usually spoke to any girl. For his largeness and his glasses and his consciousness of having a very round face had made him somewhat self-conscious and shy.

"I've always wondered how this felt," Amelia Cortelyou said.

"Lucky thing this ole fire-trap ain't on fire!" Julius Angina, Morbew observed thankfully.

The others looked at him in annoyance. The building really was something of a fire-trap. And at half past five—way downtown—caught in a stalled elevator—

At the thought Miss Cortelyou clutched Mr. Dalrymple's arm, and—sort of—stumbled a little against him, and he heard a childish quick catch of her breath; her shoulder didn't touch his, exactly, or her fuzzy little rough hat and the soft sweep of bright hair come really close to his cheek. But thinking it over afterward it seemed to him that they almost did. It was the first time in his life that any girl had ever done that.

He didn't put his arm about her either, exactly. It was something like that, though. The firm grip of her slender fingers, even through the thick, shabby winter gloves, was vital enough for him to remember.

"Frightened?" he said to her. She laughed gallantly.

"Not—not in the least," she answered, swallowing.

Altogether, it was quite an adventure. The janitor came to the base of the shaft, and shouted up directions to Julius, and Julius lowered the cage, and—there they were, walking out into dark Washington Place, as if nothing had happened at all. Only J. G. was quite definitely escorting Miss Cortelyou now.

Shy

Business Man and Who Played Chess

Illustrations by
Charles D. Mitchell

"It looks as if everyone would have to walk upstairs tomorrow."

"It certainly does."

"Nice for the lads in the mail-order room!"

This was J. G.—quite taking the lead in an easy conversation with a girl.

"You take the bus, don't you," Amelia stated rather than asked. "Isn't yours the D bus?"

"How did you happen to know that? Is that your bus?"

"Yes. I go up to Eightieth."

"I go to Seventy-eighth," he said, pleased.

So they got cozily into an almost empty omnibus together and talked all the way uptown. And J. G. saw that she was not always laughing; she was quite serious, almost solemn, tonight. She was so responsive, so pleasant, so sympathetic that he could say things that he never before had said, except in his dreams of conversations with pretty girls. Witty things, interesting things, things that just hinted that he belonged to a world of travel and books and opera and cultivation.

"Mr. Dalrymple," she said suddenly, resolutely, at Sixtieth Street, and he saw that she was a little pale and looked anxious, "will you do me a favor?"

IT SCARED him a little and made him feel self-conscious and suspicious again. Suddenly sobered, he looked at her without answering.

"I am leaving Dalrymple and Dean on the first," Amelia said rapidly, by way of preamble. "I have passed a civil-service examination successfully, and I'm taking an excellent position in—another city."

"Where?" he asked, with a sinking heart, and relief, and reluctance to be in her confidence all mixed together.

"I won't tell you!" she said, with a flash of laughter. But immediately grave again, she went on, "My father was a doctor, and my mother was music teacher in a girls' school. They're both dead, and my sister is married and lives in Central America—her husband is a doctor, too. I'm going to spend my next vacation there. Meanwhile, I live at a boarding-house that used to be run by an old friend of my mother."

"Money trouble. She needs a couple of hundred," thought J. G., stiffening.

"My father was a great chess-player," said Amelia, with apparent irrelevance. J. G. wondered if in his confusion of thought he hadn't missed a few sentences here and there. "Do you play?" she asked.

"My father's crazy about it. I don't even know the moves."

"Well," the girl continued, "I mention it because—everyone in our boarding-house is practically an enthusiast."

"Is that so?" J. G. asked, looking at her expectantly.

"You know what they look like!" she supplied, almost impatiently.

"Sort of—old fogies?" the man suggested.

"Frightful!" she agreed emphatically.

"H'm!" J. G. muttered, deeply glad in his heart. Was she telling him of her young-girl dissatisfaction in seeing in her own home only dry old fellows who liked chess? "I suppose that isn't any fun for a girl; I suppose that isn't much fun for her," his thoughts said rapidly. "I never would have thought of that! A nice girl—she doesn't have much chance to go out in society—I never would have thought of it—"



"And did you report every night to Miss Ray how things were going?" asked J. G.

"Not but what I adore chess," she was saying. "I go to all the important tournaments, or when persons like Metz or Mejia play. I play myself, of course, a little. But between Mrs. Chamberlain's watching me like a cat evenings, and nobody at the table but men puzzling out moves—?"

She ended on an interrogative note, underscoring the appeal for sympathy by pointing her two clean-penciled eyebrows into peaks and wrinkling her white forehead. Yet she was laughing, vexedly and ruefully, to be sure, but laughing, and he laughed out suddenly and joyously in sympathy.

"What street is this, anyway?" she exclaimed. He peered out across her at a post.

"Eighty-fourth!" he exulted. "Well, we'll go to the end of the line—it's only a Hundred and twentieth. We can't walk in this slush, and there are no taxis out here."

They went on talking.

"Part of all this is to explain to you why I've seen so few men," Miss Cortelyou began again, instantly returning to the attack. "My mother, who died when I was eight, warned me about casual

love-affairs, and my father was worried to death about it. We had come to the city, then, and he used to—well, play chess and talk to me, evenings. My sister never had but one beau, and married him, and I've never had even one!"

J. G.'s senses were beginning slowly to spin, and it was as if each spin lifted him farther and farther from the earth.

He looked out of the omnibus; snowy dark streets and hurrying homegoers. He looked much nearer, into the long gray eyes and at the red lips only a few inches from his own. He had his arm along the back of the seat; perhaps he merely imagined that the brown coat leaned against it.

"In a few weeks I'll be gone, and you need never see or hear of me again, but meanwhile, there's something I want you to know."

She had lowered her tone now; it was husky and ir-resolute.

"I've seen you every day since I went to work for Dalrymple and Dean," she said, looking straight into his eyes. "I've—liked you, very much. I'm not asking you to—to fall in love with me, at first sight. I'm only saying that—whether I like it or not—something like that has happened to me."

"It does, you know," Amelia added, with a little flutter of unhappy laughter shaking her voice. "Men are made for women, and women for men, and sometimes the——" She hesitated.

J. G. continued to look at her, quite unsmiling. Now and then he swallowed with a dry throat.

"Sometimes the sheer beauty of the whole thing overwhelms one," she said slowly, in a sort of breathless whisper. "The beauty of love. It's greater than pride, Mr. Dalrymple, and it's greater than shame. It's—living. I'm living, now, even though it isn't all"—she looked away from him now, and after a minute she added, under her breath—"all fun."

J. G. could think of nothing better to say than "I'm glad you told me," and say it he did.

"For all I know," said Amelia suddenly, "you may be engaged."

He laughed again, more freely. "No, I'm not." He thought of Joan Percy. According to his married sister with whom he and his father lived, Joan wouldn't have minded something of the kind.

"I told you," Miss Cortelyou said composedly, "because I am, as I said, pretty much alone in a boarding-house of chess-playing men, and because I am going away. No fooling!" she added, with quick spirit. "No one at the office will know where I am, for I've made no real permanent friends there, and in the city I'm going to I can easily lose myself—change my address."

"In other words, I'm not trying to trap you, Mr. Dalrymple. But you're different from any man I know, and I'd like enormously to be friends. And this—wait a minute!—this is all I want," she said rapidly. "Just an occasional chat. I don't want you to take me to the movies

—they bore me—and I don't want you to take me to dinner. But if, once a week say, you would come over to my table at the 'Black-Eyed Susan,' and just talk——"

"You're there, alone, day after day, and I'm there, alone, day after day, lunching. You see, our having the two-o'clock hour means that we miss the rush. And night after night you come home alone on this bus, and I do. I only want a few of those



"Amy was trembling a little and not smiling at all. 'Mad about something?' asked J. G. 'Oh, no——'"

hours! I want them to remember. Do me a favor! Don't say anything, now. Let me get off at this corner, without another word. Please!"

He got off with her, and walked two blocks to her brownstone boarding-house, obeying her only to the extent of not saying another word, except about the slush and "Good night." But afterwards he pieced together every word of the conversation.



Meanwhile, Amelia Cortelyou, having entered the doorway of the brownstone mansion, had inquired of a surprised maid if this was Doctor White's house. The maid had responded somewhat affrontedly that it wasn't Doctor White's. Amelia had asked if the maid knew in which of these houses Doctor White lived, and upon the maid answering that she didn't, Amelia had thanked her and departed.

She had run all the way back, and had got on an omnibus that was bound for the very point from which she and J. G. had started. And once in the bus, her face full of mischief and suppressed mirth, she had chuckled and said half aloud to herself, "Oh, shame on you—shame on you—shame on you!"

The next day, when J. G. came into the center office in the middle of the morning, his throat felt thick and dry. But the tall girl was paying no attention to him. She was standing beside a high desk, a sheaf of letters and notes in her hands.

"Good morning, Mr. Dalrymple," she said crisply.

"Good morning, Miss Cortelyou," said J. G., gulping. She was gone, like a bright flash, even as he spoke.

His color slowly receded, and his pulse steadied. After a while she came to him with a message.

"Mr. Oscar Dalrymple wants you to call him on the private

telephone," she said, and her look met his pleasantly, merrily, with just a hint of significance. J. G. felt idiotically happy and excited.

She came into the Black-Eyed Susan after he did, turning its gray winter-afternoon desolation suddenly to gold, and joined him quite simply and began to talk about a book on Mexico she was carrying. J. G. had been in Mexico City years before, after college, in fact—eight years ago.

"Eight years! Why, did you graduate in your teens?"

"Oh, no. I'm thirty-one."

"Oh, are you?"

"Yep. Thirty-two in July."

"I'm twenty-four," said Amelia.

They got no nearer to actual personalities than this, that day.

She was quite businesslike then, and the next few times they met. She asked questions and watched his face alertly when he replied, and often she laughed gaily. There was nothing love-sick or uncomfortable about her, nothing that reminded him of the strange prelude to their friendship. She appeared to be just a healthy, unusually pretty, unusually intelligent girl, with a wide, smiling, mobile mouth that was more fascinating than many a girl's smaller and redder one.

J. G. knew she used powder, and that she sometimes had a water-wave—whatever that was—when she had her hair washed, to set it. He asked his sister about a water-wave.

"Do you have them, Eve?"

"Your hair has to be naturally curly, or they're no good," said Eve. J. G. felt pleased. Amelia's hair must be naturally curly.

He looked at Eve and Robert with newly opened eyes in these days, thinking that it must be—well, tremendous, to be married, and have a pretty girl beside you as your wife. A lovely, fragrant, eager young wife, like Amy. Her family had called her Amy.

"What are you going to have for dinner, sweetheart?" he heard himself asking her.

"Oh, jellied soup." He knew she liked it. "And chicken."

Their car would be outside; they could go anywhere they wanted in it. They would be on their honeymoon.

Shoes in shop-windows now were either the sort of shoes Amy could wear, or not there at all. Books, persons, plays, events of any sort existed only in the light of imaginary conversations about them with Amy.

As for being actually in the same office with her for some hours every day, this affected him like madness. His heart would beat fast, his eyes blur, his hands grow cold in her mere neighborhood.

He looked furtively at her, working. Sometimes she was typing, swiftly, absorbedly, her eyes following the type. Sometimes she walked across the office and consulted with an older clerk, her gray eyes moving intelligently from the document she held to the other's face.

Often at night she would be the center of a group of girls, at her desk, or at the door of the hat and coat room. She would whip a small comb out of her bag, run it through her fluffy bright hair, press on her brown hat and make a gesture of palm and fingers against her cheek that both pushed the superfluous shining waves of her hair away and drew them forward in wings against her temples. And all the while she would be talking and smiling that mysterious illuminated half-smile of hers that suggested that she was brimful of secret laughter.

J. G. never heard what the others said, but he remembered every word she uttered. For hours he would hear that husky voice, with its secret wells of laughter.

He felt as if his life had begun to quiver with lights, to hold strange possibilities. He stopped at a (Continued on page 130)

Red /s Red

WHAT gave us the idea of giving the party was a thing that old Eagle Ribs said.

Out there in the lobby of Lewis' hotel before a half-derisive, half-fascinated audience of tourists and round-trippers, his compatriots to the number of four already had been heard. Each speech had been of a pattern with the rest.

The speaker—Spotted Head or Runs Behind or Tall Tree or Snake Rattler as the case might be—was glad the white man and the red man now were brothers; was deeply indebted to the Great White Father for blessings received and herewith gratefully acknowledged; would welcome his dear friends, the white ladies and gentlemen and children now assembled, to Nature's Playground here in Glacier National Park; would conclude the evening's entertainment by dancing the Owl Dance in which any and all ladies present were heartily invited to join; and after that and after the passing of the hat for the customary collection, would bid his white friends a kind good night. Or words to that general effect as put into suitable English by Interpreter Louie Yellow Tail, Carlisle, 1908.

At the last it came Eagle Ribs' turn. Painfully he erected himself on his bent rheumatic pins and with his war-bonnet lopping slantwise above his seamy burnt-umber face, he spoke briefly—more briefly than the others.

So speaking, he ceased to be a grotesque misshapen figure in a white man's green calico shirt and a red man's fringed leggings. A certain native majesty reentered his being and momentarily glorified its habitation. He illustrated his purred aspirates and his guttural vowels with the swift hand-wrought pictographs of the trained sign-talker, drawing them in the air with sharp hard jerks and flips and snaps so that each pantomimed image stood



out clear and apart, which is the proper way of sign-talking.

Having finished, he waved an imperious command to the interpreter, then hunching himself back again into his cane-bottomed chair in the middle of the semicircle of performers and drawing his blanket about him, he became an absolutely motionless and apparently disinterested auditor. But from where I stood I caught under the floppy

head-dress the satiric, gently amused smolder of a wise and philosophic old eye.

Being thus bidden, the collegian set forth, in the precise droning voice of his kind, the translated purport of what just had been stated. Something like this:

"Eagle Ribs says he is a chief of the Pikuni—the people that the white people call Blackfeet. He says his father was a chief. His grandfather and his great-grandfather, they were chiefs, too. He says that long time ago his people owned the ground where this park now stands. He says they did not sell this ground. He says it was taken from them and never paid for.

"He says that before the white man came the Pikuni were a brave people and a very proud people who fought their enemies and killed their game and lived in skin lodges and talked only their own language and were happy. He says that before the railroad came the Pikuni were not kept together on a reservation,

By Irvin S. Cobb

Illustration by
Forrest C. Crooks



The invader spoke in her own tongue, demanding the right to speak at the council-fire of the old men and to dance while all others stood by.

like the sheep. They were their own masters and came and went as they pleased, like the elk. He says it is all different now.

"This is the last of what Chief Eagle Ribs says: He says that once upon a time the Indians lived on buffalo meat. Now they eat carrots!"

There was a small thin ripple of uncertain laughter and a small clatter of dubious applause and then the cheap little make-believe show went on. At that, I was pretty sure not all there had read the bitterness of the protest, the depth and passion of the irony that had been in that short outburst. I flattered myself, though, that I was one who did.

For a space of minutes this venerable pensioner on a benevolent government had ceased to be a feeble but persistent cadger after chicken-feed silver. He had stepped back into a past which he for one could not reconcile with the present.

HE HAD delivered himself according to the secret dictates of a famished heart and with dignity, as was befitting the namesake and the descendant of that disdainful warlock *Pe-toh-pee-Kiss* (The Eagle's Rib) whose portrait Catlin painted away back yonder in 1832 by the Mouth of the Yellowstone and of whom Catlin wrote, "this extraordinary man . . . stands here in the Fort and deliberately boasts of eight scalps which he says he has taken from the heads of trappers and traders with his own hand."

So, talking it over between us this same evening, that prisoner's speech of his gave the three of us, to wit: John Lewis and Charley

Russell—God rest him, he's dead since then!—and me, the idea of getting up a powwow and a festival among Eagle Ribs' people. This we did and the present narrative is told with intent to explain what thereby came to pass.

"The trouble with you is that up till now all you've seen is only an imitation of the real thing," said Russell, addressing me. "That's all most visitors out here ever do see. And after we get over on the other side we'd better not stick too close to the agency or we'll be seeing still another imitation."

"The agent has beautiful notions about uplifting and civilizing. He's trying to make dirt-farmers out of Blackfeet. He's not getting anywhere particularly but give him credit—he's trying. He'd never let the gang cut loose in the good old-fashioned way—not that laddie. And it never

did give me much of a thrill to see a young buck lined up for the dance with a union suit on under his dance bustle and his sleigh-bells.

"No sir, if you crave to see a band of three or four hundred full-bloods getting back to nature, we'd better steer you north away up above the agency and the school and the postoffice and all—beyond Heart Butte would be a good place, I expect—and send out riders from there with the glad tidings that we're aiming to put off a feast and a council and a real honest blowout."

"We'd better see if Celia and Fred can't make room for us in their house," suggested Lewis. "Their home ranch is just the other side of Heart Butte."

"You said it," assented Russell. "We'll start Louie Yellow Tail on ahead tomorrow to organize the messengers and he can tell 'em we're coming, three of us."

"Who're they—this Fred and this Celia?" I asked.

"Wait till you see 'em—especially Celia!"

"I hear she's engaged to be married, Charley," said Lewis.

"That's the report. Some young doctor she met back East."

"I vote we take along that old boy who spoke last tonight—old Eagle Ribs," I suggested. "My father was a Rebel, too, and he stayed unreconstructed right up to the day he died."

"Hub!" It was Lewis who grunted. "Just try to keep him from going, once he hears about what's afoot. Well, Charley, you be the general of the expedition and I'll run the commissary end of it. I expect we'd better buy two steers."

"Make it three," amended Russell. "And have 'em sent in on the hoof and let the bucks shoot 'em and do the butchering on the spot. It'll tickle the old-timers to see fresh meat spread out among the lodges. I'll get a chance to make some sketches and work 'em up later on canvas. And be sure to organize for plenty of coffee and plenty of sugar."

"Sure. And plenty of baker's bread."

"And soda pop. They're death on soda pop."

"And candy for the young ones. Don't let me forget that."

"And tobacco for the old heads."

"Of course, tobacco. But the (Continued on page 122)

By S. S. Van

First of the Studies of FAMOUS CRIMES

in which the Famous Novelist proves that

TRUTH IS Stranger than Fiction—

The Scarlet Nemesis

Illustrations by Joseph Simont

ON THE eighteenth of December, 1923, Germaine Berton—a slim beautiful girl of twenty-one, the tragic victim of strange passions and distorted ideals—was put on trial in Paris for cold-blooded and deliberate murder. The case created one of the greatest legal sensations of modern times, for not only did it involve many of the foremost figures in the post-war life of France, but it undermined the nation's most powerful political machine.

Germaine was born on June 7th, 1902, in Puteaux, an old faubourg of Paris, where her father ran a little repair-shop. Père Berton was an unruly spirit. After the manner of the true French bourgeois he was forever grumbling at the existing governmental institutions, which he regarded as unwarranted restrictions on personal liberty. But, like the great majority of French bourgeois grumblers, he was industrious and thrifty; and though he preferred the independence of his own workshop to a better-paying position in a factory, his ability as a mechanic and his frugal businesslike methods enabled him to open a little factory in Tours where he employed ten workmen.

Thus Germaine grew up amid dynamos and motors and the clangor of machinery, all of which had a deep effect on her sensitive nature. She was a charming, vivacious child, full of life and avid curiosity, gifted with a keen intelligence, and endowed with a poetic mysticism and a deep compassion for human suffering. Her mind was astonishingly versatile and precocious. She was an omnivorous reader, and at twelve was familiar with the works of Voltaire, Lamartine, Rousseau, Zola, Kant, Victor Hugo and Anatole France. She was an exceptionally talented pupil, and won two prizes at the local school of art and design.

At an early age the true quality of her character revealed itself. Like her father she was a *révoltée*, impatient of authority and opposed to all restrictions. From a letter of her mother we learn that she was obstinate and untractable, disobedient and recalcitrant. Her relations with her mother were far from cordial, and during her trial she stated that she had received no kiss from her mother since her tenth year.

She led her own life, flouted the conventions and followed the *ignis fatuus* of her innermost promptings. The ties of home were but shackles which held her to a drab routine against which her adventuresome nature rebelled. Herein we see the ominous beginnings of an ardent and fanatical child who, a few years later, was to add another bloody page to the scarlet history of her country's crimes.

The first violent act that revealed her wild and abnormal nature came during the World War. At the age of fourteen she fell madly in love with a young man of Tours. When he was called to the front she suffered her first great weariness of life—what the Germans call *Weltschmerz*—and attempted to commit suicide by throwing herself into the Loire. But she was rescued; and in a short time her youthful energy overcame her despondency.

Just after the armistice her father died. Forced to work for her living, she separated from her mother and became a sign-painter. Here her genuine talent in the graphic arts stood her

in good stead. But her nature was unstable, and a short while later we find her acting as secretary of the Revolutionary Syndicalist Committee at Tours—a post that seemed to gratify some secret desire in her heart.

Also, her experiences in this connection sowed the seed of that stubborn plant which later bore the red bitter fruit of her splendid tragedy. Afterwards she confessed that the numerous victims of the war, whom she met returning from the hospitals and prison camps, aroused in her a passionate hatred of war and its instigators, and turned her into an apostle of the brotherhood of man.

In 1921 she heard the mysterious and haunting call of Paris, and to that city, with its welter of human emotions, she went, to pit her fragile beauty and blazing hopes against the sordid realities of entrenched power. At first she worked in the offices of a chemical company; but routine clerical work was not suited to her mercurial temperament.

She was not lazy, but intolerant of jurisdiction: her refractory spirit would brook no interference with her whims and wishes. And it was at this time, when she turned her back on ledgers and filing-cabinets, that she began to tread the path which was to lead her to the triumph of a startling murder and the apotheosis of a modern sainthood; for there can be little doubt that she will go down in history not as a criminal but as a martyr who sacrificed herself on the altar of a flaming ideal.

TOWARD the end of 1921 Germaine came in contact with a group of young fanatics who were conducting a rabid anarchist propaganda at 123 Rue Montmartre, in the heart of the newspaper district. She soon became one of its leading spirits.

During the two years that followed, no one seems to know exactly how she lived. But knowing the subterranean life of Paris and being familiar with the unconventional nature of the girl, one may surmise. She shares an apartment with Gohary or Charles d'Aoray today; tomorrow she becomes the *petite amie* of Lecoin or Rondel; later she is the "confidante" of other members of the radical group.

She was ever reaching forth for some illusory ideal. But she was restless and dissatisfied; and even during this emotional search for permanency beneath the evanescence of sexual pleasures she never lost sight of the guiding star of her colorful destiny.

She wrote fiery pamphlets of a communistic character. She contributed articles to the revolutionary *Réveil d'Indre et Loire*. At night she met her comrades at the little café in the Rue du Croissant, where, on July 31st, 1914, Jean Jaurès, the leader and hero of the socialist party, was assassinated. She was once arrested and sentenced to three months' imprisonment for assaulting the police; and later she served two months for carrying prohibited weapons.

Germaine Berton during this period was an uneasy and turbulent soul, marked with vivid contrasts and violent contradictions—beautiful and piquant, but with steel-cold eyes and an arctic mien of grave determination. Her mind was incisive and intelligent, calculating and logical; but her woman's heart was

Dine



racked with fiery, devastating passions. She was prude and virgin, yet overflowing with sensual desires—at once a queen and a *grisette*. She belonged to that age-old hierarchy of women who wreck empires by day and subjugate the hearts of men by night.

In this strange and abnormal mind, swayed by the eloquence of fanatics and blinded by the visions of dreamers, there was slowly but inexorably developing an overpowering passion—a consuming and colossal hatred, without reason or restraint, for one man and all he stood for. To her he was the symbol of everything corrupt and vile and cruel in human nature. He represented the injustice and the tyranny against which her fervent spirit had always revolted. This man was Léon Daudet, the editor of *L'Action Française*, a member of the *Chambre des Députés*, the leader of the so-called *Bloc National*, and perhaps the most powerful political influence in France.

Léon Daudet was born in 1867. Though there seems to be little doubt that he was the son of Alphonse Daudet, the creator of the immortal *Tartarin*, his enemies insist that he was only a stepson of Alphonse Daudet, the illegitimate offspring of a Levantine Jew. But this genealogy does not matter, for Léon Daudet at an early age carved for himself a deep niche in the hall of French literature and public affairs.

As a dark-faced, vulture-beaked boy he showed marked literary ability; and in the days of the Dreyfus case he became one of a revolutionary group centered round the famous salon of Madame de Loynes—a salon which included such men as Lemaitre, Marchand (of *Fashoda* fame), Déroulède (afterwards foreign minister), Rochefort, Maurice Barrès and Ernest Judet. Daudet soon became noted for his fanatical views on political and religious questions. He was a violent monarchist: nothing short of a return of the Bourbon dynasty would satisfy him.

He wrote many novels of unquestioned merit and was elected a member of the Académie Goncourt—one of the highest literary honors in France. A number of his books, however, were suppressed because of their obscenity and placed on the Index by Papal decree. His newspaper, *L'Action Française*, was a rampant Royalist sheet, the official organ of the Clerico-Royalist party, and the center of most of the intrigues and cabals against the government of the Republic. Lies, slander, blackmail and even incitement to murder were its weapons; and there is little doubt that the murder of Jaurès was largely the work of Daudet's gang of "patriots."

But his activities did not stop at journalistic vilification. He organized a Royalist league of young people from good families, on the model of the German *Jugendwehren* and the Italian Fascisti, who were trained in arms, and who perpetrated numerous outrages and acts of violence.

At the outbreak of the war Daudet distinguished himself by leading bands of rioters to loot German and Swiss shops and to assault generally those persons whose political views differed from his. His ambition was to become a French Warwick at whose nod rulers were seated and unseated; and for a number of years he was the undoubted power behind the French government.

It was his attacks that drove Malvy into exile and Caillaux into prison. Clemenceau owed his dictatorial powers to Daudet; and after the war it was Daudet who drove first Clemenceau and then Briand into retirement, and who put Poincaré in power. His influence forced the latter into the occupation of the Ruhr, his aim being to break up the Anglo-French alliance.

Aided by the war hysteria, Daudet wreaked wholesale vengeance on his political enemies, and many a prominent man felt the weight of his mailed fist. Marcel Cachin, the famous socialist deputy, was imprisoned; and even conservative leaders like the Marquis de Lubersac were ruthlessly prosecuted as pro-Germans.



Schoolbooks on history were purged of everything reflecting on the Bourbon dynasty; and films like Griffith's "Orphans of the Storm" and Lubitsch's "Passion"—both well known to American audiences—were barred as German propaganda.

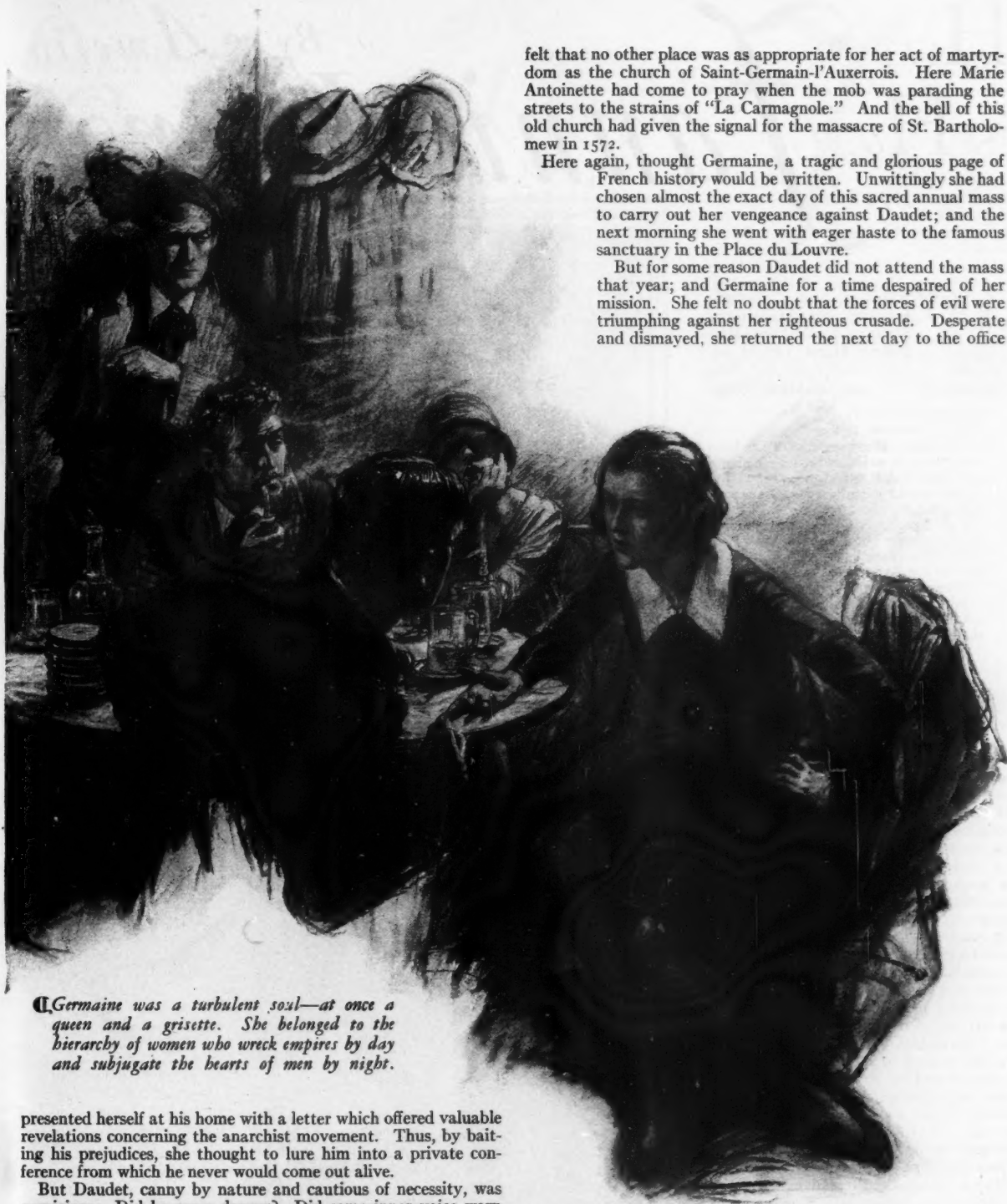
Daudet's political machinery was called the *Bloc National*. It was an irregular assemblage of all parties—an outgrowth of the famous *Union Sacrée* founded in 1914 for the energetic prosecution of the war.

Léon Daudet, vitriolic and vulgar, powerful and unscrupulous, constituted, in Germaine Berton's eyes, a menace to the Republic and a subverter of all the dreams of idealistic youth. And Germaine decided that he must die.

She had long since adopted the doctrines of Russian Nihilism, which advocated individual action as opposed to propaganda among the masses; and for months the idea of Daudet's murder had been germinating in her mind. At length, the conception having ripened, she gave herself up to it rapturously; and for weeks thereafter she lived in a trance of religious ecstasy, devising ways and means, and watching her opportunity.

Now, Daudet was easily accessible in public, but Germaine wanted to be alone with her victim—she must have him entirely at her mercy. So, on the morning of January 20th, 1923, she

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Germaine was a turbulent soul—at once a queen and a grisette. She belonged to the hierarchy of women who wreck empires by day and subjugate the hearts of men by night.

presented herself at his home with a letter which offered valuable revelations concerning the anarchist movement. Thus, by baiting his prejudices, she thought to lure him into a private conference from which he never would come out alive.

But Daudet, canny by nature and cautious of necessity, was suspicious. Did he sense danger? Did some inner voice warn him against this girl who professed to have information of his enemies? Perhaps. In any event, he did not see her, but sent word to her that he was at his office and that she should call there.

Believing this message, she went to his bureau in the Rue de Rome, and was received by Daudet's assistants, Roger Allard and Marius Plateau. But here again she met with temporary defeat. These two henchmen of the great dictator paid scant attention to her confused ramblings and dismissed her curtly.

Again in the street, her grim Messianic mission unfulfilled, she laid new plans. And now the romantic side of her nature dictated her course. At the old church of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois a mass is read each year on the twenty-first of January—the anniversary of the execution of Louis XVI; and it was the custom of Daudet and members of the Royalist party to attend the services in full regalia.

Churches always had held a fascination for Germaine, and she

felt that no other place was as appropriate for her act of martyrdom as the church of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois. Here Marie Antoinette had come to pray when the mob was parading the streets to the strains of "La Carmagnole." And the bell of this old church had given the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572.

Here again, thought Germaine, a tragic and glorious page of French history would be written. Unwittingly she had chosen almost the exact day of this sacred annual mass to carry out her vengeance against Daudet; and the next morning she went with eager haste to the famous sanctuary in the Place du Louvre.

But for some reason Daudet did not attend the mass that year; and Germaine for a time despaired of her mission. She felt no doubt that the forces of evil were triumphing against her righteous crusade. Desperate and dismayed, she returned the next day to the office

of L'Action Française and demanded to see Daudet. But again it was Plateau, the head of the secret police of the League, who received her.

The girl hesitated but a moment. If the arch-enemy himself could not be reached, then his chief aide must fall as a warning—thus reasoned her inflamed mind. Drawing a revolver from beneath her cloak, she fired at Plateau. He fell instantly—dead. She had accomplished her great act of immolation.

Swiftly she decided that she too should now die, and she immediately turned the weapon on herself. But fate had other things in store for her; and she succeeded only in wounding herself slightly before she was seized.

Germaine took her arrest philosophically and offered no resistance. She was first taken to the (Continued on page 167)

Here is How *Fannie Hurst*

By *Amelia*

WHILE I was "air-vagabonding" around the United States a letter from Miss Fannie Hurst caught up with me. It asks exactly the questions that most of you are asking about flying:

Dear Miss Earhart:

I want to learn to fly.

The extent of my experience has been a few trips in ordinary passenger planes in France and England.

How would you advise me to set about beginning to learn to fly?

I shall probably do most of my travel as a passenger but I want to know how to handle a plane just as I want to know how to handle a motor-car. In case!

What type of plane do you advise?

Is there anything which in your opinion differentiates flying for women from the conditions that apply for men? I cannot imagine that there is, but your authoritative point of view will be helpful.

With admiration for your achievements, I am,

Sincerely yours,
Fannie Hurst

Probably I can best answer by telling exactly how I learned to fly. Oddly enough, I began instruction under a woman pilot—Neta Snook—the first woman graduate of the Curtiss School and one of the early women fliers in America.

Prices in 1920 were five hundred dollars for ten or twelve hours in the air (they had been reduced from one thousand dollars shortly before) and that sum was too much for me in a lump. I had the good fortune to be able to pay my tuition in instalments, however, and so managed to get in a few hours' time.

In the midst of my training I decided to buy my own plane and went to work on a small salary to earn its price. I bought one of the first Kinner planes built. It cost me \$2000 and it was powered by a small Lawrance air-cooled three-cylinder motor, one of the first products of Charles L. Lawrance who designed the Wright Whirlwind motor. From the time of purchase of my own plane I was taught by an ex-army instructor on Saturdays and Sundays when I could leave the office.

Frankly, I had an advantage over most in that I didn't have to pay the usual forty dollars a month hangar rental, as I allowed the plane to be used for demonstration in return for space. Today hangar space ranges from twenty-five dollars a month up, depending on the type and size of craft and service required, while the average cost of instruction is about two hundred and fifty dollars.

My training was erratic by force of circumstances and I should advise anyone learning to fly today to adopt a somewhat different procedure.

My first suggestion is to go to a good school.

However, when I say "good school" I am faced with a difficulty. Outside of the army and navy it is not always easy to

56



Miss Hurst and Miss Earhart at Curtiss Field. planes of the sort that Edsel Ford is turning

find one. There are few well-known flying schools so standardized as to make it possible to list them for prospective students. In fairness it must be said that there has hardly been time, since the beginning of aviation, for many to establish a reputation.

There are excellent flying schools and excellent private instructors in the country, but it is difficult for the novice to distinguish the good from the bad. Of course, the same conditions hold in many fields.

It is the opinion of many fliers that the Department of Commerce should make some sort of classification similar to that of

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Earhart Could Learn to Fly



they consider. Be sure the planes used are licensed by the Department of Commerce and inspected frequently.

Be sure your instructor is a transport pilot of experience. By the way, experience is rated by hours in the air and not by miles covered, as in the case of automobiles.

The student should have a physical examination, paying special attention to eyesight, by a Department of Commerce physician. There is one in your neighborhood, and his fee for examination is fifteen dollars. The Department of Commerce in Washington will tell you who he is, or you may find out through local fliers.

All people cannot fly, any more than all can or should drive motor-cars. The physical qualifications and flying tests for obtaining a transport license are harder to meet than those for a private license. The latter is for private plane owners, who usually fly for sport, and the former is required for taking up passengers for hire.

Most schools give ten hours of actual flying. This time usually is divided into twenty to thirty separate



(In oval) Passengers boarding one of the twelve-passenger out at the rate of three a week in his Detroit factory.

the American Medical Association, which gives its approval after inspection to certain hospitals which maintain certain standards. Given time, flying schools will acquire reputations, but it might be easier for students if there were a published rating now. One well-known organization is planning a country-wide chain of instruction centers; several already have one or two. Some instructors are training in small groups and working up fine local reputations, and should have some recognition.

To be definite, the best I can do is to ask that those who plan to "take up" flying look for certain characteristics in the school

flights and at the end of that time it is fairly safe for the average flying pupil to secure his own sport plane for practise around a field. As a general rule one should have at least fifty hours of solo flying experience before trying long flights under any conditions.

There is another method of instruction which is that of training through a flying club. These are in the experimental stage, but in theory they can provide more practise for the same price than is usually possible with the commercial school. Some of the colleges have organized such clubs with more or (Continued on page 163)

UNKNOWN

By
*Blasco
Ibañez*

The Story So Far:

WHEN Cristobal Colón, nicknamed by his contemporaries "Don Out-at-Elbows" and known to posterity as Christopher Columbus, was appointed by their Majesties Ferdinand and Isabella as Admiral of a fleet to sail the Unknown Ocean in search of a new route to the spice marts of India, generosity prompted him to share his good fortune with two waifs whom he met by the roadside, who told him they were brothers, en route to seek their fortunes in the city of Cordoba. Colón took them into his service, never suspecting that his protégés were Fernando Cuevas and Lucero Cohen, an eloping pair who were being eagerly sought by the local constabulary—the girl as a Jewess evading the King's decree of exile for those of her race, and the boy for aiding her escape.

There was more than a mere matter of enforcing the King's decree behind the search for the runaway couple. Lucero was the illegitimate daughter of the wealthy Doctor Acosta, who, in endeavoring to rescue her from exile, had employed the unscrupulous ex-royal butler, Pero Gonzalez, as his emissary. Gonzalez, visiting the home of the girl's supposed father in Andujar, had immediately become maddened by her beauty and had determined to marry her. It was for this reason that he was following up the hunt so eagerly.

In Cordoba, lodged with their patron at an inn, the lovers were terrified by the possibility of detection. The butler was there—Fernando narrowly had escaped meeting him face to face when he went out to summon Don Cristobal's sweetheart, Beatrice de Arana, to the inn. Their only hope of eluding him lay in the fact that they were to leave shortly for the port of Palos, whence their protector's fleet was to sail.

Colón had his own troubles. Money for his voyage was none too plentiful. Furthermore, he was as yet an Admiral with neither boats nor crews. Also there was the matter of Beatrice to whom he felt that he had done grave injustice. When she came to him at the inn, bringing their young son Hernando, he felt qualms of conscience because, now that his Portuguese wife was dead, leaving him with another son, Diego, he had no time to marry her. But she should be a rich woman, he promised her, when he became ruler of the lands beyond the seas . . .

When she had left him, Colón went to call upon Doctor de Acosta who often had befriended him even though he had small faith in his dreams of exploration. While the two men talked of the voyage, an uproar arose in the street.

Fernando again had encountered the butler and in endeavoring to escape him, and at the same time draw him away from the

vicinity of the inn lest he discover Lucero, dashed to the end of the street, where the daring soldier of fortune Don Alonso de Ojeda was talking through the bars of her window with Isabel, daughter of the lawyer Herboso, who had forbidden his suit. Fernando had performed a service for Ojeda earlier in the day, by carrying a note to his lady, and now the young soldier, seeing the boy's plight, came to his aid, striking out with his sword and seriously wounding both Gonzalez and one of the agents of the law who was with him.

FERNANDO CUEVAS regarded the daily trip on foot between Palos and the monastery of La Rábida as two hours of delightful play. His master was staying with the friars, employing Lucero in his personal service. For Fernando himself, lodgings had been found in town with an old man of poor estate—the sacristan of the parish church of Saint George. Don Cristobal had judged the youth from Andujar a stout and spirited fellow well able to use his legs and thought it best that he, rather than his frailer companion, should live in Palos along with six or eight other individuals who, without being sailors or connected with the sea, had come on from Cordoba and other places to follow him on his adventure.

LANDS

Illustrations by
Walt Louderback



Finally the lovers had appointed a secluded nook in the garden as their trysting-place. There Fernando would lie in hiding till the pretended page appeared. At other times Lucero would be there first and her lover would find her waiting for him under the trees.

Never, in all the time since the unknown traveler had taken them into service on the road from Granada to Cordoba, had they had such opportunities to be together alone as in this solitary convent by the seas. They had drawn a breath of relief when their master had set out with them from Cordoba the day following the mêlée in which Don Alonso de Ojeda had cracked the heads of two men in order to rescue Cuevas. The inn at Seville where Don Cristobal lingered for several days had also been a terror to them.

C Terreros jeered at the exiles. "Good for their Highnesses! They are well rid of such people." Fernando could think only of Lucero.

On arising in the morning Fernando would knock discreetly at the sacristan's door to inquire if there were anything he could do. Receiving the unflinching negative, he would start out for La Rábida, on the excuse that he must have the orders of his real master.

The trot of half a league each day was nothing to this young man, and Santa Maria de La Rábida would soon come into view, its walls whitewashed, its groves somewhat bent by the prevailing wind—from the distance, a farmhouse rather than a monastery.

Just before arriving at the convent gate, Fernando passed a cross raised on a pedestal of stone. There, months before, he had been told, his master had stopped to rest, weary, dusty from his long tramp, without money, and leading his son Diego, a boy of nine, by the hand.

Fernando's first concern was to escape detection by this little Diego, who always would join Fernando and Lucero, if he found them, and stay with them on their romps about the neighborhood.

the moment was passing through a spasm of Jew-baiting in the belief that many Israelites were trying to evade the edict of exile and escape with their properties. All strangers were being scanned as to their race and origin, and the lovers were in constant dread lest Lucero's disguise be penetrated and both of them fall into the clutches of the law.

Not till they reached La Rábida had they found that great relief which comes from the cessation of a danger. Here no one was worried about Jews. The inhabitants of Palos and Moguer, the two villages on the river banks, as well as the people at Huelva on the Odriel across the tongue of sand, seemed to live apart from the affairs of the rest of Spain, concerned only with the harvest on their farm lands, or with the adventures of life at sea.

The two villages, at the moment, were all agog about the stranger staying at La Rábida with papers and orders from the sovereigns. This was the great local event, quite overshadowing the late fall of Granada and the more recent decrees ordering

exile for the Jews. Fernando and Lucero, indeed, were now hardly conscious of the reasons which had driven them to this region so far removed from their previous lives. Only the present was real to them. They knew their master had brought them thither in connection with a voyage which had set everyone to talking, a voyage that had something vague and doubtful about it, and which, as they guessed, might never really be made.

Lucero had now grown quite accustomed to a manner of living so unadapted to her sex. After the painful trials she had been through during the first days of her flight, her rest in this secluded cove of the sea seemed to have given her new vigor. Indeed she remembered that she was a girl only when alone with Fernando. At other times she worked like a real valet, caring for the quarters and the belongings of Don Cristobal, and attending to little Diego, who forever was pestering her with his childish wants and questions.

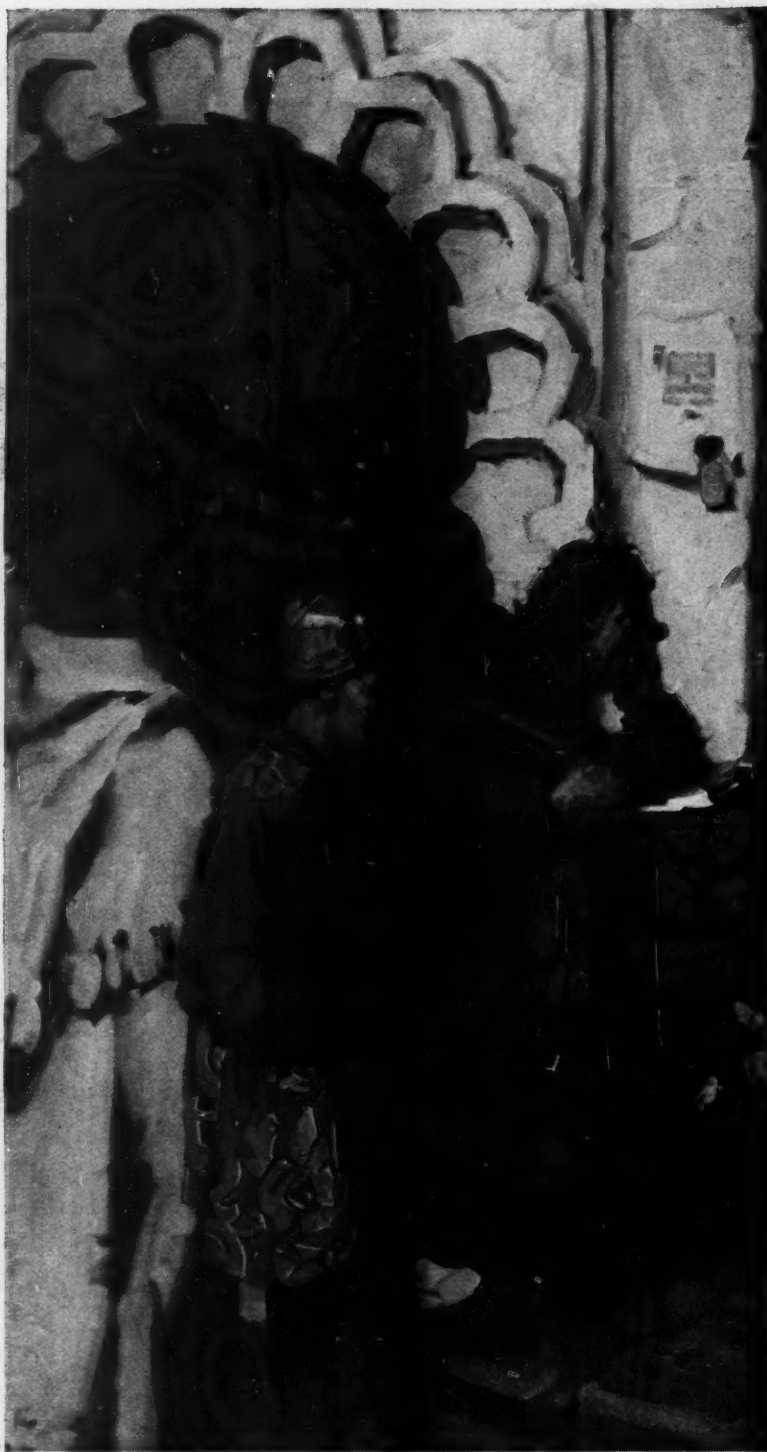
It was Fernando, with his greater knowledge of the world, who proposed specific steps and measures. Lucero ought to become a Christian and accept baptism. There could be no marriage between them without that! This suggestion seemed to rouse her as from a dream, and at first she listened to it with horror. Then gradually, in dread of losing Fernando, she took to the thought more kindly. Yes, she would be baptized—but later on, as a good occasion offered. And they would drop the subject of matrimony.

MEANTIME, though often they would sit holding each other's hands, they kept fearfully aloof from caresses. That was too dangerous! Let anyone discover that Lucero was a girl and it also would be discovered that she was a Jewess. Then she would be sent out of the country. Even were she to confess the truth and request baptism, she would be sent to a convent to be instructed in the faith, and probably be separated from Fernando forever.

One Wednesday—somehow Fernando always remembered the date—the twenty-third of May of the year 1492—Don Cristobal, Doctor Garci Hernandez and other prominent individuals of the locality, had an early-morning meeting in the square at Palos just in front of the church of Saint George, an edifice much neglected in its interior which had once been a mosque and still retained a brick portal of Mussulman design. In the company present were the mayors of the two towns with delegates from the town aldermen. The warden of La Rábida was ex officio curate of the parish and he came to lend support to the man he had seen fit to sponsor. Don Cristobal also was further fortified with papers which their Highnesses had issued for him.

The men of Palos were simple mariners, accustomed to life on the sea and little read in matters of the law. It seemed that they had committed various offenses to the prejudice of the monarchs, who therefore were condemning them to furnish, as a fine, two caravels, to be delivered within a period of six months, to such port as later would be specified. In other papers which Don Cristobal bore the town was commanded to deliver them to one Cristobal Colón as representative of their royal persons; and Don Cristobal at once proceeded to announce seizure of those two of the many caravels moored in the basin which he had selected as best suited to his purposes.

But these formalities once completed, he found himself unable to go any further. A caravel could not put to sea without a crew, and not a man of Palos would set foot on either of the two vessels!



C. "See here, my friends, we're off on a trip and come back rich. Off for Cipango, gentlemen!"

The mariners all along shore, from retired captains living at their ease down to the poorest seamen and fishermen, offered passive and silent resistance to the urgings of this outsider who had come to town and begun bidding them do this and do that in the name of the sovereigns.

As time went by and nothing happened Don Cristobal sought and obtained another royal warrant, promising a moratorium to persons under public prosecution or private process who should volunteer for the transatlantic expedition. Not even this extraordinary recourse had any effect. Every seafarer of the neighborhood was outraged that a couple of royalties, living at ease with their courtiers far inland, should come and order them and their

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*you ought to go with us. Every man of you will
Martin Alonso's enthusiasm soon caught the humble folk.*

vessels about as they pleased, thinking they could square accounts by reading aloud a yard or two of parchment.

Not that anybody was afraid of the voyage itself! Don Cristobal had selected Palos for his departure because he knew that when the sailors of the region tired of fishing or of short sails about the Mediterranean, they would ship on ocean-going vessels bound for England or the ports of the Baltic. Many a man among them had been as far as the Canaries or even run the Portuguese blockade to the coasts of Guinea.

But such things they had done of their own free choice, for wages agreed upon with the outfitters plus the usual percentage on the total gains. Here now was a man no one ever had heard of

before, who perhaps had sailed a ship but who had seen sirens and other things the shipmasters in town knew could not exist. And he was going to conscript them like men for the navy, and pay them only the miserable wages the navy paid! If the voyage were successful, if they did get to India, this Don Cristobal would have all the titles and all the money, while they, who had faced the same dangers and done the same work, would receive from the royal paymaster a sum of money smaller than a man could make by one lucky scoop for herring!

So one day after another went by. The two embargoed caravels lay moored at their wharf in the little basin, as silent and deserted as though a curse had been laid upon them.

Don Cristobal could sense an atmosphere of moody hostility about him the moment he left La Rábida and went in to Palos. He began to feel as hopeless and as lonely as he had at Cordoba when no one was taking any interest in his dreams. Little good the commissions and patents from the sovereigns were doing him! He might stay on the banks of the Tinto and the Odiel till he died, for all the sailors they would raise!

Every night, after dinner, various men of Palos, most of them acquaintances or friends of Don Cristobal, were wont to foregather in the house of an old sea-dog named Pero Vasquez de la Fontera. They could think of only one issue from the situation which confronted the expedition: "We must wait for Señor Martin Alonso—he is the only man who can settle this thing."

Señor Martin Alonso was the richest and most influential of the Pinzons, a family as numerous in its branches as a tribe, in the neighborhood of Palos and Moguer. At the moment Señor Martin Alonso was not at home. He had gone off with a cargo of Andalusian wines to Ostia, expecting to sell them in Rome. His return was eagerly awaited by everyone, for it would be interesting to see just what he would have to say about all the trouble this stranger was making with his seizure of the two boats and the conscription of sailors on warrant from their Highnesses.

Meanwhile, though the time was passing, Don Cristobal did not dare make use of the warrants he held to "set table" in Palos.

Setting table was the equivalent of shipping men for a voyage. The outfitter or captain in search of crews would set a table in the village square in front of the church, and on it place a pile of money for immediate payment of the first half of wages to any who should enroll. Don Cristobal knew what a humiliation it would be to be seen sitting at his table, with all the sailor folk of Palos and Moguer looking on and laughing, without a man stepping forward to give his name.

So far, along all the coast of Niebla where people subsisted wholly on the sea, he had found but four men willing to follow him, and those by virtue of the immunities granted by the royal authority to individuals pursued at law.

A sailor of Palos, Bartholomew de Torres by name, had quarreled with the village crier, a man of violent disposition named Juan Martin. De Torres had killed the herald in an encounter with knives, and though the fight had been a fair one, with both parties armed and face to face, the victor was condemned to be hanged, since the dead man had been a public official.

The sentence was not popular in the district, and three other sailors, Alfonso Clavijo, Juan de Moguer and Pero Izquierdo—generous hearts under hot heads—refused to desert a comrade who had often stood by them in moments of danger on the lonely seas. They stormed the village prison and released Torres. Thereupon all four had been condemned to death. But as yet they had not been apprehended. They were in hiding about the neighborhood of Palos, under the more or less overt protection of the inhabitants.

The proclamation of immunity made by the sovereigns in behalf of Don Cristobal offered the fugitives an opportunity to return in safety to their homes, and they had availed themselves of it.

But two caravels could not put to sea with four men! Fernando Cuevas doubted whether his master ever would be able to make his much-talked-of voyage. Unless Señor Martin Alonso Pinzon came to the rescue with his prestige and influence with the sailors of Palos, the future Admiral of the Ocean Sea would be more likely to remain on dry land with his two servants for a guard of honor.

If able seamen were scarce, there were a few volunteer land-lubbers, people who knew nothing of maritime adventure but were eager to accompany the expedition in the hope of finding gold or of occupying high positions in the empire which Don Cristobal promised to conquer. The first of such to appear was a gentleman of Cordoba, a certain Don Diego de Arana, one of Beatrice's cousins. The man Arana had been in Palos for some days, viewing with alarm the bad turn the enterprise of this forerunner, irregularly related to his family, was taking. Don Cristobal had promised him a post as high constable, or chief disciplinarian, of the fleet.

Arrogant, boastful and a great flourisher of his sword, Don Diego had not attained the place he aspired to in the constabulary at Cordoba. He thought that perhaps his ambitions could be realized through this father of his cousin Hernando, who might make him high dispenser of justice in lands of the East far larger than all Spain! Don Diego was looking for a larger opportunity to order others about and already he could see himself in the Orient holding court with the majesty and the wisdom of King Solomon.

As Don Cristobal struggled with the headstrong resistance of the sailors of the Niebla seashore, he sometimes would think of his young friend, Don Alonso de Ojeda. With a man of such courage and such ready prowess to support him, he thought he would enjoy greater respect from the people about him. Besides, he had been counting on Ojeda as the military leader of his expedition, which probably would have to deal with the fierce giants, pigmies and dragons that Mandeville and others had seen on their journeys to the Far Eastern Isles of Asia. From Cordoba, meanwhile, came advices of Pero Gonzalez, the sometime royal butler, promising to appear in Palos the moment he had recovered from a severe cut on his scalp.

Don Cristobal was sure he could heal the breach between these two friends of his—their quarrel must have arisen through some misunderstanding. For that matter he had left Cordoba without ever discovering the real occasion of the fight in front of Herboso's house. The most diverse explanations had been proffered him by gossip. People about the inn of the Three Wise Men were generally inclined to believe that the lawyer had paid Garduña to make an attack on Don Alonso, to put an end to the nuisance the young man was causing by parading up and down in front of Doña Isabel's windows at all hours of day and night.

At any rate, Don Cristobal had written to his friends at court to procure a pardon for the quick-tempered Ojeda. To be sure, if worse came to worst, he could avail himself of the right of pardon given him by their Highnesses for anyone willing to enlist for the expedition West; but he judged that drastic course inopportune in view of the influence which the lawyer Herboso was bringing into play to bring Don Alonso to justice.

From the youth himself Don Cristobal had received but one letter; and since Lucero was coming to be in touch with all the ordinary business of the expedition, so far as its leader talked openly in her presence, she made haste to communicate the good news to Fernando. Don Alonso said that he soon would be in Palos, with or without the royal grace; and the prospect filled the lovers with great hopefulness.

Unfortunately the person who arrived was not Don Alonso de Ojeda, but the high sheriff of Cordoba (Continued on page 159)



Theodore Dreiser

I'VE
just
read a
manu-
script by a
man who is
honest
about love.
Honest
about what
attracts
man to
woman,
what goes
on in the
man's mind

while he loves, what when he is unfaithful to his love. Honest to an extent, I'll wager, that no man ever before has been even in a talk with his closest friend.

Only a man who had the rugged sort of courage that could survive the suppression of a novel like "Sister Carrie" and forge on undaunted to the fame that came with "An American Tragedy" could have done it.

The manuscript is of a novel, "This Madness," and in it Theodore Dreiser reveals the impulses and the results of love with a candor that will surprise you, may shock you, but will so impress you that you'll never forget it.

We begin the story next month.

R. L.

T *A City Boy in the Big Outdoors* F Fred!

By Wallace Smith

Illustrations by The Author

RAWHIDE PASS. A water-tank with a hose that hung like the trunk of a despondent canvas elephant. A depot somewhat larger than a dry-goods case. A box car transformed into a dwelling with the aid of two potted geraniums, a window-curtain and a shaggy dog; the sort of dog that used to be woven into rugs. Seven flat-fronted wooden buildings. On the window of one of them, "Élite Café" was painted with a self-conscious flourish. The other buildings were without distinction.

That was Rawhide Pass. But in back of Rawhide Pass reared the hushed and mighty magic of a Wyoming dawn. The giant shoulder of Three Deer Mountain leaned against a sky of saffron, streaked with crimson and glowing gold. Tall trees gleamed, a host of upthrust spears, where the sun touched. A stream, tumbling from the heights, made a chanting turmoil of white water.

A clear, sweet smell that had in it a breeze from the mountain, the fragrance of trees and the tang of clean, live water.

The overland train slowed distastefully as it approached Rawhide Pass. The shaggy dog got up, lazily true to dog tradition, to challenge the arrival. But it was only a train. The dog decided, while he was on his feet, to inspect a hole which for days he had suspected of concealing a nest of field-mice.

The train halted with a well-bred snort. A sleepy porter came stiffly from his car. A young man, carrying a suitcase, stepped down to the cinders and stood there.

The porter crawled back into his car. The engine puff-chooded, puff-chooded. The train glided discreetly away.

The young man still stood motionless. He did not even glance at the departing train. He had seen the great mountain. He was breathing the scented air. Inside of him was a nostalgic ache. This was the dream that Freddie Beyers had dreamed—and it was true.

A tall man slouched against the depot and watched Freddie from under the brim of his hat.

"He looks at them hills," said Twist McComber, "just the way I feel about them, sometimes. He's a likely-lookin' youngster, but I'll bet by tomorrow he'll be askin' me can I make fire by rubbin' two sticks together."

Freddie Beyers, still awed in the spell of the mountain, was startled by the sibilant whirr of spurs. He was startled again when he saw Twist McComber. A sombrero with a rolling brim slanted on a head with hair red as a fox, with a dusting of gray. A green neckerchief. A shirt in which orange and white checks made dazzling geometrics. And *chaparejos*. Chaps with flaring skirts, studded with big silver *conchos*. This, too, was part of Freddie Beyers' dream, but better than he had dared to dream.

"Purty darn' grand, ain't they?" smiled Twist McComber. Seeing the admiring stare focused on him, he quickly added: "The hills, I mean."

Freddie swallowed. "They're wonderful," he said. "They're

—they're the first mountains I've ever seen. They make me feel—it sounds very silly, I guess—but they make me feel—well, religious."

"They got gospel in 'em," agreed Twist. "Darned if not."

"I suppose you're use' to them."

"You never get use' to mountains. They're always—well, kind o'——" Twist was embarrassed at his own responsive emotion. And at the frank adulation of Freddie's stare. "You're Mr. Beyers from Dayton, Ohio, ain't you? The new dood for the Lazy-X ranch?"

Freddie pried his gaze from the checkered shirt. He had been sized up all too quickly as a tenderfoot—a "dude."

"My name's McComber. Twist McComber I'm called. An' don't you go to feelin' offended whatever because I said 'dood.' It ain't a disrespectful word hereabouts. It's just a name kind o'."

"Oh, that's all right."

"Got a trunk, Mr. Beyers?"

"No; only this suitcase. I like a light pack when I'm hitting the trail."

Twist looked at him strangely. "Most of 'em got trunks," he said.

Freddie tried to believe he detected an overtone of commendation. Trunk, indeed!

"Had breakfast, Mr. Beyers? No? Good enough. I got some coffee an' cold biscuit in the wagon. No use insultin' our digesters with the stuff they call coffee at the Ee-light. I wouldn't pour it down a gopher-hole. No, sir; not even if I was mad at the gopher."

Twist led the way to the rear of one of the wooden buildings. There he had left his wagon, a springy buckboard, and its team of sorrel and white pintos. He smiled at Freddie's enthusiasm over the horses.

"You're right as two times two," said Twist. "Ain't nothin' purtier than a paint pony, unless it's a team o' paint ponies."

They climbed into the buckboard. The pintos leaped into a lively gait. Freddie was ecstatically silent with a hundred questions choking him.

Once he spoke. "Do you suppose a fellow could be homesick all his life for a place he's never been?"

Twist pulled the eager pintos up at a spot where the wagon trail swerved to meet the river. The coffee bottle and the biscuits were out, when a trout jumped. Twist took a rod and tackle from under the wagon seat. It was strange to see a cowboy, in sombrero and chaps, fishing. But when they had breakfast they had trout.

"I wish you wouldn't call me Mr. Beyers," said Freddie, with bashful abruptness. "My name's Fred."

"Dad Warner wouldn't like me to be so familiar right off that way with a guest. When you've been on the ranch a couple days—but you go ahead an' call me Twist."

The pintos pranced up the trail.

Dad Warner dealt in the stuff that dreams are made of; and



dealt very reasonably when it is considered how few of us may embrace our dreams. On his Lazy-X ranch a man might wear a wide sombrero and a red neckerchief and jingle spurs big as dollars. He might swing into the saddle with all the gallant riders of the West—the cowboy, the pony express, the buffalo hunter, the Indian scout and the "calv'ry sojer."

The Lazy-X was a dude ranch—pronounced "dood" in the country where such ranches flourish. It was a real ranch. There were log cabins, tents and a central ranch-house. There were corals, horses, saddles and ropes. Cattle to round-up. Pack-mules for long expeditions into the hills. On the Lazy-X there was even a herd of nine buffalo to observe respectfully.

Freddie Beyers didn't have an exclamation left by the time the pintos swung between the posts, mounted with elk antlers, that served the ranch for a gate. He had used up his hundred questions, too, but he had thought of more. Freddie had been talking more than he knew. And Twist McComber had been listening more carefully than was necessary for the honest earning of his wages as Dad Warner's top dude-wrangler.

Twist had learned a great deal about Freddie's strange homesickness. Freddie worked in an office back in Dayton. For three years he had saved his money for this adventure. What is more, he had saved his last year's vacation to have a whole month at the ranch. Freddie was twenty-four.

Freddie had told him the thrill of encountering, with the aid of a descriptive time-table, such names as Cheyenne, Medicine Bow, Bitter Creek—"I'm a bad man from Bitter Crick, an' I kin lick my weight in wildcats"—Dead Man Mountain, Black Buttes.

He felt as if it wasn't his first trip west. Like one of those experiences people have where they feel it's all happened before.

Because of these things, Twist escorted Freddie to the ranch store and guided him carefully past the temptation of dyed horse-hair lariats and Navaho saddle-blankets. With a sign from his eyes at the clerk, he assisted in the purchase of a reasonable hat and a pair of belt-overalls such as he wore under the *chaparejos*.

"Texas Elkins has got a pair o' boots that ought to fit you," said Twist. "Texas bein' vain that way about what little



"Don't be an old snoop-cat, Twist," said Dad Warner.

"My name's Molly," said the girl. "I'm Fred Beyers—Trigger Fred, the boys call me over on the Lazy-X."



feet he's got. An' I'll rustle a extra set o' spurs for you, too."

He showed Freddie to his room in one of the log cabins and went to report to Dad Warner in the ranch-house office. Dad Warner, who had traded the uncertainties of cattle-raising for the

profit of herding dudes, was as authentically part of the country as a grizzly's track. It was said that his eyes could weigh a man the way they could weigh cattle. He had been known as Maverick Warner before his mustache, of another decade in design, had turned white.

"He's got a way o' lookin' at the hills," said Twist.

"Everybody's got a way o' lookin' at hills," responded Dad Warner.

"Yeah; but 'most everybody looks at hills the way they think they ought to," said Twist. "Like they read in a book the way they should feel about hills."

"It's the same with sunsets," admitted Dad Warner. "It makes 'em think o' colored post-cards."

"He said it made him feel like in church."

"Ain't he fixin' to shoot Indians? Or lynch cattle-rustlers?"

"It ain't that he wouldn't crave to indulge in them diversions," said Twist, "but he's right sensible about it. He knows there ain't war-path Indians no more nor horse-thieves. He did ask me, though, if I'd ever met up with Billy the Kid."

"You wasn't indiscreet with your mouth, I hope, Twist."

"No; I recollected all right what you say about never lyin' to doods. But, all the same, he almost made me wish I had met up with the Kid, just to tell him about it."

"This country don't need lyin' to make it interestin'."

"He wasn't disappointed none with my cowboy get-up," said Twist slyly.

"That ain't lies," said Dad Warner. "Doods expect cowboy clothes on cowboys. Don't I wear 'em myself?"

"He made me 'shamed of my patent, non-lightin' cigaret-lighter," said Twist. "I even tried lightin' a match on my thumb."

"For an old coot of a cow annoyer," decided Dad Warner, "and for a galoot who's wrangled doods for three years runnin', you strike me as plumb sentimental about this new dood."

"I'm goin' to let him ride my paint horse, Bessie."

Dad Warner got to his feet. "What? Let a raw dood ride your Bessie? Say, I'm goin' over and have a look at this dood."

Texas Elkins' boots fit Freddie Beyers neatly. It was well they did, because Freddie would have worn them anyway. He had folded wide cuffs on his new overalls. In the mirror in his cabin, Freddie contemplated the effect of a blue polka-dot neckerchief at the throat of his gray flannel shirt. It didn't have the color of Twist's apparel, but perhaps it was better to start in modestly. The sombrero, though, was perfection; or it would be as soon as its brim curled back on the sides. He supposed cowboys' hats got that way when they took them off to a lady and stood, blushing manfully and saying: "Yes, ma'am."

Freddie jumped. A knock on the cabin door. In another moment he was looking into the weighing eyes of Dad Warner.

"Comfortable?" asked the rancher.

Freddie stood, blushing, holding the brim of his hat. "Yes, ma'am."

"Ain't you made a mistake? Addressin' me that way in the feminine tense?"

Freddie stammered.

"Ride a horse, son?"

"Yes, sir. That is, I rode horses back East. But I always rode a Western saddle. I don't know if I could ride one of your bucking horses."

Dad Warner didn't smile. "You needn't begin on buckers."

"Maybe that'd be better."

"Goin' to like our country, you think?"

Freddie tried to smother his emotion. He wanted to answer in the quiet, assured voice of Twist McComber.

"It's pretty darn' grand," he began and then, glowing: "I've been saving three years to get here, Mr. Warner, and if I had to go back to Dayton right now, I'd feel that it was worth it."

Half an hour later Twist grinned as he came to take Freddie to the corrals.

He found Dad Warner engaged in teaching the new dude the first principles of rope-throwing. Dad Warner glowered at Twist and began coiling the rope, as if he had found it lying there. As Twist started away with Freddie, Dad Warner called his top dude-wrangler aside and spoke sternly.

"Remember, Twist, I don't favor lyin' any to doods!"

"Yes, sir."

"That is, not generally. But if Freddie there asks you again about Billy the Kid—well, you might as well let on that you knew him kind o'."

TWIST merely permitted his eyes to make circles of surprise. Dad Warner cleared his throat and looked toward Antelope Peak, assaying the signs of weather there.

"I told him," he said, "that I knew Jesse James quite intimate. I even promised to show him Jesse's favorite revolver. So you better let me borrow that old frontier-model gun you picked up to wear in the cowboy pastimes last Fourth o' July."

Twist also was regarding the weather over Antelope Peak. He seemed to find the indications mildly amusing.

"What's wrong with that?" demanded Dad Warner. "It ain't really lyin'. I could've knowed Jesse James if I'd lived in his part of the country."

"What I don't savvy," said Twist, "is a hard-shell old buster like you gettin' plumb sentimental th's way."

Dad Warner looked as sheepish as a veteran cattleman ever allows himself to look.

"That darn' youngster," he said, "makes me feel like I ain't felt since I ran away from home to be a wild and woolly cowboy with hair on my pants and a Comanche scalp in my belt."

"Doesn't he do that to you, though, for a fact?"

Freddie rode the paint horse, Bessie. Twist was relieved at the way he mounted.

"Mostly they try to make a flyin' leap, like in the movin'-pictures," said Twist, "an' they slouch, careless kind o', in the saddle. Which is why they're stiff for a week. Yes, sir; you got to ride straight up or you won't have no insides whatever."

When the other dudes assembled at the evening campfire, Freddie Beyers sat in Dad Warner's office. In reverent hands he held the frontier-model revolver. There were two notches filed in the butt. Jesse James' own gun. What tales those two grim notches could tell! And what tales these were that the old rancher was telling him, by the light of the fireplace.

Dad Warner, struggling with a conscience that he would have been the first to deny—and the last—was reciting the hitherto unrecorded robbery of the Deadwood mail-coach by the brothers James. It did not assist the narration to have Twist McComber step into the office and stand there listening.

It was late before Freddie went back to his cabin. Dad Warner rolled a cigaret in challenging silence. Twist continued to stare in naive wonder.

"I never in all my born days heard anythin' like it," he said.

"I reckon maybe I should've been one of these authors, eh?"

"You made only two mistakes," said Twist. "In the part where you said Jesse looked mighty quarrelsome at the express agent, you should've said where his eyes narrowed to slits."

"Sure enough."

"An' instead o' sayin' they rode away lickety-split, you should've said where they galloped off in a cloud o' dust."

"I never lied before in my life. Except, maybe, to help out a friend or please a lady some."

"For a beginner," Twist assured him, "you're doin' immense."

There's a perfume never been bottled, though it should be simple enough. And once it was captured, it would fetch any man worth the fetching. It is that perfume made half of the essence of clean mountain air, and the rest, in equal parts, of wood-smoke, bacon and coffee.

There was that perfume hanging over the Lazy-X. It dragged Freddie Beyers out of his room, despite his resolution not to appear too eagerly early. He'd been up since dawn. Up and dressed, from spurs to sombrero. The brim of the big hat was beginning to curl up like Twist's.

The saddle-horses were being brought to the corrals. Freddie started impulsively in that direction. Then he sniffed again, deeply. Wood-smoke, bacon and coffee. He was the first of the ranch guests to reach the cook-house. He was out again before anyone else arrived.

At the corrals, Twist, Texas Elkins and Longhorn Brown were roping and saddling horses for the dudes to ride after breakfast. Freddie resolved to wrangle his own mount next day. He restrained the desire to run toward the corrals. He held himself down to a sort of lively saunter.

Dad Warner, watching from the porch of the ranch-house, interpreted the restrained gait.

"That's me," Dad Warner told himself. "Me forty years ago. Could I stand being twenty-odd again? And those other forty long years in between?"

Twist was bringing the paint horse, Bessie, out of the corral. He was explaining something about the saddle to Freddie. Dad Warner smiled, noting that Twist had remembered to coil a rope by the pommel.

He smiled again at the smooth movement with which Freddie mounted. Then—

Bessie was bucking. She braced her powerful hind quarters,

plunged in a wide arc. She landed, flat-footed, hoofs bunched, and threw herself into another twisting leap. Another jolting buck. Her head was down. Another—

Dad Warner saw daylight between the seat of Freddie's overalls and the saddle. He knew what was coming.

"I'll scalp Twist McComber for this," hissed Dad Warner. "See if I don't."

The inevitable happened. Bessie bucked again. Freddie Beyers, clawing at the breeze, went

sprawling into the dust. Bessie recovered her manners. She stood and looked around, for all the world with the air of a gentle lady trying to be tolerant of a mild social breach.

Freddie got up wabbly, and tried to smile at Twist. His face was white through the powdering of dust.

"Hurt, Fred?"

"Oh, Twist, I'm ashamed. My first real day and I'm thrown."

"That ain't no disgrace."

"You won't want me to ride your horse any more."

"Do you want to, Fred?"

"Do I? Will you let me?"

"Hop to it, buckaroo."

Freddie went to the paint horse, slid into the saddle and stuck his spurs into Bessie. She jumped once, a feeble crow-hop, shuddered and broke into a walloping canter.

"That's ridin' her!" cheered Twist, and turned to be confronted with Dad Warner's cold, judicial eyes. "Ain't he game?"

"You might o' broke his spirit. How come Bessie bucked that way? Some o' them playful cowboys stick a bur under the blanket?"

"Don't you go to bein' unreasonable; (Continued on page 118)



C "I'll save you!" shouted Freddie. He knew that he must sweep the swaying figure from the runaway and—

Son of the Gods

The Story So Far:

SAM LEE, who believed himself to be the son of Lee Ying, in reality was a foundling, taken as an infant into the San Francisco home of the wealthy Chinese importer and his wife, Pan Yi, and reared in the orthodox Oriental fashion. At Pan Yi's death, when Sam was eleven years old, Lee Ying and the boy journeyed to New York, where Sam found his first friend, Eileen Cassidy, the daughter of an assemblyman.

At Eastern University, where some years later Sam went to complete his education, he met Alice Hart, a struggling art student; through Lee Ying's generosity the girl was able to go to Paris to pursue her art studies, leaving Sam deeply hurt by her instant recoil from him when he urged her to marry him before she sailed.

Back at Eastern after Alice's departure Sam stepped into a trap laid for him by a pair of wily grafters—Everett Himes and Mrs. Stevens. The story was this:

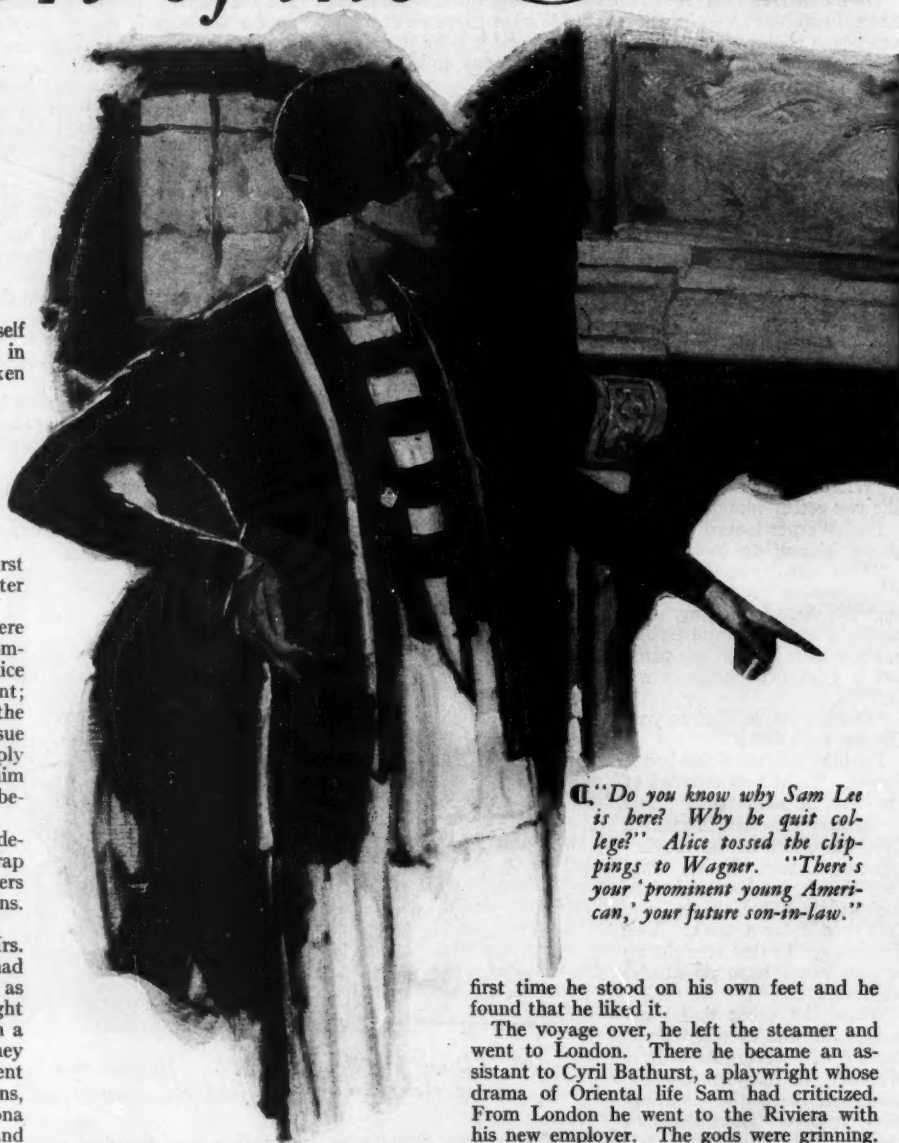
On a pretext of illness Mrs. Stevens' niece, Mona, who had already forced herself upon Sam as a friend of Alice Hart's, brought the boy to her apartment. With a hard-luck story she obtained money from him, and at that moment her so-called mother, Mrs. Stevens, walked in upon them, to find Mona in tears. Sam was bewildered and outraged by the scene that followed. He kept the episode to himself, but Lee Ying learned of it from Himes who called upon him to intimate that only marriage would satisfy the injured women.

Lee Ying sent for Sam and his son's indignant protests soon convinced him of the boy's innocence, but he was at a loss how to proceed against the unscrupulous pair. It was then that Eileen Cassidy, now a stenographer in the offices of Lee Ying's lawyers, suggested a plan for outwitting them.

On the Chinese New Year, Lee Ying and Sam confronted the blackmailers with the information about Mona's condition which Eileen had obtained by luring the girl to a doctor's office, where an examination revealed the falsehood of her accusations against Sam.

Lee Ying, indignant at the horrible affair, determined to send the grafters to prison, but this resolve unfortunately proved the worse for Sam. For the tabloids gave the affair undesirable publicity, and because of it he was expelled from the university.

Sore at heart, Sam returned home determined to strike out for himself, unaided by his father's money. Reluctantly Lee Ying acceded to his request to be allowed to go away alone, and Sam accepted a berth as scullery boy on a tramp steamer. For the



"Do you know why Sam Lee is here? Why he quit college?" Alice tossed the clippings to Wagner. "There's your 'prominent young American,' your future son-in-law."

first time he stood on his own feet and he found that he liked it.

The voyage over, he left the steamer and went to London. There he became an assistant to Cyril Bathurst, a playwright whose drama of Oriental life Sam had criticized. From London he went to the Riviera with his new employer. The gods were grinning.

At the same time, an astonishing thing happened to Eileen. Her mother came into an inheritance, the principal of which, on her death, was to go to Eileen. To her, too, the gods were being kind.

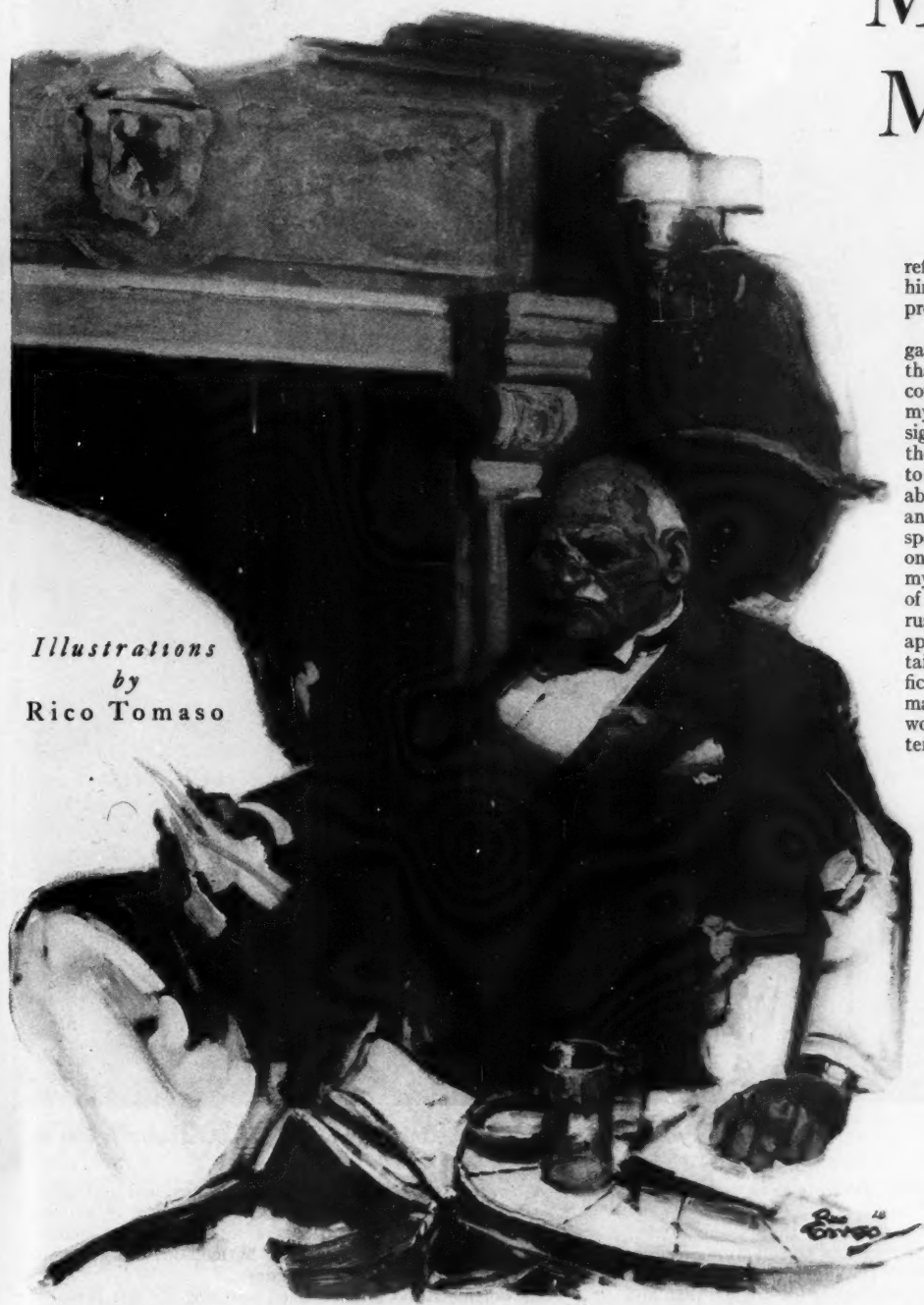
HOW true it is that destiny is unavoidable," Sam wrote in one letter. "He who is marked for honors will be elevated even though he dwells in the heart of a solitude, and that man who is marked for drowning will meet his fate even if he builds a house in the branches of a tree. Portents at birth and the position of celestial bodies of good and evil effect are no doubt responsible for this.

"Contradictory and opposite-pulling planets appear to have been in the skies at my coming, for in spite of occasional misfortunes on the whole a singularly amiable influence controls me. Which will prove the stronger can be determined only by the lapse of time or by a careful examination of the lives of my renowned ancestors, some of whom may have been affected by the discreditable actions of malevolent demons, or the dignified jests of lesser and more facetious spirits."

By REX BEACH

A Novel of
MANNERS,
MORALS
and
MONEY

Illustrations
by
Rico Tomaso



Sam smiled as he wrote these words down, for he did not honestly subscribe to such beliefs, nevertheless it pleased him to adopt the Chinese spirit as well as the old Chinese form when he took up his brush and rice-paper to write home. He felt sure that Lee Ying would sense a restrained humor in his use of this archaic form, especially in telling of his very modern thoughts and actions, so he purposely let himself go.

"It would ill become an illiterate person of my vapid understanding to examine into matters so obscure, nor would it strengthen his impoverished intellect so to exert himself, but a

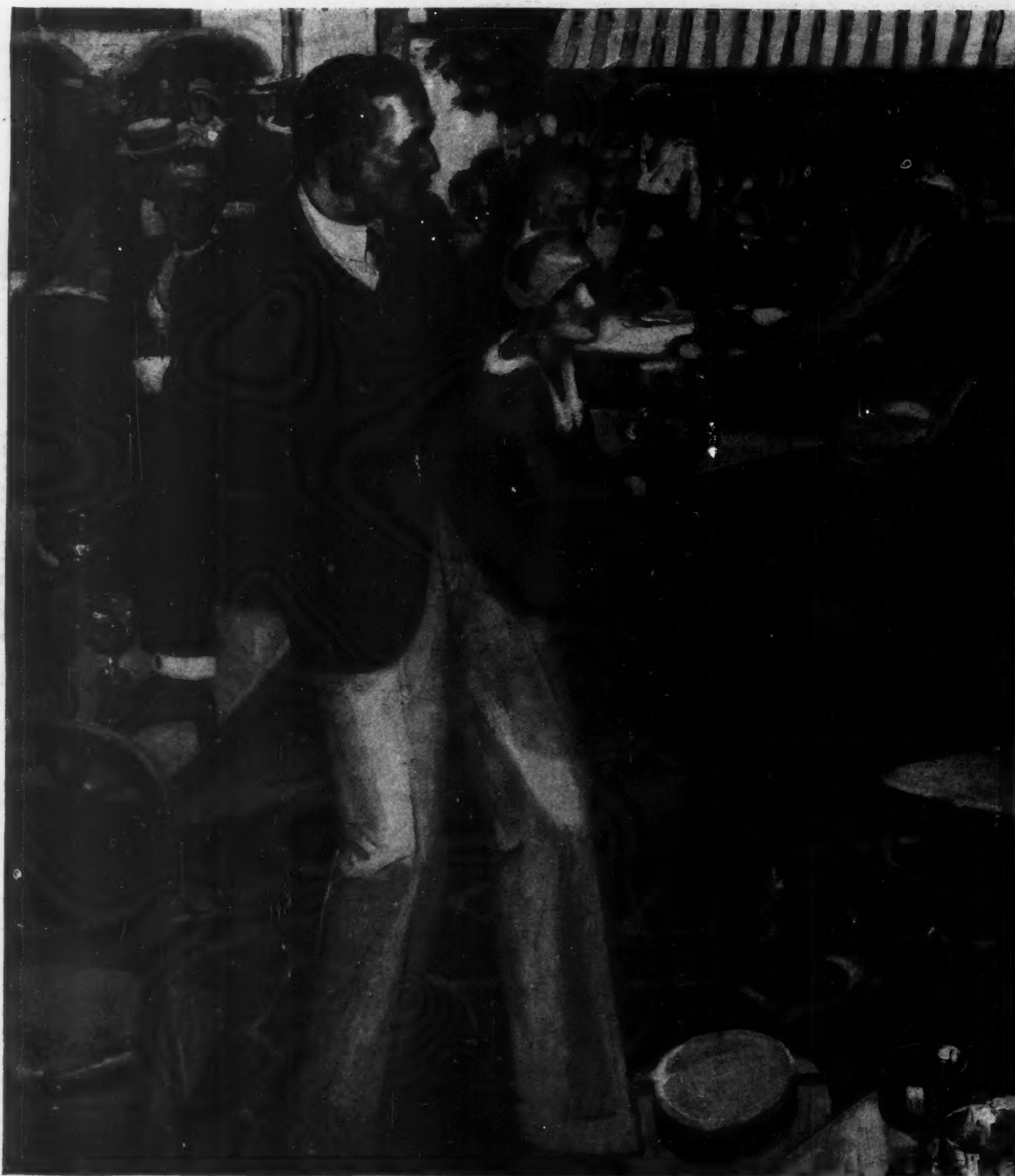
distinguished arts are mine, by virtue of my association with a notable patron.

"Is it not strange that one who sets out patiently to endure a penance and to take upon his head the buffets of a remorseless fate should have thrust upon him all of the gratifying honors due one of royal lineage and that he should be accredited with accomplishments in which he is disagreeably imperfect? In the case of your son his desire to earn merit through self-inflicted degradation is pleasantly balked; he builds a hut of leaves and it becomes a pagoda with lacquered walls; his fingers acquire the

refined amusement comes to him at the contemplation of his present circumstances.

"It is said that a worthless garment is better protection than an army of lances. Who could question it in the light of my experience? It was my resigned intention upon leaving the shelter of your august roof to forego not only your innumerable favors but also the titles and honors borne by our respected family and to become as one insufferably poor. It was my commendable desire to eat of rinds and to sleep on dried rushes in order that a humble appreciation of my feeble attainments and unendurable deficiencies of resource would be made apparent and that I would acquire a becoming contentment with my predestined no-worth.

"Strange to say, discomfort flees from me, the rinds turn by agreeable magic into the richest foods and in groping through ashes for heat I uncover precious stones. No malignant evils pursue me and no mandarin could travel in easier state than I. My time is agreeably spent in visiting celebrated places and in refined conversation with persons of high rank whose manners and accomplishments are infinitely superior to mine. I sleep upon a mountain of softest down: my garments are of splendid quality and I engage in languid and luxurious amusements. Furthermore, the dignity and respect which attend those engaged in the



U. "You rotten yellow cur!" Alanna cried. She struck Sam again and again. It was an

touch of gold and such melancholy thoughts as he summons, at great effort, flee like sparrows.

"These phenomena prove the truth of that saying earlier quoted, nevertheless they provoke in this person strong feelings of derisory amusement. Unfortunately he is too mean in spirit to exert himself energetically in developing his original plan and doubtless he will return home of no higher spiritual stature than when he left and with his moral fiber in its customary state of offensive decay.

"There is gratification in the knowledge that one's charms and omens are more potent than those possessed by others, and good fortune for this undeserving person is wrapped up in one which he disposes to advantage about his neck. It contains a gold piece and it is a money charm as well as a luck charm of irreproachable merit, as witness what follows:

"This place is frequented by rich people who devote themselves entirely to refined pastimes of an expensive character and to the elegant observances practised among the idle class. Chief of

these observances is gaming for enormous sums, and accommodation therefor is provided in a splendid building of shining white marble. Entertainment of several sorts is provided therein, including feasting and dancing to harmonious music more pleasant than the beating of many gongs.

"Your worthless and impoverished offspring did not presume to demean this noble edifice with his presence lest he be tempted to engage himself in gambling which he could ill afford to do. But on an occasion when his patron had entertained with notable extravagance certain of his friends, it was suggested that all visit the temple of avarice. Social dictates forbade this writer from excusing himself although he experienced a pronounced feeling of no-enthusiasm for the project.

"It is well known that a sufficiency of charms about the head and a suitable arrangement of sacred written sentences will enable one to be closeted with demons and yet suffer no ill effects. Virtues of surprising potency evidently reside in that talisman before described, for its wearer prospered to an



exhibition so incredibly savage as to paralyze the onlookers.

extraordinary and pleasing extent. So powerful was its effect that your son swiftly obtained a renown among those present far exceeding the honors due him as an intellectual person engaged in the composition of inspired theatrical dialogs. It even provoked a display of inelegant resentment among those rapacious persons who operated the place, but to the latter he was in a measure oblivious.

"Certain of the more avaricious patrons, who plainly had neglected the higher virtues in a pursuit of wealth, kowtowed to the ignoble bearer of your name, in a manner both servile and offensive. They urged him to touch their money in order that he might thus convey to it some potency it otherwise lacked, and they begged permission to lay their hands upon his back and derive some imaginary virtue from contact with its alleged deformity.

"These requests, with one exception, he ignored. He did permit a maiden of elegant personality, whose lucky charms had proven utterly inadequate to protect her, to lay a hand, lighter

than a fern, upon his spine and obtain therefrom whatever delicate benefit she could.

"It so chanced that he encountered her at the tennis club on the following afternoon and in recognition of their earlier meeting she engaged herself in pleasant and inspiring talk with him. Many estimable compliments were exchanged and only by a painful effort of will did this presumptuous person finally tear himself away from that enchanting conversation.

"A beneficent fate, aided somewhat by the ingenuity and effrontery of the writer, contrived numerous meetings thereafter, indisputably proving the prepotency of that charm aforementioned.

"No person of his insignificance has ever been the recipient of her distinguished liking, for she is of haughty lineage and studiously ignores the poor and the low-born, thus reflecting honor upon her house. Her name is Wagner and her honorable father acquired such wealth and standing through the manufacture of soaps and cleansing powders that she moves exclusively in the most-hard-to-enter circles.

"Upon the conclusion of this intolerably tiresome letter the writer will dress himself becomingly and meet Miss Wagner at the tennis-courts. She is an unskilled but an impetuous player of extraordinary grace and one derives keen spiritual satisfaction in observing her, for she is not unlike that empress whose feet were so symmetrical and whose beauty was so divine that a flower sprang up wherever she trod.

"Among the sublime virtues is an intelligent submission to the inevitable. How can this contemptible writer quarrel with a fate so kind, however mocking it may appear?"

SAM finished his letter with suitable expressions of his affectionate regard, laid aside his writing materials and then changed into his flannels. He was not nearly so resentful at his condition as he had pretended to be, for following his meeting with the impetuous Miss Wagner life had suddenly taken on a new and profound interest.

Yes, he walked in pleasant places, he was liked and respected, Mr. Bathurst treated him not as an employee but as a friend and a companion. Their work was anything but trying, for the playwright wrote only in the mornings and the rest of his time he devoted to the amusements in which bachelors of means and of social standing indulge themselves. Many of these he shared with Sam. Bathurst was a good-natured giant and although his profession had brought him large rewards its honors rested lightly upon him; he regarded it as a not very dignified occupation for an able-bodied man and he professed no faith whatever in his so-called talents.

He had taken an instant liking to Sam and when Cyril Bathurst liked a person he made a good deal of him. The truth is Sam interested the dramatist: a Chinese boy of high attainments with all the outward attributes of an Occidental was a phenomenon which afforded opportunity for study and for speculation. It was something new.

Bathurst was not slow to realize that the boy had a "white mind" and that in all but one respect he was an American; here then was an anomaly, a "situation," which could not fail to intrigue any thoughtful man. Bathurst wrote melodramas for intelligent audiences, but a polite drama in real life was going on right in his own house and he wondered if there might not be a stage-play in it. Race prejudice. Religion. Social barriers. Biological variations. Inherited instincts and revulsions that ran back into the core of two opposing civilizations.

Bathurst himself gave little importance to such things, for he was a cosmopolitan and he had no racial prejudice to speak of, but he realized that he was an exception and that other people regarded them very differently. With such materials, a skilful and sympathetic writer could build a play of deeper significance than any he had put his hand to and while he regretted the fact that his friendship for Sam precluded the use of them, he nevertheless was fascinated by their dramatic possibilities.

He was the more interested when he learned that women, white women, liked Sam and that Sam liked them. The Wagner girl, for instance, was having quite an (Continued on page 102)

Peter B. Kyne

here explains how a

Jockey

outsmarted some

Tough Customers

A Ringer

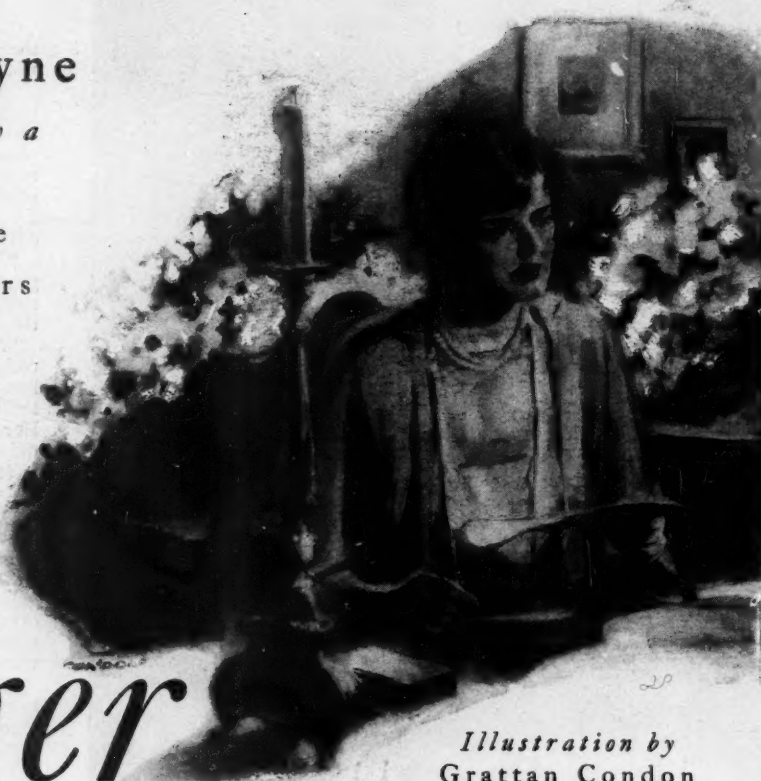


Illustration by
Grattan Condon

IN HIS quarters over the new colt barn at the Sycamore Rancho, Midge Macklin, race rider, exercise boy, assistant trainer, guide, philosopher and friend to Marion Henning, the youthful owner of the Sycamore Stables, had spent many days in an arduous task. After tabulating the race record of a horse called Don Gaspar, he had, through the medium of the American Stud Book, run Don Gaspar's ancestry down through the centuries to one of the forty-three mares and five stallions from which the thoroughbred horse has his genesis. Having prepared this pedigree, he next proceeded to ascertain from the available records as much as he could of the racing history of Don Gaspar's ancestors and immediate relatives; then, armed with these records, he called upon his young mistress.

"Well, Midgie," the girl greeted him, noticing his flushed and eager face, "what do you want me to do now?"

"I want you to buy a stallion called Okanogan—if he's still living."

"What's Okanogan been doing that we should want him?"

"Not a thing, Miss Marion, but he has blood in him that's liable to do something for us. There's a horse called Don Gaspar that's won four of the largest stakes run so far this year. He's a sensation and some folks are saying he's almost another Man o' War. Well, Miss Marion, just for fun I started to run down his breeding and racing record; then I ran down the racing record of a dozen of his ancestors, trying to pick the one he inherited his speed from. I blame a mare called Marylin and a stallion called Confucius.

"Okanogan is out of Marylin by Confucius, and Don Gaspar is out of Rosemary, a daughter of Marylin, bred accidentally to a colt called Banshee that was a complete failure. I've traced Banshee back twelve generations without finding an ancestor that was anything but mediocre, so it seems to me that whatever Don Gaspar has on the ball came from his dam. Marylin had a glorious record and Rosemary, although a sprinter, won twice as many races as she lost.

"On the other hand Confucius was a stake-horse from a long line of remarkable performers. As a two-year-old he was a sensation; as a three-year-old he won the Futurity, the Preakness and the Fabiola Handicap. He was entered for the Belmont Stakes, and although he raced against the cream of American race-horses and broke down in that race—he bowed a tendon—

he finished fourth on three legs. After that he was retired to the stud and fathered three colts before he died of pneumonia.

"The first of these colts was Okanogan, out of Marylin; the second was Musketeer out of the Marchioness and the third was Prideful out of Chiquita. I know them all, because Fatty Milligan owned Okanogan, Dan Bard owned Prideful and John T. Banfield owned Musketeer. I've seen them all, and they were all foaled within a week of each other.

"Okanogan showed well as a two-year-old but bowed a tendon in his second race as a three-year-old. He won his first race, at a mile and a quarter, very handily. Musketeer was a dandy sprinter and Prideful was a stake-horse if there ever was one. His owner refused fifty thousand for him as a two-year-old and Prideful's three-year-old form justified the refusal. But Prideful took a spill at Latonia and shattered a leg so badly he had to be destroyed.

"Fatty Milligan did his best to save Okanogan by firing him and doing all the usual stunts to cure a bowed tendon, but the horse was always lame and finally Fatty sold him to a rancher who wanted to breed him to cold-blooded mares and produce a high type of cow horse. You see, Okanogan hadn't the sort of race record breeders like a horse to have before they retire him to the stud, so when he was no more good as a race-horse Fatty Milligan was glad to sell him for a thousand dollars."

Midge paused and smiled. "I happened to be at Fatty's barn the day he sold Okanogan. That was just a few months before I came to work for you, Miss Marion, and I couldn't help thinking Fatty should have kept the horse and bred him to a few mares, just as an experiment, because he knew Okanogan had been bred in the purple.

"I thought to myself at the time: 'Well, one of these days maybe I'll pick up a good old mare cheap and if I can save enough money I'll buy Okanogan and see what the harvest will be.' So I got the name and address of that cattleman, and now I want you to let me call on him and see if I can buy Okanogan. If his get turn out well we can use Okanogan for the next fifteen years.

"I tell you, Miss Marion, that Confucius-Marylin strain will be in demand now, and on the day he was sold, Okanogan was the only living sire of that mating. Confucius and Marylin were both great horses and you know, Miss Marion, like generally produces like. I'll buy Okanogan for myself if you don't want him. I know I can sell him again at a big profit."

He spread before her the records he had taken so much pains



C "The day I quit working for you to work for myself ain't going to be such a happy day as you might think, Miss Marion."

to compile and at the conclusion of her perusal the girl made her decision.

"Midgie, I don't want him."

Midge was surprised. "Why?" he asked.

"Because I'm going to be married shortly, and the man I am going to marry doesn't want me to run a racing stable. He has one of his own—a plaything, you understand—and a wife shouldn't be running horses against her husband in the same races. Besides, my poor little racing stable would fit in one corner of his barns."

Midge's face showed keen disappointment. "Wha-wha-what's going to become of me," he faltered. "I've never seen nobody I'd rather work for than you, Miss Marion."

"Thank you, Midgie dear. And you've done glorious work. My future husband would be delighted to have you under contract if—"

"I wouldn't be a good bet, Miss Marion," he interrupted. "I've started to grow. This last season it was all I could do to make the weight. I got maybe another year ahead of me as a race rider and then I'll be through."

"You're developing into a trainer," the girl charged smilingly.

"That's my ambition," Midge replied, "but who'd trust a boy to train his horses? Nobody! What's Jim Merton going to do?" He was referring to her own trainer who had, for years, trained her father's horses.

"I might be able to find a good berth with my fiancé for him, but I dislike to suggest it, Midgie. It would mean the dismissal of a good man who has proved his worth over a long period of years. And yet," she added, "I want to do something for old Jim, for his own sake, for my dead father's sake and for my own. Suppose I turn over the Sycamore Rancho to you two—lease it to you, with my horses, and give you a lot of time to work out the deal."

"The lease could carry a sale clause, you know, and I'd make the price reasonable. If you and Jim found, later, that you couldn't operate at a profit that would enable you, in time, to own Sycamore Rancho and the horses, you could turn the place back to me and I'd merge it with my husband's stable or sell it at auction."

"That's a wonderful proposition, Miss Marion, and I'm mighty grateful. You've always been kinder'n you ever had any business to be. What's Jim got to say about it?"

"I haven't spoken to him about it yet."

"I'm afraid we ain't got enough money between us to swing the deal, Miss Marion."

"Well, you have about twenty thousand dollars to your credit on the ranch books, and I think Jim has saved as much. The bets I placed for you and the bets you placed for yourself on the sure things you put over, plus ten percent of the purses which I allotted to you, have piled up a neat little nest-egg, Midgie. A boy like you ought to amount to

something in this world—and your little world is the racing world. Breeder and trainer from now on, Midgie."

"Forty thousand dollars ain't quite enough money, thank you, Miss Marion, but if I could get my hands on Okanogan I'd take a chance. I got a hunch his sire fees would make our operating expenses. Tell you what to do, Miss Marion. Don't say nothing to Jim until I give you the word. I want to do some figuring and I want to see if I can buy Okanogan."

"If you'll give me a week off and two thousand dollars of my money I'll run up-country and see if he can be bought." He took her hand shyly and kissed it. "You're awful sweet, Miss Marion," he added huskily. "The day I quit working for you to work for myself ain't going to be such a happy day as you might think."

"Very well, Midgie. Go buy him, if he's still living, and don't let a few dollars stand in your way. Chances are any number of breeders are now on the trail of him, so don't waste any time."

MIDGE wasted no time. Two days later he dropped off the Shasta Limited in southern Oregon and in a rented car drove over to the cattle-ranch of the man who had bought Okanogan. He recalled himself to the rancher's memory.

"Happened to be in your neighborhood," he explained smoothly, "and thought I'd run over and see how Okanogan turned out. How is the old horse, anyhow?"

"Well, you wouldn't know him," the rancher replied. "He was dog lame for nearly a year, but I kept his leg poulticed with hot linseed-meal every night and rubbed it night and morning. During the day he hobbled around in that little meadow yonder and took his time about it. Gradually the swelling and fever subsided and for the past five months he has walked as good as any horse on the ranch. I have about forty fine foals by him."

They went down into the little meadow and looked at the horse. Okanogan was in the pink of condition, nor did he favor his bad leg in the least.

"I wouldn't be surprised if the old ruin could stand up in a six-furlong race again," Midge mused. "Of course, if he should be raced very often and in long races the chances are his leg would go back on him again. But I do believe I could make a few dollars out of him before he went bad again." He turned to the horse's owner. "You've had a lot of (Continued on page 126)

Kiss me again!

By Shirley Warde

"O H, GO ahead and get it over with. Kiss me if you must." The words almost escaped from Gay's lips, but she lacked the courage to say them. At least she lacked the courage to hurt Bob.

She sighed and endured the caress he pressed upon her proffered but reluctant lips. Then, extricating herself from his embrace, she retreated to a corner of the lounge and, from that point of comparative safety, calmly surveyed him.

He sat there clutching her hand, his eyes glittering with an enveloping adoration as they gazed beseechingly at her. There was no doubt that Bob had spoken the truth every time he had told her he loved her. Gay had to believe that. But what on earth did he find in a kiss that was so desirable—worth making all the fuss about?

Gay had no inherent objection to a kiss. In fact she found it a most useful and eloquent symbol of affection when dropped lightly upon a forehead or brushed across a cheek. But the aspect of a kiss that made men beg to glean one, or more, from her lips was beyond her understanding. Several disturbed little wrinkles chased themselves into a frown as she contemplated the matter anew.

"Why won't you marry me, Gay?" Bob's intense voice questioned, his grip on her hand tightening until it hurt her. "I know you're tired of my asking, but you never give me any good reason. Why won't you?"

Gay shook her head wearily. Up to now she had avoided wounding even his pride with her refusals. She had offered every excuse she could think of, but now she saw that she could never tender-heartedly convince Bob that he was not going to marry her. The time had come for the truth.

"Well," she began, trying to inject sweetness into the exasperation she felt, "if you want the real reason and the only reason, it's because I don't love you, Bob. That's why I won't marry you."

"But you like me," he contested hopefully.

"Tremendously."

"How do you know it isn't love?"

Gay laughed outright, which annoyed him considerably. "Surely that's one thing I would know."

"Not necessarily. You've just read too many novels and seen too many movies, that's all. You've acquired some strange exaggerated idea that falling in love is like getting hit on the head. You think you're going to get some startling sensation out of it. But you don't know when love hits you. It's insidious. It creeps in gradually until finally you just accept it as a fact."

"No thrill?" Gay exclaimed. It was like a dumfounded youngster asking, "No Santa Claus?"

"Oh, well—not the silly sort of thrill you mean."

"I'm not talking about any particular sort. Any variety of ecstasy will do—at least for the sake of argument. For instance, do you get a thrill out of kissing me, Bob?" Gay demanded frankly.

"Of course."

"Well, isn't that a part of your love for me?" she continued, smiling at him.

"Naturally."

"Then there's the answer to the question you asked me." Gay settled back with a



Illustrations by
W. E. Heitland

You MEET
in THIS
STORY

A Girl Who Wanted
to Fall in Love—
And a Man Who
Didn't Intend
to Be Vamped

complacent sigh. "I know I'm not in love with you because I don't want to kiss you."

"But you do kiss me," he reminded her with an air of satisfaction at having put an end to that objection.

"No, I don't. I merely allow you to kiss me. There's quite a difference, you know. And until I meet a man I really want to kiss I shall be very sure that I'm not in love."

Bob felt that she should be spoken to sharply—her ridiculous notions promptly stepped on—but he was not the person to do it. He couldn't. His love honeyed his words.

"What do you know about it, anyway? You're nothing but an infant."

"Infant! I'm twenty-one and I wish you'd stop treating me as if I were a nursling."

"That's what you are when it comes to love. I'm speaking from experience."

"Is that so! And I suppose I haven't had any. Why, I've been kissed more times than the Blarney stone." She grinned impishly.

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"In this day and age? Don't be old, Bob. And don't tell me you haven't kissed dozens of girls while getting all that 'experience' you're bragging about. Do you think any of them were contaminated by your caresses?"

Bob lashed her with a quick glance but he ignored her sarcasm: "And even if I have kissed girls, I'm a man, and a man is different."

"Bob Crandall! Have you the nerve to say a thing like that in 1928?"

"Well, it's true and it'll be true in 19028, in spite of the fight you girls are putting up against it."

"You're pricelessly old-fashioned at times, Bob. But unfortunately not fashionably so. As for my being kissed, I haven't the least bit of shame, because I'm always just as indifferent as the old Blarney stone itself. I always come out of it feeling beautifully chaste and completely tranquil. And I don't mind telling you it's getting pretty boring. I'd like just once to feel a little intoxication."

"Oh, come out of the ether," Bob grumbled at her, but even his grumble failed to sound convincingly stern. "You're talking a lot of bunk. If I didn't love you so much I'd walk out on you till you find your senses."

"I haven't lost them, and I'm really serious." Gay suddenly tucked her small satin-clad feet under her, and her eyes brightened with interest. "You see it's a matter I've wondered about for a long time, but it's not a very discussable one. Still, since we're on the subject, let's talk it over. I want to find out why I've never liked being kissed, and yet why some instinct in me has kept me experimenting so persistently."

"Gay, I think you've gone crazy!" He tossed himself out of the comfort of the couch and began pacing about the room. "To hear you, anyone would get the idea that all you want in the world is to fall in love and be kissed for the rest of your life."

"You know I want more than that. But since you've admitted that if you love a girl you just naturally want to kiss her, I don't see why you think I should be content with something that's not complete."

Bob flopped to the couch again with a long sigh. "But the most

"You're only a nursling when it comes to love, Gay," said Bob. "Is that so! I've been kissed more times than the Blarney stone."

important thing about love is companionship. Marriage should be based on that. You can't do nothing but kiss a husband for fifty-two weeks every year."

"Of course you can't. But you'd get awfully tired of just talking. Why can't I find a happy medium—a man whose mind I like, but whose kisses I don't flinch under? Surely marriage wouldn't be much of a success if it didn't have something more than mere congeniality to hold it together."

"But it grows into more."

Gay laughed, stretching her arms above her head. "Well, I'd just as soon not take any chances on that. Because right now I'm congenial with you. I admire you, I respect you, I have lots of fun when I'm with you, but I know that I'd probably murder you if I had to have you around all the time—even if you never kissed me at all. No, Bob, there's something else—some combination of feelings—that goes to make up love and I'm going to wait until I find it."

He argued, cajoled, pleaded, but her mind was not to be changed. Finally he went home, crushed and unhappy.

Gay sat where he had left her. She had been so sure and definite about her demands—in words. Perhaps Bob was right. Love was a companionate thing, nothing more was needed. Yet the feeling that made Bob want to kiss her, what was that? Oh, yes; surely there was something else worth wanting to know.

In the flippant way that youth has of dealing with important things, as if it were somehow ashamed to uncover its serious heart, Gay had talked airily of a yearning that had roots deep in her very soul, indeed whose tentacles had fashioned her first into a human being and then into a woman. Her desires reached out like groping vines, seeking something to fasten to that would assure life and the perpetuating of life.

Gay, with all her modern defiance of crumbling conventions, was more naturally and honestly woman than most of her sex. With no ambition for personal acclaim her hands reached out for only one gift—love. It was such a small request and yet it seemed the most difficult to gratify.

She had little real comprehension of what it was that she longed for and her feet stumbled in the dark as she blindly searched for the Blind Bow Boy. But she had one conviction: she would recognize him when she found him.

It was at Laura Rand's party that she first saw Dean Winslow. In the midst of gaiety and laughter, of music and voices, he was a quiet figure in the doorway, good-looking, inclined to blondness, his cool gray eyes scanning the room.

Although it was late Gay was the first guest to think of leaving. As she eased out of the clinging hands and beyond the persuasive words of friends, her eyes returned to the tall young man whom Laura greeted with such effusive welcome.

Gay moved toward the doorway, wondering who he might be. She pretended that she was trying to slip unobtrusively past Laura and her newly arrived guest but, as she had expected, Laura reached out, drew her close and introduced him.

So this was the Dean Winslow Laura often had spoken of. Gay rather liked him. He had a pleasant shyness of manner contradicted by the eagerness in his eyes as he added his protests to Laura's at Gay's



C Surely Dean could not resist this night when silence dropped between them. Gay's heart

departure. But Gay was tired and bored with party chatter. Even though he was interesting, the prospect of sleep was more so. Finally Dean had to let her go.

In view of the brevity of the encounter Laura's telephone call of the next day was somewhat surprising.

"You seem to have made a hit with Dean Winslow," Laura said. "He was terribly disappointed because you left last night. He was on the wire practically at dawn this morning begging me to ask you if I could give him your phone number. He wants to see you again."

Gay's eyebrows arched as she listened. "Well, I don't know." She hesitated. "He seems very nice, but after all, I've hardly met him."

"Oh, you'll like him. Everyone likes Dean. He's rather quiet, but I don't think he'll bore you."

"Didn't you tell me once that he was a lawyer?"

"Yes, a maritime lawyer. I never could get it through my head just what that is but it has something to do with ships. Anyway it seems to be bringing Dean a nice cargo of success. Do go out with him, Gay. I'll guarantee you'll enjoy your evening."

"With a recommendation like yours how could I refuse?" But Gay did not put too much faith in Laura's praise. Laura was one of those all too rare loyalists to whom anyone she liked was always the cream of the earth.

When Dean telephoned later in the day Gay made an engagement to go to dinner and the theater with him the following evening. She hadn't really decided that she would go out with him, but when she heard his voice again it sounded so attractive that she quickly agreed to see him.

She was looking her prettiest when he called for her. She had primped and powdered, pulled and fussed, only for one of those unreasonable feminine reasons that make a woman burst forth in all her glory, instinctively feeling that on this night of all nights she must look her best.

When he saw her Dean's eyes brimmed with undared compliments, yet all he managed to put into words was a most prosaic phrase of approval. But Gay read his eyes and was content.

As they slowly made their way downtown, the chauffeur swerving through the hurrying stream of traffic, Dean sat smiling at her from the shadowed corner of the car.

"Do you know that for the last two days I haven't done a thing that seemed of any importance but wait for tonight?"

"Really?" Gay met his eyes in a fleeting shaft of light from the street arcs. "Why?"

"Why? Surely you have a little mirror in your home."

"Oh, pretty speeches!"

"No, honest words. I wish you hadn't rushed away in such a hurry the other night. I wanted to talk to you."

"You should have come earlier, then. You can't wander into a party at one o'clock and expect everyone to be energetic enough to stay until dawn. What were you doing all evening, anyway?"

"I didn't know there was going to be anyone like you at Laura's so I went to a prize-fight first, then sat around the club for a while before I came over."

"A prize-fight rather than a party?" Gay's brows puckered in amazement.

"There's (Continued on page 140)



romance cried out from every side, thought Gay. A self-conscious beat faster, its ache intensified. Why couldn't he love her?

Fool and his Money

A Dramatic Episode at MONTE CARLO

TRESHOLM brought his car to a standstill in the deep pool of shade under a close-leaved magnolia tree, jammed on the brakes and lighted a cigaret. For six miles, ascending gradually all the time from the sea-level, he had climbed the tortuous mountainous road until he had reached the fruitful plateau which embosoms the slopes of the Lesser Alps. Blue and gold, the landscape lay below him, gray here and there with the shimmer of turning olive leaves, the vineyards and meadows like little squares of patchwork, the flower fields daubs of brilliant color, the river winding its way amongst them, a glittering thread of silver. In front, barely a mile distant, was one of the old hill towns, the houses of which might well have been carved out of the living rock. The air around him was fragrant and pleasantly brisk. In the majestic distance, the snow still lay upon the mountains.

His resting-place was peaceful and well-chosen. On his right was a humble French domain, a trim white dwelling-house, with red roof and green shutters, separated from the road by a carefully tended vineyard, an orchard of orange trees wandering up to a plantation of pines behind. A very pleasant, sunny spot it seemed, cut off from the world by the ravine, on the farther summit of which was the old town and the precipitous way by which one climbed from the great thoroughfares below. Scarcely a human being in sight, scarcely a toiler in the fields.

An imaginary solitude. Tresholm, although his nerves were of the best, started as he realized the fixed stare of a gaunt figure in blue jeans, standing only a few feet away from him in the vineyard, partially concealed by a scrubby hawthorn hedge. It was more than the ordinary scrutiny of the curious peasant; in fact, it became clear to Tresholm during those first few seconds that the man was not a peasant at all.

He was tall and thin, and there was something fine-cut about his features, sunburnt and worn though they were. The brown fingers which grasped the pruning-knife were well-formed and shapely, and as he returned that intense gaze, a queer wave of remembrance swept into Tresholm's brain. Like pieces of a jig-saw puzzle those scraps of memory mocked him: the bleak wind-swept plain; the wilderness, dotted all over with a maze of tin huts and framework buildings; the roar of a great city with its myriads of blinding lights; a room high up in a huge official building, the thunder of traffic below, the ceaseless movement of multitudes crawling like ants along the pavements.

Perhaps the two men reached the end of that unwinding coil

of memory at the same moment, for the watcher in the vineyard turned abruptly away and strode off towards the house. With a muttered exclamation, Tresholm pressed the starting-button of his car, turned in at the rude gateway, drove up the rock-strewn approach to the house and pulled up in its shadow. He descended, and waited for the man who was still climbing from below.

"You're Dows, aren't you?" he greeted him. "Jasper Dows, Naval Intelligence Department at Washington? Let me see, how many years ago? . . . Who cares?"



Illustrations by
Henry Raleigh

The newcomer stepped over the low fence which separated the vineyard from the front of the house.

"I am Jasper Dows all right," he admitted, "but Washington,

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

who lives there
and KNOWS

Some of the resentment had gone. "Not your fault, of course, Tresholm," he acknowledged. "Come in and drink a bottle of my wine. It's long enough since I talked my own language."

They passed into a small sitting-room, in which were some quaint pieces of old Provençal furniture, a mass of flowers in a rude china basin, but with carpetless floor and empty walls, poverty lurking even in its cleanliness. A woman rose hastily from a chair in a corner with its back to the window—a woman far too attractive for her surroundings, obviously either English or American, a little startled at the sight of an unexpected visitor.

"A gentleman whom I used to know, Sara," the master of the house announced. "My wife, Tresholm. We want a bottle of last year's vintage, dear, and a couple of glasses."

She greeted Tresholm pleasantly, left them for a few minutes, and returned with a bottle of wine and two glasses upon a tray.

"The most brutal thing I ever did, to bring her over here," Jasper Dows acknowledged, as, with a word of excuse, she hurried away again. "She would come, though. She's that sort of woman."

"But what was the trouble?" Tresholm asked gravely. "When I left Washington—"

"You knew nothing about it, of course," the other interrupted. "The trouble was disgrace and ruin."

"That's rather hard to believe."

"There were a few men in my department who thought so at the time. They changed their minds though, and out I went. I got the sack, Tresholm. Cashiered—chucked out of the service. Do you know who brought it about? Of course you don't. I'll tell you. Here's one of them."

He picked up a copy of the *Nice Éclair*, which had been lying upon the table, and read a paragraph from the English and American news:

"Considerable excitement has been caused in the Sporting Club during this week by the very spirited gambling of an American millionaire, Mr. Josh Chandler, of New York. We understand that he was successful in breaking the bank twice in one evening. That's one of them," Jasper Dows continued, throwing the paper down. "Josh Chandler was one, and you were the other."

"Are you serious?" Tresholm expostulated, wondering for the moment whether the man had lost his wits.

"Sit down, drink your wine and listen.

You are the one man in the world to whom I can tell the story."

Tresholm listened, and it was late in the afternoon, with the sun sinking over the Estérel, when he glided down again from the farm among the mountains to take his place in the stream of vehicles panting along the lighted way.

Gustave Sordel, being at a loose end the following morning,



"Chandler," said Tresholm, "I know the truth between you and Jasper Dows. I think if I left you two alone he'd kill you."

Naval Intelligence Department—I don't know what you're talking about. All gone! I'm a small landed proprietor of Les Tourettes. Eighty acres—you can see the lot. I remember you, though. You're Tresholm. Blast you!"

"Why blast me?" his visitor remonstrated.

Jasper Dows laughed bitterly and stood for a moment in silence. When he spoke again, there was a change in his manner.

crossed the road from the Casino about a quarter of an hour before luncheon, and took an *apéritif* with his friend Monsieur Robert, the director of the hotel. They found seats in a retired corner of the lounge.

"The doors of the Casino are still open?" the latter demanded, in gentle badinage.

"And likely to remain open, so far as regards this eccentric of yours," was the good-humored reply. "Figure to yourself, my dear friend, this Monsieur Tresholm. He rests here within a stone's throw of the Casino, he inscribes himself a professional gambler, and he has not yet taken out his card of admission. What does he do with himself?"

"I will tell you what he did yesterday," Monsieur Robert volunteered. "He left his chauffeur, and he drove out into the country. When he returned, he dined alone—the dinner of an epicure, mind you, and drank with it half a bottle of my choicest Burgundy."

"And afterwards?"

"He went to bed."

"*Imbécile*—for what does he wait?"

"For money perhaps. One cannot storm your stronghold, my dear Gustave, without the sinews of war."

The director of the Casino moved a little nearer to his friend.

"As to that," he confided, lowering his voice, "I can tell you something. Have no fear for your hotel bill. Yesterday morning—it must have been before our friend started for his motor trip—I was at the bank, and I—I myself, mind you, was compelled to wait. An important client was with the manager."

"When he came out from the office, it was this Monsieur Tresholm. They were around him as though he were a Rothschild. The manager even escorted him to the door whilst I waited."

Monsieur Robert was interested. "You ventured upon an inquiry, perhaps?"

"Up there they are discreet," was the cautious reply. "Monsieur Blunt, as you know, has little to say. In his position, he is wise. He brushed aside all my interrogations. 'Monsieur Tresholm,' he whispered in my ear, 'comes to us with excellent recommendations from the highest quarters.' What more than that can be said of any stranger? Yet that is the man who announces himself as a professional gambler, and in four days he has not crossed the threshold of the Casino or of the Sporting Club."

They spoke of other things, and as they talked Tresholm himself entered. He was in tennis togs, carrying a racket under his arm, and instead of passing directly across the lounge, he made a detour towards the restaurant which led him past the divan where the two men were seated. The hotel director greeted him cordially.

"Monsieur was successful in finding a game this morning?" he inquired.

"I found just the game I hoped for," Tresholm confided.

"Excellent! And your apartments, they are comfortable—there is nothing one can do?"

"Nothing whatever," was the courteous assurance. "Everything is as one expects to find it at the Hôtel de Paris—perfect." He would have moved on, but his interlocutor detained him.

"Let me present my friend, Monsieur Sordel," he begged. "It is Monsieur Tresholm, you understand," he added, turning to



"A gentleman I used to know, Sara. My wife, Tresholm. The most brutal thing I ever did, to bring her here," Dows acknowledged.

his companion, "who has perpetrated this jest upon the Chef de Sûreté. I present, you understand, one professional to another. It is a matter of attack and defense. Monsieur Sordel directs the Casino."

Tresholm smiled as he shook hands. "Your friend then," he remarked, "is a man of many affairs."

"As yet," Sordel rejoined, "I have not had to number you amongst my responsibilities."

"That will come without a doubt," Tresholm predicted. "When I first arrived, I had some young friends to entertain. Yesterday the weather was so perfect that I had a fancy for the country. Today, who knows?"

He passed on with a nod of farewell, and the two men exchanged significant glances.

"It may be today then," Gustave Sordel observed.

Tresholm paused to interview a *maitre d'hôtel* and order luncheon for two in half an hour, after which he ascended to his room, took a shower-bath and changed his clothes. He descended in time to welcome his guest—an American, Chandler by name, his recent opponent at tennis, and a man apparently of about his own age. There was a marked difference between the two, however, as they strolled together into the restaurant—Tresholm, lean, bright-eyed and sunburnt, to all appearances as hard as nails, and in perfect condition; his companion, built on stockier lines, more than a little fleshy, carefully dressed and groomed, but with the air of one to whom the night pleasures of the principality had made their successful appeal. He demanded a second and a third cocktail before he commenced his luncheon, throughout which he drank high-balls with the thirst of a man only recently escaped from the shadows of prohibition.

"Lucky to have come across you this morning," he remarked, as they took their places. "Don't know that I should have got a game at all. Fellows here seem sort of cliquish. Don't fancy taking a stranger in if they can help it."

"I dare say they make up their sets beforehand," Tresholm suggested tactfully.

"Maybe. Guess I'd better let a few of them know who I am. My old dad left twenty million of the best. You bet I don't have to wait long for a game at any club over on the other side."

"Twenty million dollars is a great deal of money."

He was filled with placid satisfaction with himself and his surroundings.

"Say, I ought not to have let you whip me like that this morning," he observed. "Six—two, six—one. Not often I get it in the neck like that."

"A little lazy round the back line, weren't you? A late night?"

"Say, if anyone can tell me how to get to bed early in this little burg, he's a winner with me," Chandler declared gloomily. "I was playing chemie until five this morning."

"I rather thought roulette was your game," Tresholm remarked. "Didn't I see that you had a big win yesterday or the day before?"

"A hundred and thirty-eight thousand of the best, I skun 'em," the young man boasted. "I had them all scared. They don't

understand having anyone up against them who can afford to lose just as much as he wants to. It don't matter a snap of the fingers to me whether I win or not. That's where I've got them cold."

"A hundred and thirty-eight thousand," Tresholm repeated softly, thinking for a moment of that poverty-stricken farm up in the mountains. "That's a great deal of money, Mr. Chandler."

"I guess it seems so over here," was the complacent reply. "See that bulge in my pocket? There it is, and they can have the lot back this evening, if they can get it."

Conversation languished for a time, and then continued upon somewhat formal lines. Towards the close of their meal, the American, who had been scrutinizing his host closely, asked him an abrupt question.

"Say, haven't we met somewhere before, Mr. Tresholm? Something about you seems kind of familiar to me ever since you came up and asked me for a game."

"I shouldn't be surprised," was the somewhat vague acknowledgment. "It's a small world, you know."

"Ever been to the States?"

"Not lately. I dare say we may have come across each other in Paris or somewhere," Tresholm observed. "I wonder about a good deal."

"Same here. I don't have to do any work, and over this side's good enough for me. You Europeans know how to live the life. Say, that's a bully two-seater of yours, Mr. Tresholm."

"Glad you like it. What about a little run out into the country this afternoon?"

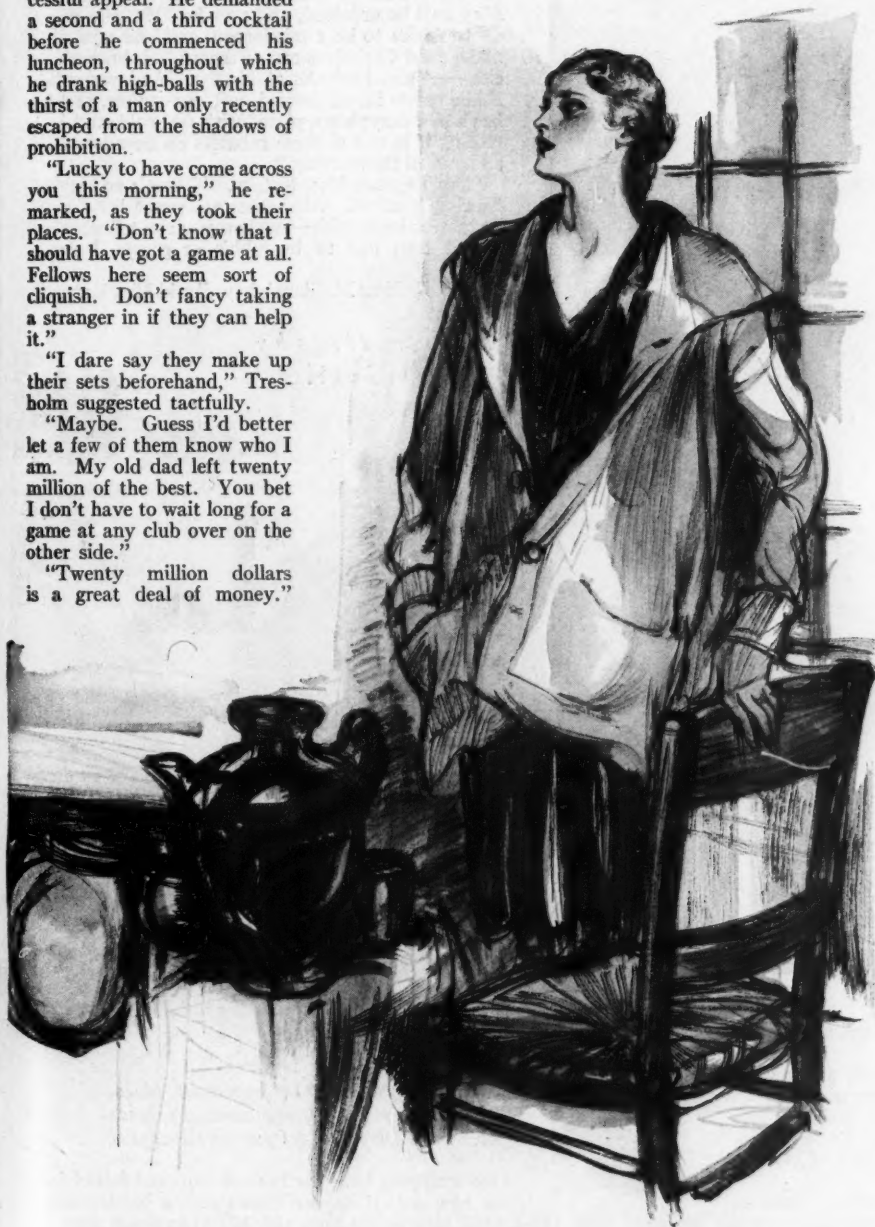
"It will keep me awake at any rate," the young man agreed.

At Nice, Chandler, who had dropped off to sleep before they had reached Beaulieu, woke up and demanded a high-ball. They stopped at the Negresco

bar, where he relapsed into an easy chair with a sigh of content. "Some car of yours," he admitted; "but I guess we've come about far enough, eh? This seems a pretty good spot to me."

"Only a little farther on," Tresholm begged. "I want to call on a man I used to know, if you don't mind. We can look in here again coming back, if you want to."

Chandler's acquiescence was a little (Continued on page 114)



"Piled it up during the war, the old man did," his son confided. "You were over on this side?"

"Didn't get the chance. I was in the navy, but they wanted me in Washington. Seaplane stuff, most of the time. Gosh, they kept us at it too!"

His first high-ball was beginning to loosen the young man's tongue.

By Richard Connell

PAT and



Katie Dean

IT SEEMS there were two Irishmen named Pat and Mike . . .

"Now don't it beat the divvie and all his works and poms the way children turn out?"

Mrs. Bannon, hanging out the wash, spoke in tones of authority, for she had seven. Mrs. Kotsky, who, so far, had but two, had her mouth full of clothespins, so she could only nod.

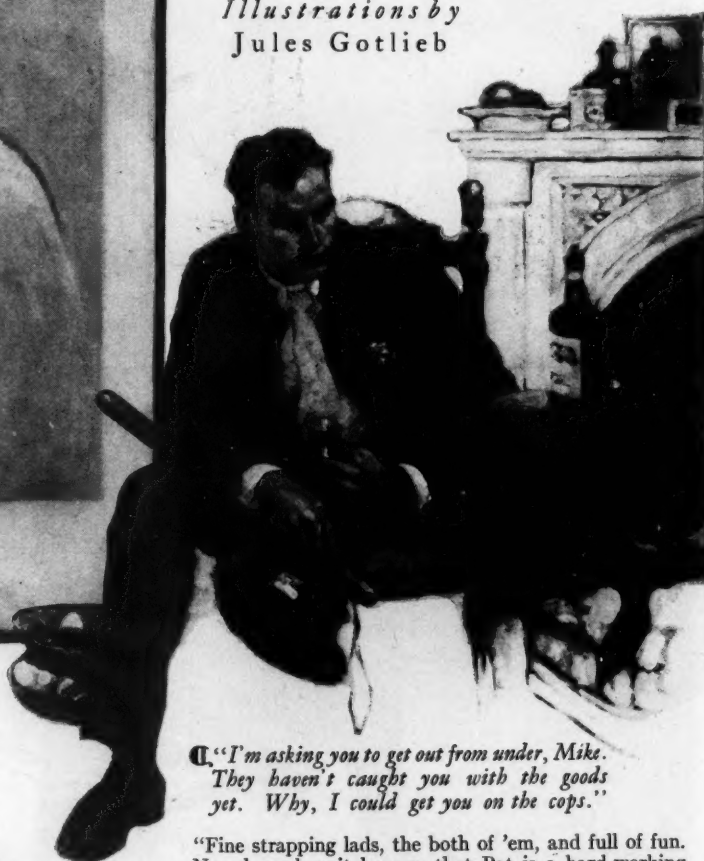
"And it's me that knows it well," said Mrs. Bannon, "for there's my own Danny, that give me manys the sad day and long night with his wild ways, that was the talk of Hudson Street when he was a lad, for he was born with his fists doubled up, and he feared neither man nor the angels themselves. A spark of the divvie was in my Danny, surely, and its manys the gray hair he brought to my head, with his fighting and skylarking and dropping watermelons on the cops out of my own parlor window. My Eddie, now, was different: meek as a lamb, and that pious; and a scholar, too, always sitting quiet with his little nose in a book.

"And now look at them two, Mrs. Kotsky! Danny was in to see me the other day to show me the medal he'd won at the seminary for writing an assay (was it?) on the life of Saint Ignatius Loyola; and next May he'll be ordained, and says he, 'Ma, I'm going off to Africa to be a missionary, and,' he says, 'I'll make good Christians out of them black buckoes or else—' and he looks at his fist. And yesterday Eddie comes in, all dressed up like a waiter, and he has a new saxophone, plated with real gold, and he's tooting it in one of them cabarets on Broadway till all hours of the morning."

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Kotsky. "There's no way of figuring it at all. All babies are sweet little pink lumps—to begin with—but how you can tell whether they'll turn out to be rabbis or gonofs, I don't know."

"Take Widow McGlone's boys," said Mrs. Bannon.

Illustrations by
Jules Gotlieb



"I'm asking you to get out from under, Mike. They haven't caught you with the goods yet. Why, I could get you on the cops."

"Fine strapping lads, the both of 'em, and full of fun. Now how does it happen that Pat is a hard-working cop, like his old man before him, and Mike has never done an honest day's work in his life, but spends his time shining up his finger-nails on the street corner with the rest of them plug-uglies that call themselves the Hawks? 'Tis no good he'll come to, I'm thinking, hanging out with that lot. A bad egg, Mike McGlone."

"Mmmmmm," agreed Mrs. Kotsky, "such a no-good low-lifer. But he's always dressed up like one of them movie sheiks, and he's got a new diamond ring, and it's real, my Emil says."

MIKE

Which Explains Why Mrs. Bannon said:

"Now Don't It Beat the
Divvle How Children
Turn Out!"

"Yeah," said Mrs. Bannon; "and I'll bet Mike McGlone would hate to have to tell you how he got it."

"Well, anyhow," said Mrs. Kotsky, "he's got it."

Mike McGlone was taking his ease in his flat on Christopher Street. The furniture was new and of better quality than is usually seen in that neighborhood. His clothes, too, were new, trim, the hue of coffee and a thought radical in cut. Lazily he scanned the sporting pages of a shrimp-toned evening paper.

Steps outside his door, and a brisk rapping, jerked him into alertness. He switched out his mulberry-shaded piano-lamp and stole on noiseless feet to the door. A green velvet curtain hung over the door and this he soundlessly moved aside and applied

"To the cops, and may their eyes drop out," said Mike, with a laugh, as he drank. "How are they treating you, Pat?"

"So-so. Of course you know how it is on the cops. You can't go up fast, unless you get a lucky break. How's tricks with you, Mike?"

"Fair enough."

The policeman put down his glass. His manner became serious.

"I dropped in to have a bit of a talk with you, Mike," he said.

"Glad you did. I was coming round to see you. Well, what's on your mind, Pat?"

"You," said Pat.

"That's not news. Shoot."

"You're on the wrong side of the fence, Mike."

"That's not news, either."

"Mike," said Pat McGlone earnestly, "I'm your brother, and we've always been pals. I've tried to look after you, since Pop went out, and I guess I've made a bum job of it."

"You've stood by me, Pat," the other brother said. "I'm not forgetting it."

"I'm going to give you a straight steer, Mike. Drop the Hawks while the dropping is good."

"You've said that before. Thanks for the tip, though I'm not going to take it. What's up? Something special on the fire?"

"By rights," said Pat, "I shouldn't be here talking to you at all. I might lose my shield for it, and I don't want to do that. Pop was a good cop till the Gophers chucked him into the river, and I want to be a good one, too. I like the game. But you're my brother, so I've come to warn you. Watch your step, Mike."

"I ain't done a thing," protested Mike. "Nobody's got a thing on me."

"Save that. Don't try to bull me. You think cops are dumb; but even dummies tumble to things if you give them time enough. That Hartz job, for example. Thick work, Mike. Lifting the old man's stones and jacking is one thing; slugging him out is something else again."

"I don't know a thing about it," said Mike.

"Sure you don't. You and the rest of the Hawks was having a peaceful pinocle game in the club-rooms when it happened. Sure. Beefy Biscoe won that big new sedan of his in Wall Street, and that sparkler you're sporting was the gift of grateful citizens. Now, listen to me, Mike. I could get the gate for spilling it, but I'm going to. The word has gone out from Headquarters that we've got to put the crusher on the Hawks, the Blue Shirt Boys and the rest of the mobs that think they own this part of town. The new commissioner

means business and he can't be reached."

Mike McGlone's face hardened. "Thanks, Pat," he said. "We been expecting trouble. We know influence don't go far in this reform crowd. But we're not worrying. We'll stand our ground. It'll blow over."

"Don't you kid yourself, Mike. This time it's a real storm. The D. A. is square and a scrapper and he's out to make a name for himself as a gang-smasher. He remembers what old Clubber Williams said: There's more law in the end of a cop's night-stick than in a supreme court injunction. Our orders are to be rough, tough and nasty and to hammer every gorilla right out of the precinct. There'll be a lot of sore skulls in this neck of the woods before very long."

Mike listened, frowning.

"There'll be a lot of cops that'll never draw a pension if they start any strong-arm stuff around here," he said.

"We're not expecting a picnic," said Pat. "But we've got our orders."

"Better lay off, Pat. Get yourself (Continued on page 157)



"Me pound the pavements at forty a week? You're raving, Pat."

one eye to a razor-edge crack in the door-panel. His face, a knowing, competent, aggressive face, went black. He had seen, by the hall light, the glint of brass buttons. His right hand, with a swift automatic motion, slid inside his coat and gripped the butt of a blunt-nosed pistol which hung in a cradle under his left arm. His eyes traveled up the uniform, and when they came to the face, his tense expression relaxed. He opened the door.

"Come in, Pat," he said. "I thought at first it was a cop."

"Evening to you, Mike," said the policeman. They shook hands. "How's yourself?"

"A hundred and seventy-eight and no fat," said Mike. "Plank your blue pants in that chair and have a drink."

"Thanks. A light one."

"Make yourself at home," said Mike. He slipped off his coat. Mike handed a high-ball to his brother.

"It will do you no kind of harm, this stuff. It's like old Sam McCoy's whiskers—never been cut," he said.

"You ought to know," said Pat. "Well, here's to your good behavior."

Old Folks'

By
**Ring W.
LARDNER**

TOM and Grace Carter sat in their living-room on Christmas Eve, sometimes talking, sometimes pretending to read and all the time thinking things they didn't want to think. Their two children, Junior, aged nineteen, and Grace, two years younger, had come home that day from their schools for the Christmas vacation. Junior was in his first year at the university and Grace attending a boarding-school that would fit her for college.

I won't call them Grace and Junior any more, though that is the way they had been christened. Junior had changed his name to Ted and Grace was now Caroline, and thus they insisted on being addressed, even by their parents. This was one of the things Tom and Grace the elder were thinking of as they sat in their living-room Christmas Eve.

Other university freshmen who lived here had returned on the twenty-first, the day when the vacation was supposed to begin. Ted had telegraphed that he would be three days late owing to a special examination which, if he passed it, would lighten the terrific burden of the next term. He had arrived at home looking so pale, heavy-eyed and shaky that his mother doubted the wisdom of the concentrated mental effort, while his father secretly hoped the stuff had been non-poisonous and would not have lasting effects. Caroline, too, had been behind schedule, explaining that her laundry had gone astray and she had not dared trust others to trace it for her.

Grace and Tom had attempted, with fair success, to conceal their disappointment over this delayed home-coming and had continued with their preparations for a Christmas that would thrill their children and consequently themselves. They had bought an imposing lot of presents, costing twice or three times as much as had been Tom's father's annual income when Tom was Ted's age, or Tom's own income a year ago, before General Motors' acceptance of his new weather-proof paint had enabled him to buy this suburban home and luxuries such as his own parents and Grace's had never dreamed of, and to give Ted and Caroline advantages that he and Grace had perforce gone without.

Behind the closed door of the music-room was the elaborately decked tree. The piano and piano bench and the floor around the tree were covered with beribboned packages of all sizes, shapes and weights, one of them addressed to Tom, another to Grace, a few to the servants and the rest to Ted and Caroline. A huge box contained a sealskin coat for Caroline, a coat that had cost as much as the Carters had formerly paid a year for rent. Even more expensive was a "set" of jewelry consisting of an opal brooch, a bracelet of opals and gold filigree, and an opal ring surrounded by diamonds.

Grace always had preferred opals to any other stone, but now



that she could afford them, some inhibition prevented her from buying them for herself; she could enjoy them much more adorning her pretty daughter. There were boxes of silk stockings, lingerie, gloves and handkerchiefs. And for Ted, a three-hundred-dollar watch, a de-luxe edition of Balzac, an expensive bag of shiny new steel-shafted golf-clubs and the last word in portable phonographs.

But the big surprise for the boy was locked in the garage, a black Gorham sedan, a model more up to date and better-looking than Tom's own year-old car that stood beside it. Ted could use it during the vacation if the mild weather continued and could look forward to driving it around home next spring and summer, there being a rule at the university forbidding undergraduates the possession or use of private automobiles.

Every year for sixteen years, since Ted was three and Caroline one, it had been the Christmas Eve custom of the Carters to hang up their children's stockings and fill them with inexpensive toys.

XMAS

Illustrations by
James Montgomery Flagg



C "It's a pretty night, Grace," Tom said. "You can see every star in the sky." But he wasn't looking at the stars. He was looking down the road for headlights.

Tom and Grace had thought it would be fun to continue the custom this year; the contents of the stockings—a mechanical negro dancing doll, music-boxes, a kitten that meowed when you pressed a spot on her back, et cetera—would make the "kids" laugh. And one of Grace's first pronouncements to her returned offspring was that they must go to bed early so Santa Claus would not be frightened away.

But it seemed they couldn't promise to make it so terribly early. They both had long-standing dates in town. Caroline was going to dinner and a play with Beatrice Murdock and Beatrice's nineteen-year-old brother Paul. The latter would call for her in his car at half past six. Ted had accepted an invitation to see the hockey match with two classmates, Herb Castle and Bernard King. He wanted to take his father's Gorham, but Tom told him untruthfully that the foot-brake was not working; Ted must be kept out of the garage till tomorrow morning.

Ted and Caroline had taken naps in the afternoon and gone

off together in Paul Murdock's stylish roadster, giving their word that they would be back by midnight or a little later and that tomorrow night they would stay home.

And now their mother and father were sitting up for them, because the stockings could not be filled and hung till they were safely in bed, and also because trying to go to sleep is a painful and hopeless business when you are kind of jumpy.

"What time is it?" asked Grace, looking up from the third page of a book that she had begun to "read" soon after dinner.

"Half past two," said her husband. (He had answered the same question every fifteen or twenty minutes since midnight.)

"You don't suppose anything could have happened?" said Grace.

"We'd have heard if there had," said Tom.

"It isn't likely, of course," said Grace, "but they might have had an accident some place where nobody was there to report it or telephone or anything. We don't know what kind of a driver the Murdock boy is."

"He's Ted's age. Boys that age may be inclined to drive too fast, but they drive pretty well."

"How do you know?"

"Well, I've watched some of them drive."

"Yes, but not all of them."

"I doubt whether anybody in the world has seen every nineteen-year-old boy drive."

"Boys these days seem so kind of irresponsible."

"Oh, don't worry! They probably met some of their young friends and stopped for a bite to eat or something." Tom got up and walked to the window with studied carelessness. "It's a pretty night," he said. "You can see every star in the sky."

But he wasn't looking at the stars. He was looking down the road for headlights. There were none in sight and after a few moments he returned to his chair.

"What time is it?" asked Grace.

"Twenty-two of," he said.

"Of what?"

"Of three."

"Your watch must have stopped.

Nearly an hour ago you told me it was half past two."

"My watch is all right. You probably dozed off."

"I haven't closed my eyes."

"Well, it's time you did. Why don't you go to bed?"

"Why don't you?"

"I'm not sleepy."

"Neither am I. But honestly, Tom, it's silly for you to stay up. I'm just doing it so I can fix the stockings, and because I feel so wakeful. But there's no use of you losing your sleep."

"I couldn't sleep a wink till they're home."

"That's foolishness! There's nothing to worry about. They're just having a good time. You were young once yourself," said Grace.

"That's just it! When I was young, I was young." He picked up his paper and tried to get interested in the shipping news.

"What time is it?" asked Grace.

"Five minutes of three."

"Maybe they're staying at the Murdocks' all night, Tom."

"They'd have let us know."

"They were afraid to wake us up, telephoning."

At three-twenty a car stopped at the front gate.

"There they are!"

"I told you there was nothing to worry about."

Tom went to the window. He could just discern the outlines of the Murdock boy's roadster, whose lighting system seemed to have broken down.

"He hasn't any lights," said Tom. "Maybe I'd better go out and see if I can fix them."

"No, don't!" said Grace sharply. "He can fix them himself. He's just saving them while he stands still."

"Why don't they come in?"

"They're probably making plans."

"They can make them in here. I'll go out and tell them we're still up."

"No, don't!" said Grace as before, and Tom obediently remained at the window.

It was nearly four when the car's lights flashed on and the car drove away. Caroline walked into the house and stared dazedly at her parents.

"Heavens! What are you doing up?"

Tom was about to say something, but Grace forestalled him.

"We were talking over old Christmases," she said. "Is it late?"

"I haven't any idea," said Caroline.

"Where is Ted?"

"Isn't he home? I haven't seen him since we dropped him at the hockey place."

"Well, you go right to bed," said her mother. "You must be worn out."

"I am, kind of. We danced after the play. What time is breakfast?"

"Eight o'clock."

"Oh, Mother, can't you make it nine?"

"I guess so. You used to want to get up early on Christmas."

"I know, but—"

"Who brought you home?" asked Tom.

"Why, Paul Murdock—and Beatrice."

"You look rumped."

"They made me sit in the 'rump' seat."

She laughed at her joke, said good night and went upstairs. She had not come even within hand-shaking distance of her father and mother.

"The Murdocks," said Tom, "must have great manners, making their guest ride in that uncomfortable seat."

Grace was silent.

"You go to bed, too," said Tom. "I'll wait for Ted."

"You couldn't fix the stockings."

"I won't try. We'll have time for that in the morning; I mean, later in the morning."

"I'm not going to bed till you do," said Grace.

"All right, we'll both go. Ted ought not to be long now. I suppose his friends will bring him home. We'll hear him when he comes in."

There was no chance not to hear him when, at ten minutes before six, he came in. He had done his Christmas shopping late and brought home a package.

Grace was downstairs again at half past seven, telling the servants breakfast would be postponed till nine. She nailed the stockings beside the fireplace, went into the music-room to see that nothing had been disturbed and removed Ted's hat and overcoat from where he had carefully hung them on the hall floor.

Tom appeared a little before nine and suggested that the children ought to be awakened.

"I'll wake them," said Grace, and went upstairs. She opened Ted's door, looked, and softly closed it again. She entered her daughter's room and found Caroline semiconscious.

"Do I have to get up now? Honestly I can't eat anything. If you could just have Molla bring me some coffee. Ted and I are both invited to the Murdocks' for breakfast at half past twelve, and I could sleep for another hour or two."

"But dearie, don't you know we have Christmas dinner at one?"

"It's a shame, Mother, but I thought of course our dinner would be at night."

"Don't you want to see your presents?"

"Certainly I do, but can't they wait?"

Grace was about to go to the kitchen to tell the cook that dinner would be at seven instead of one, but she remembered having promised Signe the afternoon and evening off, as a cold, light supper would be all anyone wanted after the heavy midday meal.

Tom and Grace breakfasted alone and once more sat in the living-room, talking, thinking and pretending to read.

"You ought to speak to Caroline," said Tom.

"I will, but not today. It's Christmas."

"And I intend to say a few words to Ted," Tom announced.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"Yes, dear, you must. But not today."

"I suppose they'll be out again tonight."

"No, they promised to stay home. We'll have a nice cozy evening."

"Don't bet too much on that," said Tom.

At noon the "children" made their entrance. They responded to their parents'

salutations with almost the proper warmth. Ted declined a cup of coffee and he and Caroline apologized for making a "break-fast" date at the Murdocks'.

"Sis and I both thought you'd be having dinner at seven, as usual."

"We've always had it at one o'clock on Christmas," said Tom.

"I'd forgotten it was Christmas," said Ted.

"Well, those stockings ought to remind you."

Ted and Caroline looked at the bulging stockings.

"Isn't there a tree?" asked Caroline.

"Of course," said her mother. "But the stockings come first."

"We've only a little time," said Caroline. "We'll be terribly late as it is. So can't we see the tree now?"

"I guess so," said Grace, and led the way into the music-room.

The servants were summoned and the tree stared at and admired.

"You must open your presents," said Grace to her daughter.

"I can't open them all now," said Caroline. "Tell me which is special."

The cover was removed from the huge box and Grace held up the coat.

"Oh, Mother!" said Caroline. "A sealskin coat!"

"Put it on," said her father.

"Not now. We haven't time."

"Then look at this!" said Grace, and opened the case of jewels.

kissed his mother good-by. "Mother," he said, "I know you'll forgive me for not having any presents for you and Dad. I was so rushed the last three days at school. And I thought I'd have time to shop a little when we got in yesterday, but I was in too much of a hurry to be home. Last night, everything was closed."

"Don't worry," said Grace. "Christmas is for young people. Dad and I have everything we want."

The servants had found their gifts and disappeared, expressing effusive Scandinavian thanks.

Caroline and her mother were left alone.

"Mother, where did the coat come from?"

"Lloyd and Henry's."

"They keep all kinds of furs, don't they?"

"Yes."

"Would you mind horribly if I exchanged this?"

"Certainly not, dear. You pick out anything you like, and if it's a little more expensive, it won't make any difference. We can go in town tomorrow or next day. But don't you want to wear your opals to the Murdocks?"

"I don't believe so. They might get lost or something. And I'm not—well, I'm not so crazy about—"

"I think they can be exchanged, too," said Grace. "You run along now and get ready to start."

Caroline obeyed with alacrity, and Grace spent a welcome moment by herself.

Tom opened the garage door.

"Why, you've got two cars!" said Ted.

"The new one isn't mine," said Tom.

"Whose is it?"

"Yours. It's the new model."

"Dad, that's wonderful! But it looks just like the old one."

"Well, the old one's pretty good. Just the same, yours is better. You'll find that out when you drive it. Hop in and get started. I had her filled with gas."

"I think I'd rather drive the old one."

"Why?"

"Well, what I really wanted, Dad, was a Barnes sport roadster, something like Paul Murdock's, only a different color scheme. And if I don't drive this Gorham at all, maybe you could get them to take it back or make some kind of a deal with the Barnes people."

Tom didn't speak till he was sure of his voice. Then: "All right, son. Take my car and I'll see what can be done about yours."

Caroline, waiting for Ted, remembered something and called to her mother. "Here's what I got for you and Dad," she said. "It's two tickets to 'Jolly Jane,' the play I saw last night. You'll love it!"

"When are they for?" asked Grace.

"Tonight," said Caroline.

"But dearie," said her mother, "we don't want to go out tonight, when you promised to stay home."

"We'll keep our promise," said Caroline, "but the Murdocks may drop in and bring some friends and we'll dance and there'll be music. Ted and I thought you'd rather be away so our noise wouldn't disturb you."

"It was sweet of you to do this," said her mother, "but your father and I don't mind

noise as long as you're enjoying yourselves."

"It's time anyway that you and Dad had a treat."

"The real treat," said Grace, "would be to spend a quiet evening here with just you two."

"The Murdocks practically invited themselves and I couldn't say no after they'd been so nice to me. And honestly, Mother, you'll love this play!"

"Will you be home for supper?"

"I'm pretty sure we will, but if we're a little late, don't you and Dad wait for us. Take the seven-twenty so you won't miss anything. The first act is really the best. We probably won't be hungry, but have Signe leave something out for us in case we are."

Tom and Grace sat down to the elaborate Christmas dinner and didn't make much impression on it. Even if they had had any appetite, the sixteen-pound turkey would have looked almost like new when they had eaten their fill. Conversation was intermittent and related chiefly to (Continued on page 133)



"Isn't there a tree?" Caroline asked. "The stockings come first," said her mother. "But we've only a little time. We'll be late as it is."

"Oh, Mother! Opals!" said Caroline.

"They're my favorite stone," said Grace quietly.

"If nobody minds," said Ted, "I'll postpone my personal investigations till we get back. I know I'll like everything you've given me. But if we have no car in working order, I've got to call a taxi and catch a train."

"You can drive in," said his father.

"Did you fix the brake?"

"I think it's all right. Come up to the garage and we'll see."

Ted got his hat and coat and

In HIDING

POSITANO stands on the side of a steep hill, a disarray of huddled white houses, their tiled roofs washed pale by the suns of a hundred years; but unlike many of these Italian towns, perched out of harm's way on a rocky eminence, it does not give you at one delightful glance all it has to give. It has quaint streets that zigzag up the hill and battered painted houses in the baroque style, but very late, in which Neapolitan noblemen led for a season lives of penurious grandeur. It is indeed almost excessively picturesque and in winter its one or two modest hotels are crowded with painters, male and female.

But Positano looks full south and the chances are that in summer you will have it to yourself. The hotel is clean and cool and there is a terrace, overhung with vines, where you can sit at night and look at the sea bespangled with dim stars. Down at the *marina*, on the quay, is a little tavern where you can dine under an archway off anchovies and ham, macaroni and fresh-caught mullet, and drink cold wine. Once a day the steamer from Naples comes in, bringing the mail, and for a quarter of an hour gives the beach—there is no port and the few passengers are landed in small boats—an air of animation.

One August, tiring of Capri where I had been staying, I made up my mind to spend a few days at Positano. So I hired a fishing-boat and rowed over. I stopped on the way in a shady cove to bathe, have luncheon and sleep, and did not arrive till evening.

I strolled up the hill, my two bags following me on the heads of two sturdy women, to the hotel, and was surprised to learn that I was not its only guest. The waiter was an old friend of mine, his name was Giuseppe, and at that season he was boots, porter, chambermaid and cook as well. He told me that an American *signore* had been staying there for three months.

"Is he a painter or a writer or something?" I asked.

"No, Signore, he's a gentleman."

Odd, I thought. If foreigners came to Positano at that time of year they were only German *Wandervögel*, with satchels on their backs, and they only stayed overnight. I could not imagine anyone wishing to spend three months there; unless of course he were hiding. And since all London had been excited by the mysterious flight earlier in the year of an eminent but dishonest financier, the amusing thought occurred to me that this mysterious stranger was perhaps he.

I knew him slightly and trusted that my sudden arrival would not disconcert him.

"You'll see the *signore* at the *marina*," said Giuseppe, as I was setting out to go down again. "He always dines there."

He was certainly not there when I arrived. I asked what there was for dinner and drank an *americano*, which is by no means a bad substitute for a cocktail. In a few moments, however, a man walked in who could be no other than my fellow guest at the hotel and I had a moment's disappointment when I saw that it was not the absconding financier.

A tall elderly man, bronzed after his summer on the Mediterranean, with a kindly, handsome, thin face. He wore a very neat, even smart suit of cream-colored silk and no hat. His gray hair was cut very short, but was still thick. There was ease in his bearing, and elegance. He looked round the half-dozen tables under the archway at which the natives of the



Illustration by
John La Gatta

place were playing cards or dominoes and his eyes rested on me. They smiled pleasantly. He came up to me.

"I hear you have just arrived at the hotel. Giuseppe suggested that as he could not come down here to effect an introduction you would not mind if I introduced myself. Would it bore you to dine with a total stranger?"

"Of course not," I said. "Sit down."

He turned to the maid who was laying a cover for me and in beautiful Italian told her that I would eat with him. He looked at my *americano*.

"I have got them to stock a little gin and French vermouth for me. Would you allow me to mix you a dry Martini?"

"Without hesitation."

"It gives an exotic note to the surroundings which brings out the local color."

He certainly made a very good cocktail and with added appetite we ate the ham and anchovies with which our dinner began. My host's fluent conversation was agreeable.

"You must forgive me if I talk too much," he said presently. "This is the first chance I've had to speak English for three months. I mean to make the most of it."

"Three months is a long time to stay in Positano."

"I've hired a boat and I bathe and fish. I read a good deal. I have a good many books here and if there's anything I can lend you I shall be very glad."

"I think I have enough reading-matter. But I should love to look at what you have. It's always fun looking at other people's books."

By W. Somerset Maugham



"From a remark Mrs. Barnaby overheard it occurred to her that the English aristocracy were not so wrapped up in our social leaders as one might have expected."

He gave me a sharp look and his eyes twinkled. "It also tells you a good deal about them," he murmured.

When we finished our dinner we went on talking. The stranger was well-read and interested in a diversity of topics. He spoke with so much knowledge of painting that I wondered if he was an art-critic or a dealer. But then it appeared that he had been reading Suetonius and I came to the conclusion that he was a college professor. I asked his name.

"Barnaby," he answered.

"That's a name that has recently acquired an amazing celebrity," I smiled.

"Oh, how so?"

"Have you never heard of the celebrated Mrs. Barnaby? She's a compatriot of yours."

"I ADMIT that I've seen her name in the papers rather frequently of late. Do you know her?"

"Yes, quite well. She gave the grandest parties all last season and I went to them whenever she asked me. Everyone did. She's an astounding woman. She came to London to do the season and, by George, she did it. She just swept everything before her."

"I understand she's very rich."

"Fabulously, I believe, but it's not that that has made her success. Plenty of American women have money. Mrs. Barnaby has got where she has by sheer force of character. She never pretends to be anything but what she is. She's natural. She's priceless. You know her history of course?"

My friend smiled. "Mrs. Barnaby may be a great celebrity in London, but to the best of my belief in America she is almost inconceivably unknown."

I smiled also, but within me; I could well imagine how shocked this distinguished and cultured man would be by the rollicking humor, the frankness, smacking of the soil, and the rich and vital experience of the amazing Mrs. Barnaby.

"Well, I'll tell you about her. Her husband appears to be a very rough diamond; he's a great hulking fellow, she says, who could fell a steer with his fist. He's known in Arizona as One-bullet Mike."

"Good gracious. Why?"

"Well, years ago in the old days he killed two men with a single shot. She says he's handier with his gun even now than any man west of the Rockies. He's a miner but he's been a cow-puncher, a gun-runner and Lord knows what in his day."

"A thoroughly western type," said my professor, a trifle acidly, I thought.

"Something of a desperado, I imagine. Mrs. Barnaby's stories about him are a real treat. Of course everyone's been begging her to let him come over but she says he'd never leave the wide open spaces. He struck oil a year or two ago and now he's got all the money in the world.

"He must be a great character. I've heard her keep the whole dinner-table spellbound when she's talked of the old days when they roughed it together. It gives you quite a thrill when you see this gray-haired woman, not at all pretty, but exquisitely dressed, with the loveliest pearls you ever saw, and hear her tell how she washed the miners' clothes and cooked for the camp.

"Your American women have an adaptability which is stupendous. When you see Mrs. Barnaby sitting at the head of her table, perfectly at home with princes of the blood, ambassadors, cabinet ministers and the duke of this and the duke of that, it seems almost incredible that only a few years ago she was cooking the food of seventy miners."

"Can she read or write?"

"I suppose her invitations are written by her secretary, but she's by no means an ignorant woman. She told me she used to make a point of reading for an hour every night after the fellows in the camp had gone to bed."

"Remarkable."

"On the other hand One-bullet Mike only learned to write his name when he suddenly found himself under the necessity of signing checks."

We walked up the hill to our hotel and before separating for the night arranged to take our luncheon with us next day and row over to a cove that my friend had discovered. We spent a charming day bathing, reading, eating, sleeping and talking, and we dined together in the evening. The following morning, after breakfast on the terrace, I reminded Barnaby of his promise to show me his books.

"Come right along," he said.

I accompanied him to his room where Giuseppe, the waiter, was making his bed. The first thing I caught sight of was a photograph of the celebrated Mrs. Barnaby in a gorgeous frame. My friend caught sight of it too and suddenly turned pale with anger.

"You fool, Giuseppe. Why have you taken that photograph out of my wardrobe? Why the devil did you think I put it away?"

"I didn't know, Signore. That's why I put it back on the Signore's table. I thought he liked to see the portrait of his Signora."

I was staggered. "Is my Mrs. Barnaby your wife?" I cried.

"She is."

"Good Lord, are you One-bullet Mike?"

"Do I look it?" he answered.

I began to laugh. "I'm bound to say you don't."

I glanced at his hands. He smiled grimly and held them out.

"No, sir, I have never felled a steer with my naked fist."

For a moment we stared at each other in silence.

"She'll never forgive me," he moaned. "She wanted me to take a false name, and when I wouldn't she (Continued on page 133)

Christmas Shopping



By *Gluyas Williams*



DR. ARTZ

Concluding—

Illustration by
W. Smithson Broadhead

PAULINE and Doctor Artz walked on in the dark towards the Limmat and came to the Quai-Brücke. Artz went on talking about Pauline's career.

She hung upon his words. At that moment she was utterly fascinated by him, she almost, in a girlish unfledged way, loved him.

They crossed the bridge and walked on. She did not notice where they were going.

He continued talking with soft and penetrating energy, even with seductiveness.

He wrapped Pauline round in the most delicate flattery, which was so carefully indirect that she did not recognize it as flattery. Doctor Artz even seemed to her blunt, as if, being a sincere man, he had to come out with the truth. But this truth, or what she took for truth, betrayed his deep-rooted belief in her, in her future, if!

Her whole soul seemed to be filled up with this if when suddenly she noticed a long iron fence, a tall wrought-iron gate, a terrace, the darkness of a garden, two lighted lamps, and realized that this was not her street, that they had been walking uphill, that they were away from her quarter of the town.

And Doctor Artz was still talking. He stopped in front of the gate, but he was so absorbed in his subject that he continued talking for several minutes.

"The liberty *you* need is absolute liberty from all money anxieties and obligations! Not the liberty of loneliness in poverty, but the relative liberty of—*Ach!*"

He uttered a deep sighing ejaculation. He seemed to be deeply moved. But suddenly his face changed and he exclaimed:

"What have I done? Brought you up here instead of——" His surprise was obvious. He seemed even startled. "We are machines!" he said. "My mind was on your future and my abominable old legs brought me here without my knowing it. But why did you not stop me?"

"I didn't know either!" said Pauline, with simplicity.

"Well, now we must—oh, but wait! As we are here, let us settle that little business. Come in for a moment, and allow me to hand you the first month's money. Then for a month you need not bother to come up here or to think of these tiresome things."

He pushed the tall iron gate, held it open.

Pauline had flushed again; but she passed in, after a slight hesitation, with a murmur of, "Oh, thank you. You are kind!"

She felt embarrassed. She would have preferred to call for the sealed envelop and receive it from Heinrich. But what excuse to make? And since he was so kind!

Doctor Artz opened the big door with his key and she passed into the house.

"You saw! You saw! Now then, what are we going to do?" Carl Fügler spoke in a hot excited voice which nevertheless he kept low because of the people round them. He half got up as he spoke, then, as if governed by a second thought correcting his impulse, sank back in his seat. "Where have they gone?"

"He must be taking her home," said Miss Vyvyan.

"Wait now! We will give them a certain time." Carl pulled out a large silver watch. "How long does it take to reach the pension on foot, do you think? I say about twenty minutes."

"Yes."



"We left the theater after the first act," said Carl. "So—that is how it is! Now I know," replied Marakoff.

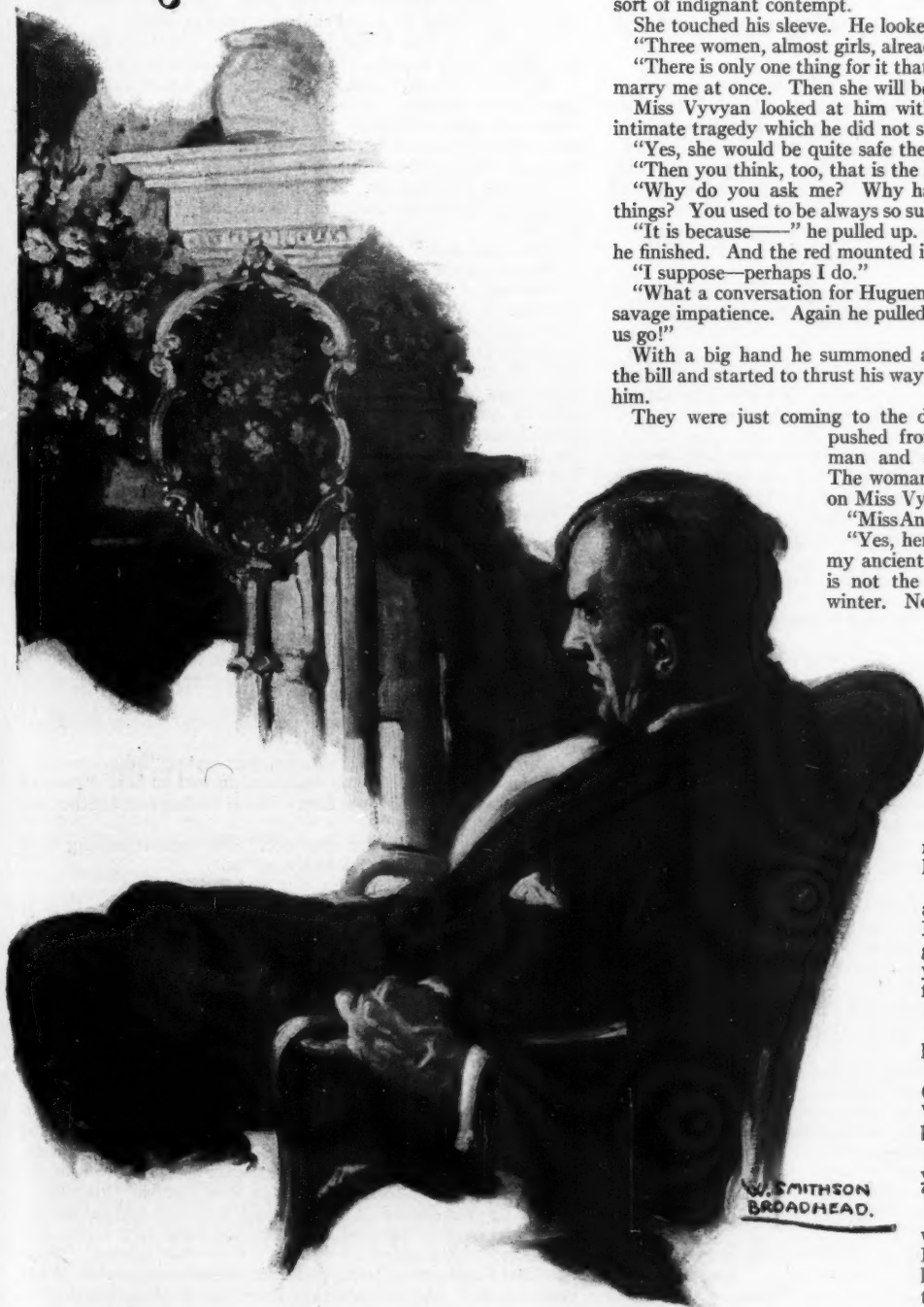
"We will give them that. And then we will follow them. And then—have some more coffee!"

He poured coffee out of a pot that was in front of him, put in hot milk, and pushed the cup over to Miss Vyvyan.

"It is no use being too hasty. I feel that," he added. "That is why I have let two days go without doing anything. I have not seen her since you came to the hut. It is so important. I have been trying to think things out. The crux is her indifference. I have been honest with myself and have come down to that. Her indifference and her tremendous quiet ambition—they play into that beast's hands. Do you know there was a horrible moment once when I even thought it possible that

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By ROBERT HICHENS



"Standing even on the brink isn't going over," Miss Vyvyan said, so strangely that he was startled.

He stared at her in his formidable way, as if he were probing her, then summing up the results of his investigation.

"Do you really believe Artz could ever get Pauline to consent to marry him?"

"I believe he might."

"I cannot comprehend—" Carl began ferociously, with a sort of indignant contempt.

She touched his sleeve. He looked round and realized people.

"Three women, almost girls, already!" she said.

"There is only one thing for it that I can see. I must make her marry me at once. Then she will be safe."

Miss Vyvyan looked at him with eyes that were full of an intimate tragedy which he did not see.

"Yes, she would be quite safe then."

"Then you think, too, that is the only way?"

"Why do you ask me? Why have you taken to asking me things? You used to be always so sure of yourself."

"It is because—" he pulled up. "You ought to know why!" he finished. And the red mounted in his brown cheeks.

"I suppose—perhaps I do."

"What a conversation for Huguenin's!" he said, with a sort of savage impatience. Again he pulled out the silver watch. "Let us go!"

With a big hand he summoned a waitress imperiously, paid the bill and started to thrust his way out. Miss Vyvyan followed him.

They were just coming to the door when it swung slowly, pushed from the outside, and an old man and an old woman walked in. The woman turned a pair of dark eyes on Miss Vyvyan.

"Miss Anna!" Miss Vyvyan exclaimed.

"Yes, here I am! Come to see what my ancient brother was up to. Zurich is not the best place for him in the winter. Nor is London. But there at least he has his comfortable house and me to take care of him."

Rothberg seemed suddenly to have crashed into a gulf of old age. But his eyes were still vital. "Yes," he said, with a slight bow to Fügler. "I am leaving here almost immediately." He sighed as if he simply couldn't help it.

"Come, Alphonso! We are in everyone's way here. I want to see you before I go, Miss Vyvyan. I hear you are at the Eden. May I find you there this evening?"

Miss Vyvyan hesitated.

"Let me come for half an hour after dinner."

"Yes, I'll be in then. Good-by." And Miss Vyvyan turned to say good-by to Rothberg.

"Artz shall suffer for this yet," he muttered hoarsely. "I shall not let this rest."

His eyes flamed. As he walked slowly past Carl Fügler he cast a terrible look on him, terrible because there was in it a scorching flame of despairing envy.

The unexpected meeting with Miss de Rothberg and her brother had taken Fügler and Miss Vyvyan away for the moment from their concentration on two other figures of Zurich, but now as they walked down the crowded, lighted street, Carl Fügler exclaimed: "I never have difficulty in making up my mind. But this evening I cannot decide what to do. It is so terribly important what I do, or we do. In a few minutes we shall be at the pension. We shall see her. And then—what to do!"

"You really want me to come in with you? What can I do?"

because Rothberg was the means of enabling her to study for opera she might—she might—"

Miss Vyvyan made a movement of her head. Her eyes looked guilty.

"Women have done that, lots of women, future opera-singers!" Carl affirmed.

"Don't let us think of horrors like that."

"Anyhow I was wrong there. But I do believe she may have hesitated once."

I have done all I can to protect Pauline from Doctor Artz. The last time I saw her I begged her to tell me if it was he who was going to pay for her. She wouldn't."

"But we know it is he. You can help me to prove to her how impossible it is for her to accept money from Artz."

"Then she will think I want to take her away—back to London."

"You can do this, then!" He spoke eagerly, urgingly. "You can tell her you will find the money for her living expenses as long as she stays with Marakoff. I will get the money, and hand it on to you."

"But can you afford it?"

"Yes!" he exclaimed, with force. "Of course I can—easily."

When they got to the *pension* he said, "I will wait here. You will find me here. Tell her you have already found the money. You have managed it all since you last saw her. Say it is yours."

When she had gone in Carl walked up and down in the darkness smoking feverishly. No doubt Miss Vyvyan would be with Pauline for some time, perhaps for a long time. Just as he was trying to make up his mind to patience she came out and faced him.

"She isn't there. She hasn't come back."

CARL FÜGLER stared, then thrust a hand inside his overcoat and pulled out his watch. "We gave them time, plenty of time. Where can they be?"

"I don't know."

Carl was staring at her. Now he looked again at his watch. "A quarter of an hour!" he muttered. "We will give them a quarter of an hour. And then if they are not back—"

"Yes?"

"There is only one thing to be done. I shall go to Artz' house."

Miss Vyvyan didn't say anything. He put back the watch, bent and took hold of her by the wrist with a hard grip.

"Do you think she is there?" he asked.

She had to tell the truth to those eyes gazing in the darkness. "I feel she may be."

He swung round as if he were going off at once, but she held his arm.

"Probably I am wrong. We had better wait a little. Give them the quarter of an hour."

"And if by then she has not come, you will go with me to his house?"

"But what could I possibly—why do you—"

"Let us walk up and down. I will not stay here a minute beyond the quarter of an hour. I swear that."

He began to walk. She went with him. For a quarter of an hour they paced up and down in front of the *pension*. Carl Fügler was plunged in thought. Now and then Miss Vyvyan spoke to him. He did not hear her apparently, for he did not answer. But two or three times he spoke to her. Once he said:

"If she is there, that settles it!"

Another time he said:

"If I find her there I shall know what to do!"

"What will you do?" Miss Vyvyan asked.

But apparently he didn't hear her, for he made no answer and didn't look at her. Several times he took out his watch.

Presently he stood still.

"The quarter of an hour is over," he said. "Come along!"

"But how can I go with you to Doctor Artz?" she said, revolting.

Her heroic mood still persisted. She was almost noticeably eager for self-sacrifice. But something exquisitely sensitive within her shrank from confronting Doctor Artz with Carl Fügler.

"You must come!" he exclaimed ruthlessly. "A woman may be wanted. I may need a woman."

A woman! Not even—"you"!

"Why a woman?" she managed to say.

"To explain—if she refuses! She may not take it from me, a man. I am young, too!"

"But what are you going to do—I mean if she is there?"

"Come along! Come along!" he exclaimed. And he started off hurriedly in the direction of Mühlebach Strasse.

In a moment, as it seemed to Miss Vyvyan, she and Carl Fügler were before the tall iron gate of Doctor Artz' domain. Carl put his hand to it. But she stopped him resolutely.

"Wait, Mr. Fügler!"

Still holding the gate he looked down at her and said, "Well?"

"Before we go in you must tell me what you propose to do, and what you think I can do. I mean if Pauline is here with Doctor Artz."

"I mean to take her away, of course. You do not suppose I am going to leave her here with that brute!"

He opened the gate and held it for Miss Vyvyan to pass into the garden, followed her, letting the gate swing to behind him, sprang up the steps and thrust at the bell.

After a pause that seemed long to Miss Vyvyan the door was opened by Heinrich, whose fair German-Swiss face showed astonished embarrassment at sight of the visitors.

"We have come to see the Herr Doktor," said Carl. And he stepped resolutely into the hall. Miss Vyvyan followed him.

But Heinrich did not shut the door. He held it wide open, continued to stand by it and said, in a resolute voice:

"The Herr Doktor is not in the house. The Herr Doktor is not coming home tonight. He has gone to sleep at the *clinique*."

"That is a lie!" said Carl. "This lady and I have just seen the Herr Doktor in town."

Heinrich looked terribly taken aback and confused, but he had evidently learned his lesson, for he said, still with a strong effort after resolution:

"I cannot help that, sir. The Herr Doktor told me he was going to stay at the *clinique* tonight. He will not be back here till tomorrow."

"Shut that door!" said Carl savagely.

"But sir, as the Herr Doktor is away—"

"Enough of that!" exclaimed Carl. And he strode up to the horrified young man, caught hold of his wrist, with a sudden twist wrenched his hand away from the door-handle and shut the heavy door with a bang. "Now," he said, turning round, "go and tell your master that Fraülein Vyvyan and Carl Fügler, having just seen him in Huguenin's tea-room, are here to see him again in his own house, and must have a few words with him. Make haste, man! We will wait here. It is no use your repeating the lies you have been ordered to say if anyone calls. Miss Vyvyan, let me give you a chair."

A look of sheer desperation distorted the face of the footman.

"No, sir! No, sir!" he exclaimed. "I will not! I cannot take my orders from you, sir! You are not my master, sir."

"You will go and tell the Herr Doktor at once—or I will find him myself." Carl looked round the large hall. "I will begin with the rooms here—open all those doors."

"Sir, this is not your house. You have no right—"

"Very well!" Carl Fügler exclaimed. And with a stride he was at the door nearest to him, threw it open and disclosed gaping darkness. "Nothing! Then now for another!" he said, making for a second door.

"Fraülein! Fraülein!" exclaimed Heinrich. "Stop the Herr! What will my master say when—"

"Herr Fügler," said Miss Vyvyan, getting up, "I don't—"

Carl stopped by the second door and turned on her. "Do you think I am going away from here without finding out whether she is in the house or not?"

"No, I—oh, wait just a moment!" She was trembling with excitement. "Let me speak to the servant!"

"Well—then!"

Miss Vyvyan turned to Heinrich, and making a great effort to speak calmly in her ordinary voice said: "We have no wish to do anything unusual here. But we really must see Doctor Artz. We know he has not gone to the *clinique*. No doubt you are carrying out your orders. But do please go to the Herr Doktor and announce our—our visit to him. It is the only thing to do. I will explain. Please go."

HEINRICH looked from Carl Fügler to Miss Vyvyan and then again at Carl Fügler. He was scarlet with agitation. But apparently the second look at Carl Fügler decided him, for suddenly showing a face heavy with sulky indignation he walked slowly away behind the carved wooden staircase, and they heard a click which told of an opening door, then a sound of low voices.

"He is here—you see!" said Carl to Miss Vyvyan, frowning.

Miss Vyvyan looked at him but said nothing. His savage decision had entirely subdued her. She had never seen a man like this before. A barbarian—was he? But what a lover! What was Carl Fügler going to say? What was he going to do? What could he do? She realized that there was nothing criminal in Artz' entertaining Pauline for an hour in his house in the late afternoon—if indeed she were there.

But was she there?

That question suddenly rose in her mind as she saw Doctor Artz walking down the large hall.

"What is this? Mademoiselle Vyvyan! Herr Fügler! You have come to see me? My servant tells me you insist, although, to tell the truth, I am occupied at the moment. What is it, please?"

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Miss Vyvyan noticed that his eyes were shining fiercely, as if he were greatly excited, and that his face was dusky red. There was also, or it seemed so to her, something peculiarly vivid about his whole person. She thought of it as an emanation—something that glared.

She had opened her lips to say something—she didn't know what—when Carl said:

"We make no apology for disturbing you, Herr Doktor. We will not take up your time. Miss Vyvyan and I saw you at Huguenin's just now with Miss Iselle, and as Miss Vyvyan is on her way to Madame Müller's pension she decided to call here en route for Miss Iselle, so that Miss Iselle might not have to walk home alone in the dark. That is all. Perhaps you can kindly tell her that we are here."

Carl's manner had changed. The savagery he had shown to the footman had disappeared. He spoke calmly, prosaically, with apparently complete self-control.

DOCTOR ARTZ stood for a moment without saying a word. But Miss Vyvyan had the definite impression that he was blazing with anger.

"We know she is here!" Carl added, as Doctor Artz did not speak.

"Certainly Miss Iselle is here, paying an afternoon visit to my house of her own free will." He addressed himself now to Miss Vyvyan. "It is very good of you to think of fetching her, but really there is no danger after dark in my good city of Zurich. And moreover I shall have the pleasure to escort Miss Iselle to the pension—when she wishes to leave."

His manner was perfectly simple and polite with just a *nuance* of the lightest possible sarcasm. Miss Vyvyan felt—as no doubt he designed that she should—at a great disadvantage. But she remembered what she knew about Doctor Artz, and she saw the look in Carl Fügler's young eyes, and she said firmly:

"I think it will be best if Miss Iselle comes home with me now. I am sure she will be ready to do so if you don't mind just telling her that I am here."

"Oh, but she knows that you are here!" said Doctor Artz with a smile. "And as you see she is in no hurry to leave."

Miss Vyvyan was completely disconcerted by his tone and manner. It was afternoon still—not night. Pauline was twenty-one, had quite definitely discarded Miss Vyvyan as chaperon. The man was in his own house and had of course a right to entertain there any guest he chose.

"Pauline knows I am here!" she said. "Certainly; and also that Herr Fügler is here."

There was an instant of profound and embarrassing silence. It was broken by Carl.

"You say Miss Iselle knows we are here?"

"Yes, Herr Fügler, she does."

"Does she know we know that she is here?"

The light smile left Doctor Artz' face.

"She does not!" said Carl, without waiting for the answer to his question. "I will go and tell her."

He was about to go towards the end of the large hall when Doctor Artz, with a surprisingly swift movement, got in front of him.

"Wait, please, Herr Fügler! I have borne from you a good deal, but there are limits to everyone's patience. This is my house, not yours, and every man is master in his own house. Allow me, therefore, to ask you kindly to leave me—and not to come here again unless I invite you."

Doctor Artz spoke rapidly, not rudely, but with a gathering sarcasm which betrayed an interior anger kept with difficulty under control. He did not look at Miss Vyvyan. When he stopped speaking she looked from him to Carl Fügler. Knowing what a raging talker Carl could be when he was deeply stirred, she expected a tremendous outburst from him. But Carl, who had often surprised her by his violence, now amazed her by his cool self-control.

"Herr Doktor," he said, "you can have all the peace you want on one condition."

"But I do not choose to accept any conditions from you."

"I am afraid you will have to. My condition is this. You can have all the peace you want if you will kindly leave my fiancée alone."

Miss Vyvyan felt the startled blood rush to her face. She had not expected this. A curious pain at her heart was mingled with something like triumph in the mind. Carl Fügler had recovered his self-assurance in the crisis. Her femininity saluted it as magnificent.

But Pauline? She was there, in the house, close to them, able at any moment to come out and expose this great lie. And then what could Carl Fügler do?

At that moment Miss Vyvyan felt herself to be an amazing, an almost incredible contradiction. For she actually trembled with the desire for Carl's complete triumph.

Doctor Artz seemed for an instant to be overwhelmed by Carl's cool statement. He lifted both his arms in a curious gesture of repulsion which had in it surely something weak and almost faltering. His face became pale in patches, then suddenly congested.

"She—Miss Iselle your fiancée!" he said.

"No! It is not true!"

"It is true!" Carl turned round upon Miss Vyvyan. "Is it not true?" he said. "Did I not tell you today that I was going to marry Pauline?"

Miss Vyvyan heard her voice say, "Yes, you did."

"She would have told me! She would have told me!" said Doctor Artz. While he was saying it he seemed to recover from his momentary indecision, which had even suggested feebleness. "She would never have dared to—"

"Please do not say 'dared' about my fiancée!" exclaimed Carl. "She has no obligations to you."

"Has she not, indeed?" said Doctor Artz fiercely. "So—you do not even know what she is, your fiancée! You know she is here—yes! But you do not know why she is here!"

Carl made a movement as if he were going to strike Doctor Artz, then dropped his arms.

"Explain!" he said. "And if you dare to—"

"I shall dare to say the truth—just that, Herr Fügler. Violence from you will not deter me. You bluster through life. I know that. But I am not afraid of you."

"Explain yourself!"

"Very well. The young lady, whom you say is your fiancée, has come here this evening in order to make a financial arrangement with me. She is allowing me to provide for her life here in Zurich so long as she continues to study with my friend Monsieur Marakoff. We were in the act of settling the little matter when you interrupted us. Surely it is rather strange for a young lady who is engaged to marry one man to permit another man to"—he turned to Miss Vyvyan—"in England I believe you would call it 'run' her. Is it not so?"

He still continued to speak rapidly and to simulate a lightly sarcastic tone, but it was obvious that he was now intensely angry, and Miss Vyvyan had the impression that Carl Fügler's unexpected assertion had diverted his anger to Pauline.

"In any case," he continued, "this is my house, and I now call upon you, Herr Fügler, to leave it at once. And Mademoiselle Vyvyan, as you came here with this young gentleman I must, with all politeness, beg you to go with him, and to represent to him, from the English point of view, the outrage he has committed in forcing himself upon me. Heinrich!"

A voice replied, "Coming, Herr Doktor!"

And almost instantaneously the door, a swing door, was pushed. It swung outwards violently, and Heinrich appeared, perspiring, his eyes fixed on his master, and bearing with both hands a large silver tray covered with things which, in a flash of time, carried Miss Vyvyan as if on a magic carpet to a great green and gold drawing-room in London. Artz was there, as here. She was with him; Pauline—Miss Anna—the eager old Jew, Rothberg, now fallen into the abyss from which she felt tonight that he would never

struggle up again, even though impelled by his hatred of his betrayer.

Again Artz' orders were being carried out, what he had called for was being brought. But this time not for her, not for Miss Anna, not for Rothberg, but only for himself and Pauline: eggs in a bowl, beef extract, a decanter of golden brandy, another decanter containing glycerin, glasses—two only—silver spoons, the paraphernalia for what Artz had called his "brew." Only the blue bottle of—was it iodine?—was missing. But of course Doctor Artz would produce that at the appropriate moment.

"The cocktail!" she whispered.

Heinrich, evidently arrested by his master's eyes, had stopped on his way to the room where Pauline was hidden.

Doctor Artz, who had shown angry embarrassment on the footman's arrival through the swing door—quite evidently he had not expected the tray with him—now seemed to recover himself with an effort.

"Go on!" he exclaimed angrily. "What are you waiting for?"

"I thought perhaps the Herr Doktor—"

"Go on, I tell you!"

Heinrich was about to go when Carl took hold of his arm.

"Brandy—what is all this?" he said. The sight of the tray with its bottles and glasses evidently put the final touch to his hatred and suspicion of Doctor Artz. "What is this? What are you doing to her?" he exclaimed. "Do you think I shall allow you to make any of your abominable experiments on her?" He seized the decanter containing the glycerin and pulled out the stopper. "What is this stuff?"

"Put that down, Herr Fügler! How dare you interfere with my household arrangements? Let my servant go at once!"

"I shall not let him go till I know what you are doing to her!"

"I will not bear this any longer!" said Doctor Artz.

He took hold of Carl by the wrist. Carl made a violent movement to disengage himself. His movement upset the tray. All that was on it fell to the floor, and the decanter Carl was holding dropped from his hand.

"Herr Fügler! Herr Fügler! Carl!" Miss Vyvyan cried out.

SHE thought there was going to be a physical struggle between the two men and was terrified. But at this moment Pauline came quickly into the hall from behind the staircase. Her gray eyes were full of fear. In one hand she held a large, rather bulky yellow envelop.

"Oh, what is it? What is it?" she exclaimed. "Miss Vyvyan!" And she went to Miss Vyvyan like one instinctively seeking protection.

"What is it?" she repeated, looking from Fügler to Doctor Artz, and then to the debris on the carpet.

"What is it?" exclaimed Artz. "It is intrusion! It is insolence! It is absolute barbarity!" He lifted up both fists. "Barbarity! Barbarity! But I will make an end of it! Herr Fügler, leave my house! Go at once or I will telephone for the police."

"Come, Pauline!" said Carl.

"Yes, yes!"

Carl went towards her.

"Miss Iselle is not going!" said Artz. "She is my guest. How dare you force her to leave my house when she has no wish to—"

"I must go, indeed!" said Pauline. "I am going!" She caught hold of Miss Vyvyan's hand. "Take me with you!"

"Of course you are going with us!" said Carl, in a loud voice full of steady assurance. "I have explained things to Doctor Artz. I have told him that you are going to marry me, and that therefore I have the right to take care of you."

Pauline looked up into Carl Fügler's eyes. "Marry you!" she murmured.

"Of course! Is it not true?" He bent his strong head and looked steadily into her eyes. "Have you not given me the right to take care

of you? Are you not going to marry me?" he said, in a suddenly tender voice.

After a moment Pauline nodded twice. As she moved her fair head a long, soft sigh came from her.

"Yes," she said, in the sigh. She looked at Doctor Artz. Something she saw in his face, now convulsed with anger, seemed to make her decisive. "It is true!" she said. "I belong to him."

As they went out Pauline laid down surreptitiously on a table in the hall near the door the big yellow envelop she had in her hand.

JUST after nine o'clock that evening a bell-boy tapped at Miss Vyvyan's bedroom door and announced that a lady had called to see her, at the same time handing her an unnecessary card with Miss Anna de Rothberg's name on it.

"Please tell the lady I am coming immediately," said Miss Vyvyan.

When the boy had gone Miss Vyvyan looked for a moment into a mirror. She knew no eyes more penetrating than Miss Anna's, and she was feeling transparent. As she looked it seemed to her that her face was horribly expressive. She tried to look more simple, calmer, less dreadfully vital, tried to diminish her expressiveness. Then she turned off the light and went down.

Miss Anna was waiting for her in the reading-room of the hotel and when Miss Vyvyan sat down by her, there was an instant of silence.

Miss Anna broke it by saying, "And how has Zurich turned out?"

"Zurich?" Miss Vyvyan's voice had a startled sound. "For me, do you mean?"

"For you—and the lark?"

"Oh, I don't matter. As to Pauline—she has got on quite well with her singing, I think, and she is going to be married."

Miss Anna's face showed astonishment.

"You are surprised?"

"Well, indeed, and why should I be astonished at such a natural happening as a pretty young girl getting engaged to be married? But I am. And that just shows how unusual I had come to think Miss Iselle. And so that is the end of it all!"

"The end?"

"Let us say of the chapter in which you, my brother, Miss Iselle and—Doctor Artz were concerned. Unless— She is not engaged to Doctor Artz?"

"No. She is going to marry the young man—a student of singing—you met me with at Huguenin's."

"A bit of granite with plenty of fire behind it, I should say. And so Doctor Artz who spends his time in trying to defeat old age has been defeated by youth." She paused for a moment. "It is a good victory," she said at last. "And yet something in me rebels against it."

"What is that?"

"Something artistic. We Jews, you know, are incurably artistic. I believe that girl was meant to be a singing bird."

"Why shouldn't she be a singing bird still?"

"The bit of granite! He'll upset her. If she marries him she'll never be a lark, purely and only a lark."

"It can't be helped," said Miss Vyvyan.

"Wedding-bells so soon! I didn't expect it."

Meeting those bright old eyes Miss Vyvyan was moved to say, "What did you expect?"

"Expect? I feared. But now I shall never tell anyone what my fears were. And yet, if I have any perception of character, they were not absurd . . . How does Doctor Artz take it?"

"I would rather not say."

"My dear," said Miss Anna, with unusual gentleness. "I'm sure you have had a difficult time out here."

"Perhaps I have—rather."

"The altruist in difficulties!"

"I am not an altruist."

"I think you are—fundamentally. Do you know I am fond of you! You are a golden creature. Little patches of alloy here and

there perhaps. But still a golden creature! I am leaving tomorrow. I am taking my brother home. Doctor Artz can rest in peace so far as Alphonso is concerned. Alphonso has shot his last bolt. He belongs only to me now.

"I have loved him through all the mania—and pitied him. Sometimes I think there are none who suffer so much as the victims of mania. They never know peace." She got up and Miss Vyvyan followed her example. "Come to see me when you are back in London. Let us be friends."

"Yes—thank you."

"And convey my good wishes to her who perhaps now will never be a true lark."

At the door, as Miss Anna was about to go down to her motor-car, she took both Miss Vyvyan's hands in hers and gave her a kiss on the forehead.

In August of the following year a great musical festival was announced to take place in Zurich. Its president was the celebrated German conductor, Herr Wilhelm Krohl of Berlin and Leipzig. During ten days there were to be concerts of orchestral, choral and chamber-music, pianoforte, violin and song recitals. Best of all, the "young ones" were to have an opportunity of showing what they could do.

All this promised much of interest. But the attention and curiosity of the wide public had been rendered keen by a promise which had nothing to do with "*les jeunes*." An astonishing piece of news had been given out.

Marakoff, the great Russian tenor, after an absence from the operatic stage which had lasted for years, was announced to make his reappearance at the Stadt Theater on the last night of the festival as Rhadamès in Verdi's "*Aida*," with a company mainly drawn from the Paris opera-house.

Marakoff as Rhadamès! Then his marvelous tenor voice, a *tenore robusto* with an electrifying D-flat from the chest in it, had been restored to him. His "breakdown"—so it was called—in the Russian Revolution had not been the final catastrophe his innumerable admirers had feared. The great voice had come back. It must have come back, otherwise he would never dare to essay such a part as Rhadamès, a part containing the difficult air, "*Celeste Aida*," at the beginning of the first act, a cold-blooded necessity of song dreaded by tenors innumerable from the time when the opera was first given in Egypt.

There was talk about this in musical circles all over Europe and America, and the demand for seats was so great that the Stadt Theater, large though it is, could easily have been filled many times, so eagerly curious was the public to hear again the voice which they had supposed finally impaired, if not indeed entirely destroyed.

Applications for seats flowed in from nearly all the countries of Europe, and rich Americans offered large sums for boxes and stalls. The critics, too, were keenly on the alert. Marakoff was emphatically "news." He had always been news, but now he had become news to make a sensation with.

The best box in the theater was given, not sold, to Doctor Artz.

Other boxes and stalls were disposed of to Ilidor Heckner, the famous conductor, to Contessa di San Miniato, to Miss Anna de Rothberg, who had telegraphed from London for a box directly the astonishing announcement of Marakoff's return had appeared in the London Times, and to the chief "backer" of the Metropolitan Opera of New York.

Two stalls in the middle of the parterre were—reluctantly—handed over by the management to a couple of no importance, to Herr Carl Fügler and his wife, Frau Fügler, of Goethe Strasse, Zurich. This by order of Marakoff, who among many other parts knew how to play the part of a dictator.

It is not, perhaps, very often that the name of a famous singer is persistently coupled with the name of a doctor. Artz saw to it that his name now ran over the world coupled with the name of Marakoff.

"All this has been brought about by me," he said. "But for me, my dear Marakoff, your name, great though it is, would soon have died out of the public's treacherous memory. Already, before this *réclame*, many people thought you were dead. This resurrection has been solely my doing. For it I have made a great sacrifice, as you know. Now whatever others may choose to do, I do not make great sacrifices for nothing."

He smiled, and his smile was sinister. Indeed his whole manner had something of the sinister in it.

"The risk I took for you," he continued, letting the smile go and looking harshly grave, "was a great one. But for Rothberg's complete collapse after he reached London I might well have had an ugly law case on my hands. And all because of you! Even now from time to time I receive from him a post-card containing a threat traced in a spidery hand, scarcely readable, which shows senility. Fortunately for me he is well guarded by his old sister. Otherwise I might still have reason for fear. Yes, I have"—he frowned and his ugly but powerful face looked menacing—"I have endured a great deal for you. It is time, full time, that I had my reward for all this, and I mean to have it. Artz must have an equal advertisement with Marakoff from now on."

"I am willing! I am willing!" said Marakoff, in a voice which he kept very low. "Why talk as if I were so mean as to be reluctant? If it is a success I shall tell everyone. The whole world shall know that I owe it to you. If—if it is a success!"

"You and I know that all will go well."

"You are not afraid?"

"Are you?"

"We artists are full of nerves."

"To be full of nerves is not to be nervous."

"Once before the public I am never nervous. But that '*Celeste Aida*'—after all these years!"

"You yourself chose that opera."

"I did. Because it is a great test for a tenor of my caliber. You cannot husband your voice in '*Aida*.' It is all or nothing. One must either stand or fall."

"And you will stand."

"Of course I shall stand."

"If you do not," said Artz, with a sort of menacing severity, "you will ruin my reputation. I have plenty of enemies here, people who fight against me." He fixed his small intent eyes on the big Russian. "Some even of those whom I thought I had a right to consider my friends have fought against me. That I have not forgotten. If, in addition, nerves are allowed to ruin my work at the critical moment, why then—"

HE SPREAD out his large arms in a wide gesture that looked like a gesture of supreme disgust and contempt.

"Nerves never yet overcame my powers," said Marakoff. "If the voice serves me, all will go well."

"And then you will pay, and good-by to that cursed fellow, Artz! I know!"

Marakoff said nothing. Although a magnificent actor on the stage, he seldom troubled to act when he was off it. Artz and he had few illusions about their relationship. They were held together only by a common bond of self-interest. Yet Artz had said those last words with a bitterness that sounded as if its source must lie in the heart of a man.

"I must be at your rehearsal," he added, after a pause, in a changed voice.

"I am not going to rehearse!" said Marakoff abruptly.

"After all these years of retirement you are coming back without a rehearsal!"

"I know the whole opera backwards. I have sung it a hundred times. My voice will be heard for the first time by the public. Krohl, the orchestra, the whole company—they know they can depend on Marakoff. It is not as if it were a new opera and I were an untried singer. Enough!"

Artz said nothing more. But from that moment his latent uneasiness about the result of



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his great experiment increased. He was indeed beset by uneasiness.

Artz was very seldom sincere with his fellow men, and scarcely ever sincere with women until he was sick of them, but he was sometimes sincere with himself. He was sincere with himself now. His present uneasiness, he knew, took its rise in the failure which had embittered his life and severely shaken his confidence in himself. That student, Carl Fügler, cutting ruthlessly through the strands of the web of intrigue Artz had carefully woven, had in a moment made all his subtlety, his cleverness, his cunning seem ridiculous in his own eyes. Youth had given him such a fall as he had never had before.

Since the night when Carl had victoriously carried off Pauline from the house in Kreuzbühl Strasse, Doctor Artz had never been able to recover his former self-confidence. He had had a shock which had shaken him—perhaps permanently. He did not know. But he did know that he needed a triumph of some kind to restore his equanimity. As to happiness—when he thought of the girl whom he had first seen in Carlton House Terrace tucked away in a little new house in Goethe Strasse with that "poisonous baritone," he disbelieved in the possibility of any real happiness being left in the world for him.

In his ugly, almost horrible way, he had been desperately in love with Pauline. The loss of her rankled in his mind. Jealousy pursued him. Although he no longer had any intercourse with Carl Fügler or Carl Fügler's wife, chance had several times brought them in his way. Carl's steady, relentless eyes had gazed into the eyes of the man he had so audaciously beaten in the race for love. Pauline had flushed and seemed hesitating whether to bow or not. But Doctor Artz had walked firmly on without any salutation. He would not salute the triumphant flag of youth. He had been so certain—and Carl Fügler had won through so easily!

Whenever Doctor Artz thought of Pauline at night—and this was often—his imagination saw her surreptitiously laying down on the little table in his hall a yellow envelop. That secret action had been the symbol of his defeat.

But away with these miserable, useless, defeating recollections! Solid fame, and all that it would inevitably bring to him, would console him for that searing disappointment.

He would concentrate on Marakoff, the man whom he hated secretly, but who must bring him the fame which would lift him to an impregnable position in his profession and take away from him all financial anxieties.

He made up his mind to that. But as the time drew near to the opening of the festival he was haunted by nervous fears. The immense publicity connected with his experiment on Marakoff began to alarm him. Sometimes it confronted him like a monster.

MARAKOFF was in a marvelous condition of health, thanks to him, Artz. His impaired nervous system had been restored to its former strength and elasticity. There was no doubt at all of his power to resist the fatigue of performances in opera. Youth, such youth at least as modern science can give, had been ingeniously introduced into his system. The voice had gradually become apparent, had developed and now was strong. Then why be afraid?

But Artz was afraid.

Travelers began to flow into Zurich. The hotels filled up. Even the unpretentious hotels near the station were crowded with music-lovers, with young composers, with critics who could not find room in the larger establishments nearer the lake. One morning Artz saw in his paper a piece of news that startled him. It was this:

The celebrated financier and patron of music, Mr. Alphonse de Rothberg, and his sister, Miss de Rothberg, have arrived at the Hotel Baur-au-Lac, and will attend several of the concerts during the festival

which is about to begin. Mr. de Rothberg has retained a box for the performance of Verdi's "Aida," which will bring back to the operatic stage the great tenor, Marakoff, who has lived for so many years in retirement.

Rothberg in Zurich! Artz put down the paper. He had received a shock and was unpleasantly conscious of it. He remembered the post-cards he had from time to time containing vague threats.

Artz was overcome by uneasiness. It seemed to him a bad omen, this arrival in Zurich of an enemy. He went to see Marakoff.

"How is the voice?"

"You need not be afraid of the voice."

"I am not afraid. You have not changed your mind about the rehearsals?"

"There will be rehearsals, of course, in the theater. Krohl insists upon that, and he is right, though the company knows the opera backwards. I shall go there. I shall rehearse the positions, do all that is necessary. But the voice I shall not use. When the theater is full, attentive, silent, longing to hear me—then I will sing again, at last!"

"You are a strange fellow, Marakoff."

"And you, Artz! Are you not strange?"

The two men stood staring at each other for an instant. During that instant Artz had a vivid feeling of dread.

"Do you know that Miss de Rothberg and her brother are here and are going to your performance?" he asked.

"I knew she had taken a box."

"He is with her. Had you expected him?"

"I had not thought about it." He stretched out his arms and opened his chest. "I am full, full, full—of myself!" he exclaimed.

"Rothberg is old, finished. His ears are dull. Still, he pays me a compliment by coming, and I must not disappoint him. That is my task, that is all I must think of—not to disappoint even one of all the crowd in the Stadt Theater on the last night of the festival."

"Take care not to disappoint me!" said Artz. "I am the one you must sing for. Have you forgotten that?" He spoke in an arrogant voice, and his small eyes were full of uneasy menace.

"You hate me, Artz!"

"No, I do not. But if you do not give your best—"

He did not finish the sentence but turned away and went out of the room. Marakoff noticed that he stooped a little in walking.

"Artz is afraid!" he said to himself.

He went to stand in front of a mirror, stared into it and sang the first bars of "Celeste Aida" in an under voice. For he was in his small flat and dared not sing out. Then he took his hat and hurried off to the studio. Fritz Rauch was there, his confidant, sworn to secrecy, the only one who had really heard the restored voice.

"To the piano, Fritz! To the piano! There is not much time now. That damnable Artz has upset my nerves! I will not see him again until I have proved myself. You alone know how it is."

The pianist looked at him doubtfully, then smiled as the slanting eyes met his in a piercing glance of inquiry, and went to the piano.

Marakoff kept his word to Fritz Rauch. From that day he would not see Doctor Artz. He even wrote a note to Artz explaining why.

You upset me. And I must not be upset in these days. A great ordeal is before me, one that you cannot perhaps understand. You have attended to my body. I must take care of that part of me which is not body. The voice, you may say, is physical. But there is that in the voice which is not physical, the mystery which stirs the world. We shall not meet again till my reappearance is over. Come round then, if you like, to my dressing-room, and if all has gone well I promise to acknowledge what I owe to your skill as a doctor and surgeon before everybody. You will not find me ungenerous, Artz.

On the same day that this communication from Marakoff reached him, Artz received a post-card with a Swiss stamp on it. The address was almost illegible, but Artz knew the handwriting. It was Rothberg's. He turned the card quickly over. A few faint and spidery words disfigured the paper. At first he could not read them, but after a careful, even an anxious consideration of them, he convinced himself that the words were, "I have not done with you, Artz." Below was a scraggle of scratches meant probably for "A. de R."

Artz sat over this card for several minutes with his small eyes fixed upon it. Then with a savage movement he tore it up and threw the fragments into a litter-basket.

He had taken tickets for all the concerts of the festival. But so great was his nervous tension that now he felt afraid to be seen in public. The tickets lay in a drawer, and Doctor Artz remained shut up alone in his house, with the portraits of two fair women for company.

WHEN the final day of the festival came Doctor Artz said to Heinrich. "Lay out my evening clothes in good time tonight. I am going to the opera. Tell Lucien"—Lucien was Artz' chef, a French Swiss—"to give me dinner at seven. I shall be alone. Put a bottle of the champagne on ice."

"Yes, Herr Doktor. A half-bottle?"

"Did I say a half-bottle?" asked Doctor Artz, putting his face suddenly nearer to Heinrich's, and concentrating on him the glance of a pair of savage eyes.

"Pardon, Herr Doktor!" said Heinrich, moving backwards a step.

"Wait!" said Artz.

"Herr Doktor?"

"At a quarter before seven bring a tray to the library with the ingredients for my cocktail."

That evening Doctor Artz went up to his large bedroom soon after six o'clock. It seemed very lonely to him as he looked at the big double bed. But now for the retrieving of defeat! Perhaps on the morrow his name would be running over the world in connection with Marakoff's. For Marakoff's triumph would be his, Doctor Artz', triumph. The world should not be left in any doubt about that.

But if Marakoff failed?

Artz went into his elaborate bathroom. Marble had not been spared there. It looked like the bathroom of a fastidious woman. It had been devised for a fastidious woman. The little fool in Goethe Strasse! What she had missed!

Presently Artz was dressed. He looked at himself in a full-length mirror. The ugly man who had achieved so much, who had married three beautiful women! But all that lay in the past, and to a man like Artz it is the future that matters. His rugged face was surely pale, noticeably pale. Wasn't it? As he stood there he realized that in all his long life he had never before had an "attack" of nerves. But he had an attack of nerves now.

He went downstairs to the library. On a silver tray were all the ingredients for the cocktail, except the contents of the purple bottle. That he had with him. He began to prepare the cocktail. As he did so he remembered his resolve in Carlton House Terrace. He had not doubted that he would be able to achieve what he had resolved on there. His confidence in himself had been supreme then. It was no longer supreme. A mere boy had shaken its foundations.

Heinrich came in sullenly to tell him that dinner was ready.

"The champagne is on the ice?"

"Yes, Herr Doktor."

Doctor Artz went into his big dining-room and sat down alone. Heinrich brought in the champagne.

When Doctor Artz had finished his dinner the bottle was empty.

At ten minutes to eight o'clock the motor stood at the door between the two unlighted

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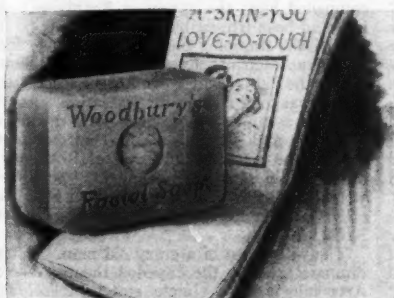
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lamps and Doctor Artz came out into the portico and got into it. The opera was not due to begin till a quarter past eight, but Doctor Artz was too restless to remain any longer shut up in his big house.

"Drive along the lake front," he said to his chauffeur.

Artz leaned back and shut his eyes. He had a strong head for liquor, but the cocktail and the bottle of champagne had altered his mood. His bitter nervous anxiety, amounting almost to fear, was replaced by a sort of heat of optimistic expectation.

Satisfied ambition, world fame as a doctor, money pouring in—that was how it was going to be. His enemies in Zurich confounded. His envious colleagues silenced forever. His fellow citizens gratified to know that Zurich possessed a really great man. Women at his feet, multitudes of women! And the little fool living a pauper's life in Goethe Strasse with her student husband made conscious of what she had missed! All women loved glory and longed to share it. She would suffer.

And then the motor stopped. Artz opened his eyes. He saw a crowd of onlookers, curious people gathered together to see the celebrities arrive at the Stadt Theater.

Now for it!

He had invited no one to share his box. On such an occasion he could not tolerate company, the necessity to talk, to be agreeable.

In the entrance-hall of the theater he found another crowd of people. There was a loud hum, almost indeed a roar of conversation. Many noticed him. The word went round that Marakoff's doctor had arrived. But Doctor Artz did not linger. He presented his ticket and went at once to his box.

The house was already three-quarters full. He had brought strong opera-glasses with him. He sat down and took them out of their case and looked through them at the parterre.

Almost immediately he saw, enclosed as it were in the circle they made as in a prison, two heads, a man's head and a girl's, the heads of Carl Fügler and of his wife, Pauline Fügler. Those two were talking eagerly and turning to each other. How horribly young and happy they looked!

After a long moment of intense observation Doctor Artz laid down his glasses. He sat quite still for a moment. In that moment he heard the tuning of instruments in the orchestra, that muddle of sounds so dear to a music-lover's heart. Then he turned his head towards the left. He saw coming into a box near, but not quite close to him, an old lady with handsome, refined Jewish features, snow-white, beautifully arranged hair and brilliant, critical dark eyes. She was dressed in black, and was giving an arm to a feebly moving, meager, bending old man, who walked very slowly and carefully with the aid of a stick.

Miss Anna helped her brother to come to the front of the box and to sit down in the right-hand corner of it. She seemed almost to lower him into the chair. Then she sat down by him. Her keen old eyes surveyed the house. She turned her white head in the direction of Doctor Artz. He looked away.

When he did that he saw, also near him, Contessa di San Miniato dressed in white with carefully shingled hair, brightly painted cheeks and lips. She was accompanied by a very good-looking and robust blond young man, almost a boy, but obviously a very strong and athletic boy, who sat close to her and leaned over towards her. She saw Doctor Artz and nodded satirically. The smile which accompanied the nod seemed to say:

"I am cleverer than you, you poor scientific man! I have a lover. But you are alone!"

A bell sounded. The house now looked absolutely full, but more people were coming in. Amid applause the tall figure of Herr Krohl appeared in the orchestra.

The lights went down. Artz felt a painful thrill of the nerves. At that moment he thought of the many people, both men and women, whom he had seen brought into the operating-room. And he imagined he was

feeling very much as they had felt then. He tried to brace himself, as they surely had tried to brace themselves, for the ordeal. It must be gone through. No possibility of escaping it.

And he had himself arranged for it. He thought of that just then as an irony. That old man over there, a mere skeleton now, sunk low and drooping in his chair, had been sacrificed by him, Artz, in order that this event might take place. And now he was dreading it, was almost sick with dread of it. In the dimness the orchestra was sounding, that dear family of the many voices which had always meant so much to him. The curtain went up, revealing that other world in which for some hours the great audience would try to live.

There was a whirlwind of applause.

Doctor Artz sat back staring, listening, not sharing in the applause. He was frozen in expectation. And at that moment he was terribly conscious of the nearness of Rothberg, of Rothberg in collapse, but with his bitter sense of wrong, his senile hatred, his longing for revenge, his still-attacking spirit.

While the deafening applause continued and Marakoff, looking on the stage tremendously tall, stood waiting for it to cease, though apparently not hearing it, Artz glanced towards the Rothbergs' box. He saw dimly a crouching meager form huddled against the curved partition. The suggestion of physical decrepitude,

How sweet is revenge?

Sweeter than a career . . . than a girl's love? An ex-Marine had to decide that question.

CAPT. JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.,

tells the story vividly in—

"Greater than Hate"

February COSMOPOLITAN

even in the darkness, was potent. Yet Artz felt Rothberg's mind as intensely alive, full of meaning, ardent in desire for revenge.

And he was afraid. For at that moment he believed, almost with superstition, in the power of thought to influence.

At last the applause died away and was succeeded by an expectation felt by Artz as fierce. For a crowd is very cruel, more cruel than its units, unconsciously cruel because it demands much more than the individual.

From the orchestra came the familiar accompaniment. Marakoff opened his lips: Artz sat up, stuck out his oddly shaped chest in the dark, tightened his whole body, listened. How he listened!

The voice came out above the orchestra, and it was powerful. No doubt about that. It was a big voice. It carried. Artz said to himself, "Splendid! Marvelous! What I have done!" The high note at the end of each of the three opening phrases rang out. There was no faltering.

"Great!" said Artz to himself. "Great!"

And then a voice inside of him over which he had no control at all asked, "Is it great?"

Marakoff went on singing. The dramatic talent in him was not impaired by time. He looked imposing, masterful. His personality dominated. Here was undoubtedly a man with a tremendous personality.

And he was singing with a powerful voice, a powerful tenor voice.

But it began to seem to Artz that the hatred and intense desire for failure of the huddled old man in the box was interfering with things, was preventing what might be, what surely would be, if that hatred and desire could be abolished. It began to seem to Artz that a conflict was going on between Rothberg and himself, a final conflict, and that he was not

getting the best of it. There was something wrong with the powerful voice. Its strength was surely at moments out of complete control. And wasn't there something strange about the timbre?

Doctor Artz was genuinely musical. His love for and understanding of music were perhaps the most sincere things in him. In matters musical he was not easily deceived. Nor could he easily deceive himself.

When "Celeste Alda" came to an end with a strong high note which, it seemed, conquered the house—for there was a great outburst of applause—Artz sat very still in his box with his big head sunk between his powerful shoulders.

His mind was full of questions. And it seemed to him that something in him tried to prevent them and that something in him refused to answer them. But there was surely something in him, too, deep down, which knew, which simply could not help knowing, what the answers were.

Artz contained, too, one of those grim contests of which man is so often the home, worse than a family contest because of its mysterious loneliness, for only the man himself, the multifarious man takes part in it.

The first act came to an end. There was great applause. Marakoff was called many times, but he did not respond alone. He appeared only with other singers.

At last the applause ceased. The curtain remained down. A turbulence of talk broke loose in the big theater. Many people got up from their seats and went out to discuss the performance in the foyers. Artz stayed alone in his box.

He sat for some minutes quite still, looking straight before him. Then he took his opera-glasses and glanced through them at the parterre. He saw Carl Fügler and Pauline. Carl was speaking. He was speaking with apparent vehemence. The expression on his face—it was surely angry. Beside him, in contrast to him, his very fair girlish wife looked strikingly pale.

While Artz was observing them through his opera-glasses Carl got up abruptly and took his wife by the arm. He was still speaking and always with apparent excitement. Then she got up. She had a very light wrap of some kind with her. She took it, put it over her arm. They went out.

They were probably going to walk up and down outside the theater till the summoning bell sounded.

Artz laid down his glasses. He wanted to look towards the box in which Miss Anna and Rothberg were sitting. But he tried to repress the inclination, refused to give way to it, stared about the theater, seeing very little, noticing scarcely anything.

People began to come back to their places. Orchestral players dribbled in one by one. The second act would begin in a moment, and still Artz hadn't looked towards the box in which the Rothbergs were sitting. Why should he look towards it? There was no reason. He was certainly not going to look.

And then he looked—because he was compelled to look. Something compelled him.

Rothberg had turned round in his box and his eyes were fixed upon Artz. As Artz moved his head he met their gaze and knew at once why he had been compelled. Rothberg had compelled him; the action of Rothberg upon him had been irresistible. So there was power still in the drooping old man! The two men looked at each other for only a brief instant before the lights went down for the second act. But it was long enough for revelation. As the flame of a candle sometimes spurts up before it flickers and goes out, so it seemed to Artz that in the incredibly old eyes of Rothberg a dying flame rose and gleamed. "Senility—yes, that is near, close! Death itself is not far off! But you see—I had not done with you, Artz!"

The wild boast of a crazy old man. But as dimness came to the crowded theater Doctor Artz felt it as a simple statement of fact.

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At sixteen Jane Kendall excelled in riding and every sport. "Beauty and the Beast" this portrait with her Great Dane was called.



At seventeen she studied painting in Paris (for she is gifted as she is beautiful)—and prepared for her "coming out" festivities.



At eighteen came her Washington debut in this Lanvin frock. They called her "the prettiest girl that ever entered the White House."



At nineteen her marriage to a distinguished young New Yorker was the outstanding event of the smart Washington season.

"The Prettiest Girl that ever entered the White House" MRS. GEORGE GRANT MASON, JR.

JANE KENDALL MASON has not long left her teens, but her extraordinary beauty has already made her famous. "The prettiest girl that ever entered the White House" they called her when she made her dazzling debut in Washington. Soon followed her brilliant marriage to a New Yorker of distinguished family.

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"I dote on them! The Cold Cream is so light and pleasant—leaves the skin really clean and soft. The Vanishing Cream gives such a velvety surface for powder."

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"The Cleansing Tissues are a lux-



MRS. GEORGE GRANT MASON, JR., was Miss Jane Kendall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Kendall of Washington, D. C. Since her brilliant debut her Botticelli beauty has been famous. Her flawless skin is delicate as a wood anemone.

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Pond's Two Creams, Skin Freshener and Cleansing Tissues compose Pond's famous Method, the sure way thousands of young moderns use to keep their skin always lovely.



Rothberg's hatred was surely operative, successfully operative. Rothberg had won in the end.

"Aida" is a long opera. Between twelve and one o'clock that night when in their little house in Goethe Strasse, with the bright yellow bricks and the blue-purple shutters—Carl Fügler's taste—Carl and Pauline were still sitting up in a nimbus of smoke from Carl's sixth pipe, were still talking excitedly, there came a knock on the blue-purple front door. It was a heavy knock, and seemed to them both a large knock, bulky, weighty and somehow alarming, not because it was nocturnal but because of something in the knock itself, in its very nature.

Carl was saying, "I know! I know! But there's something dreadful about it. I do not know how to describe it, but everyone must feel it. It is powerful, of course. I should call it strident. To me it sounded almost like the voice of a monster singing. Wait!" He held up a big hand. "I know, Pauline! It is as if one were hearing a Robot singing! It suggested to me the voice of a Robot!"

Carl was saying that, had got so far, when the knock came. He looked at Pauline.

"Who can that be?" he said, in quite a different, a lowered, almost whispering voice. He pulled out his watch. "It is close upon one o'clock. Who—"

The knock sounded again. Pauline had got up. She looked frightened. "Can it—surely it can't be—could it be Doctor Artz?" she whispered.

"Artz! He would not dare to come here. He does not even bow to you." He stood for an instant. "I will go and see," he then said. And he went out of the little room.

He left the door open. Pauline followed him to the head of the narrow staircase and stood there anxiously listening.

She heard Carl's firm step in the passage, the noise of the door being unbolted, opened, and then a loud exclamation, astonished, dismayed. "Maestro!"

She caught hold of the stair rail. "Yes, Carl! Yes, it is I. And I find you up. That is good!" came up to her in Marakoff's voice. "And our lark, our Pauline, is she too up?"

"Yes, maestro! Put your hat here." "I could not get away sooner. People in my dressing-room. I took a taxicab."

There was an instant of silence, broken by Carl's voice, uneven, faltering almost. "Do go up, maestro. Pauline is there."

"Good!"

Pauline saw the big form of her master slowly mounting the little staircase.

"Ah, my child!"

"Maestro!"

"But why are you flushing? What is the matter?" He was holding her hand in his big hand. "I have startled you?"

"We did not expect you," said Carl, hurriedly, from behind.

"No? But I had expected you!"

"Sit down, maestro! Take this chair. You must be tired," urged Carl.

"No!"

"Anyhow sit down. And have some beer!"

But Marakoff remained standing, and stared down at Pauline. "You have been back here long?"

"Oh—for some time," said Pauline. "Dear maestro, do sit down—here!"

"How long?"

"I don't know exactly."

"Why do you look at Carl?"

"But I—"

"Did you walk up, Carl?"

"Yes—we did. We wanted air, too."

"And I drove. Then I suppose you were not here so very long before me? Carl!"

"Yes?"

"Were you?"

"We walked fast, I dare say. Anyhow, we have been here for some time. But why should you want to know, maestro? What does it matter?"

"I do want to know. It does matter to me. If not, I should not ask. Tell me!"

Carl stood for a moment looking down. There was an expression of sheer agony in his brown face. At last he looked up and said: "We have been here for a long time."

"But how can that be? The opera—"

Carl thrust his hands into his pockets.

"Maestro, we did not stay till the end."

"You did not—?" He turned to Pauline swiftly. "Ah, you felt ill! Your condition—I was afraid perhaps—that was it?"

Pauline shook her fair head, blushing deeply. There were tears in her eyes.

"No! Then—when did you leave the theater, Carl?"

"After the first act," Carl muttered.

"After the first act? After the first act!"

Marakoff stood for a moment like one deprived of the power of movement, yet able strangely to keep on his feet, like a standing paralytic. Then, putting his hands behind him with a groping gesture of search, he found a chair with arms, lowered himself heavily into it, and sat there staring at them.

"So—that is how it is! I did not know for

certain, but now I know. I suspected—yes, I was afraid. But they all—but what else could they do? But they do not love me! No! Only you two—you love me, and so you had to come away. You two came away, because you love me. Dear children! What terrible true ways love has! O God, my dear God!"

A loud sob burst from him. He stretched out his hands, gave a hand to each, held on to them.

"I cannot help it! But no one else must know! Only you two—because you love me! It does not matter that you see! You may see. You are sincere. You love me. And so—and so you two—only you two!"

In the early morning, not long before dawn, when Marakoff at last had gone, striding down Goethe Strasse with his big head held proudly up and the stars waning above it, Carl put his arm round Pauline's shoulders to draw her into their bedroom.

"I feel dead tired," he said. "What must you feel, *carina*?"

"My eyes are tired—with crying."

"If it has done you harm! You must be careful, very, very careful, my little *carina*! But how could we help it tonight?"

"We couldn't help it."

"Sometimes I feel a brute. To have stopped all your chance of singing! Only for a time, but still—"

"Is it only for a time, Carlo?"

"Why not? You do not mean—"

"No, no! I am not afraid. But perhaps when it has happened I shall not be as I was."

"You mean so ambitious, so determined to get on?"

"Yes. I don't feel the same now."

"I have altered you," Carl said, tenderly but triumphantly, too. "You were a lark, but now you are more than a lark."

"Perhaps I shall never sing as I meant to sing. It may change me."

She looked up at him. Her voice had held a note of sadness. Nevertheless as she looked her gray eyes were not sad.

"But even if it does—" she said.

When they went at last to their bedroom, in the big house at the corner of Kreuzbühl Strasse Doctor Artz was lying stretched out on the carpet of his library, face downwards. The door was shut. His servants were in bed asleep. He had the room to himself.

The early dawn began to steal in. Still he lay there like one dead.

But Doctor Artz was not dead; he was only dead drunk.

THE END

Son of the Gods by Rex Beach (Continued from page 69)

affair with his protégé and what the outcome would be Bathurst had not the faintest idea.

As for the young man himself, he neither concealed nor advertised the fact that he was of Oriental parentage, this being in keeping with his dignified reserve. Having been entirely frank with his benefactor, he assumed that the latter was equally frank with their mutual acquaintances, and inasmuch as the question was seldom referred to in his presence, he attributed his improved status to that wider tolerance, that easier grace he had expected to find among cultured Europeans.

In this assumption he was not altogether warranted. Bathurst did tell some of his friends, to be sure, but others he did not tell. Any comment the truth may have excited never reached Sam's ears, and he found himself happier than he had ever been.

He won for himself a considerable popularity which was gratifying, but not really surprising, for his manners were perfect, he was an asset to any dinner-table and people took to him readily. As a matter of fact, several young married women seemed quite willing to make something more than a good friend out of Sam, but he conducted himself with admirable restraint and was all the better liked for it.

As for the Wagner girl, Cyril Bathurst had never cared for her: she was too sophisticated and too sure of herself. She was too modern and too highly Americanized to meet the approval of a conservative Britisher like him.

The principal guests at the most expensive hotel in Paradis were Albert Wagner and his daughter. Wherever the Wagners went, they were the principal guests, or at least they spent more money than anybody else, for the father traveled in style. He was not offensively ostentatious but he enjoyed luxury, he was inordinately proud of his daughter, and it gratified him to show her off to the best possible advantage.

It pleased him to show off all of his possessions, as a matter of fact, and with some reason, too, for they were of the finest. Alanna, for instance, was a beauty. Mr. Wagner's business was enormously prosperous and its organization was a model of efficiency; he indulged himself in numerous hobbies and his California estate was famous for its size and its appointments. The house itself he had filled with treasures, in his garage were nothing but high-priced cars and in his stables were only the finest of blooded stock. Al Wagner,

in short, was prodigiously successful and he lived up to his success.

There were times when Alanna overpowered him a bit, much as did his magnificent residence, for he understood her as imperfectly as he appreciated his paintings and his statuary, and he managed her no more skillfully than he managed his thoroughbreds when he undertook to ride or to drive them. At the conclusion of the famous Wagner divorce the court had given him custody of the girl, but it had failed utterly to put him in control of her and he was too indulgent, too fond of her to assert himself beyond a certain point.

Having proven that a business can be made to grow and to succeed by the employment of high-priced executives, he had applied the same common-sense principle, as he called it, to the rearing of his daughter—a not unusual practise among modern parents who can afford the expense. In justice to both it may be said that the procedure had worked out pretty well. On the whole, both father and daughter were perfectly satisfied with themselves and almost as well satisfied with each other.

Alanna was well educated, well poised, well groomed and well spoiled. She was twenty years old and she had been engaged four times

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says PROF. DOCTOR PAUL REYHER
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"THE MEDICINAL USES of yeast are many-sided. There is a high percentage of Vitamin B in yeast . . . Vitamin B bears a very close relation to the proper functioning of the nervous system. It also improves the appetite, regulates metabolism, promotes growth and raises the body's power of resistance to every kind of infection . . . One can see, therefore, that yeast contains a remarkable healing factor."

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ANOTHER of the great medical leaders of Europe to add his voice to the movement of health preparedness is Prof. Dr. Paul Reyher, of the University of Berlin.

Dr. Reyher has made an exhaustive study of yeast. His findings extend new hope to all who suffer from indigestion, headaches, nervousness, depression, too frequent colds and sore throat—sure signs of constipation and lowered vitality.



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PROF. DR. PAUL REYHER

Lecturer, University of Berlin, on Vitamins, X-Ray and Pediatrics; Director, Children's Hospital, Berlin, which he built and equipped. The Germans refer to this hospital as "the jewel box" because of its perfect appointments and beauty of structure.



UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN, where Dr. Reyher is a noted lecturer.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
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—first to a broad-shouldered, shell-shocked chauffeur, and lately to an East Indian prince whom she had met in London. Her two intervening heart affairs had not received so much advertising as the others, both fiancés having been nice, ordinary fellows. She still numbered them among her intimate friends.

She had just turned seventeen when that chauffeur came to work for her father and she had defied Al Wagner with much spirit. The story had been played up in the local newspapers but she laughed now at memory of it.

Her engagement to the prince she had never taken very seriously—he was altogether too dark-skinned—but it had been an interesting escapade, it had provoked much amusing social chatter and resulted in innumerable roto-gravure pictures. In terminating it of her own accord and without unpleasant consequences, she had fortified her father in the comfortable conviction that she had inherited his common sense and could pretty well take care of herself in any situation. This, by the way, was one of the few beliefs they shared in common.

This afternoon, Mr. Wagner looked up from his newspaper as Alanna came through the drawing-room of their suite on her way to their private "lift." She was wearing an effective sports outfit which he had never seen and he stopped her to admire it.

"I like that get-up," he told her. "You look like a million dollars. Where are you going?"

"Over to the Casino."

"Meeting that Lee fellow again?"

The daughter nodded.

"It seems to me he's giving you quite a rush," Wagner ventured.

Alanna shook her head in negation. "I'm rushing him," she declared.

"So? That's out of the ordinary. What ails him?"

"I wish I knew. I'm beginning to think there's something wrong with me. I seem to look all right but—he's an iron man."

"Say! Who is he?"

The girl turned a blank, interrogatory gaze upon her father. "Who—is he?"

"Yes. What do you know about him?"

"Oh! Nothing . . . All I know is he affects me. I've been waiting to meet him ever since I was three years old."

"Really? Is this the dawn of another of your famous infatuations?"

"Why, yes; I presume it is. He's a ripping tennis player, and a pretty good golfer. He swims well and he dances—Oh, how—that man—can—dance!" The speaker lifted her eyes heavenward and shivered ecstatically. "Magnetism! Charm! It! He has—everything."

"Hm—m! Foreigner, isn't he?"

"Born in San Francisco; lives in New York."

"Lee! . . . I don't place the name. And I can't make him out, either; he talks like an Englishman or something. But—who is he and what is he? . . . Has he got any money?"

ALANNA raised her brows in mock concern. "I—I never thought to ask him, darling, but I will. I'll do that right away, and let you know." Then her expression changed and she inquired, "If he interests me what difference would that make?"

"Oh, I know—"

"You saw him win two hundred thousand francs that night I met him."

"Yes, and I've seen him win half a dozen times since. He behaves himself like a professional gambler."

"He's living with Cyril Bathurst. They're writing a play together."

"That doesn't sound prosperous. And meanwhile he's making a play at you, eh?"

"No, darn it!" Alanna exploded.

"Now, see here—" her father began protestingly, but she interrupted him.

"Say, why all the sudden interest in me and my boy friend?"

"Because I won't have my daughter running around with every Tom, Dick and Harry. If he's a somebody, and if he likes you, that's one thing; if he's merely after your money—"

"I dare say those show girls in London liked you. Those Tommies, and Dicky Birds and Harriets weren't after your money, were they? Don't button your collar in the back, darling."

"I'm not preaching."

"Then don't shake any chains. I hate wardens."

"Good Lord!" Wagner complained. "To think I got the custody of you and Junior went with Anna. I could have handled him."

After a moment of thought Alanna said without the slightest heat, "Let's understand each other, Albert dear. Surely you don't think a girl should consult her father about her intimate personal affairs? That's an exploded doctrine. I'm free, white and sunburned. I'm not in the least fussy about what you do, for you're still young enough to look after yourself. I hope it will be a long while, sweetheart, before you become a burden on me. As for Sam, I get a great kick out of him. So that's that."

"How, may I ask? Is he—fresh?"

Alanna widened her eyes. "What a quaint idea. It'll become a man of your importance to use antiquated slang. No—he's anything but 'fresh,' if you refer to petting and flasking and cab-conduct. He wears boxing-gloves and I doubt if he knows what a neck is for. That's what ails me, dear. Frustration. Suppression. Hushed hunger."

The father's face reddened, angrily he cried: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. The flippant way you girls talk about sex is disgraceful. It's getting so a man can't find genuine modesty and refinement in his own home."

"And therefore he steps out! That accounts for Mother's whacking alimony. Pardon the rattle of the old family skeleton . . . A little sex consciousness doesn't hurt a girl if she knows how to say 'when.' But you're too old to understand such things. Honestly, it's embarrassing for a daughter to initiate her father into the secrets of life. I don't see how some girls do it."

"Do all you kids look on older people as—as dodos?" Wagner demanded.

"Why, no. You're merely crude and unsophisticated. You're still in low gear and—well, we try to be patient. If there's anything you feel you must know, Albert, just ask me, but please don't bother your head about matters no father should be told."

"Um-m! I hope you won't consider me low-minded and vulgar—I assure you it's more than mere senile curiosity that prompts me to inquire if you permit this new sheik to paw you and kiss you and all that?"

"Sarcasm, eh? You are a trial, precious. No, he hasn't kissed me, yet. But he will. After that, I'll be able to tell you a lot more about him and about myself. I'll see myself in a fierce, revealing light and probably I'll begin to wonder who he is and what he is and whether he has money or merely personal appeal. There's plenty of time to be practical. I'm twenty—that's forty by the old Roman calendar—and what good are expensive negligees if nobody sees them except a maid?"

"Darned if I don't believe you're in earnest about this fellow!" Wagner exclaimed. "I'm going to look him up."

"Please don't! You might discover something that would make you unhappy. It's really my affair."

"He may be some common crook or—"

"He may be, indeed."

"—or a miserable fortune-hunter."

"How dreadful!" Alanna mocked. "But what of it? A girl can spend only so much money on herself. Now, please mind your own business, sweetheart. I mean that in the kindest way, honestly. You know I can endure anything except interference." She kissed her father on his bald head and left the room.

Ever since Sam Lee's childhood he had received, on the eve of the New Year, money for gambling. Having gambled all his life, he looked upon it more as an occupation than an

amusement. He had been reared in the Chinese belief that luck is a state of being, a posture, to be attained by proper preparation and under favorable conditions, and that belief still remained in him. To the Chinese mind the turn of a card, the cast of a die, the juxtaposition of numbers is more than a matter of blind chance; they are governed by laws, directed by intelligent forces, and it is the task of the player to put himself into harmony with those laws by a proper attunement of himself with those controlling forces.

In spite of his Western training Sam had not entirely shaken off that idea. He still remained something of a fatalist, too, therefore he played imperturbably and without trace of cupidity. He did not share in the excitement common to Europeans and Americans, and quite naturally he did not experience their pleasurable feeling of guilt in the doing of something forbidden by law, by custom and by common sense.

HE WAS winning again tonight and the table at which he played was crowded. As usual, other players had followed him and were betting as he did. Alanna Wagner sat on one of the high stools close at his side, so close in fact that her body touched his. Her bare elbows rested upon the table, her chin was in her cupped hands, her eyes followed Sam's movements. She was oblivious to her surroundings and unaware of anybody but him. She had lost, as usual, and now she surrendered herself to the fascination of observing him.

It was not often that this girl entertained herself by looking on at the doings of others, for she was not a passive person and rarely found contentment in inaction. Her brooding silence, now, her sudden flashing smile, the light in her dark eyes when they met his, evidenced an interest and an intimacy which other people noticed and remarked upon.

Beauty is a jewel too rare to be placed in the keeping of careless hands and nature sees to it that no good-looking woman is unconscious of her charms. Vanity is offensive only in the plain.

Alanna Wagner was more than good-looking even in repose, when animated she was a dancing flame, and she was comfortably aware of it. She lost no opportunity to take all possible advantage of her feminine attractions. Her hair was reddish-brown and of fine texture but of rebellious quality, and she wore it cropped like a boy's; her face was wilful and impetuous and in it were set a pair of insolent eyes, hazel in the sunlight, almost black at night; her brows were rather heavily penciled for a girl, which lent her face a certain forcefulness.

People of leisure and of means nowadays are usually distinguished by their healthy appetites and their physical fitness, and Alanna's body was that of an athlete. She possessed a free, unstudied grace of movement which bewildered those people who knew Al Wagner. They were at a loss to account for such an amazing combination and contradiction of the patrician and the commoner.

Heretofore she had represented everything that was haughty, elusive and intractable, but she had finally surrendered and patrons of the Paradis Casino stared curiously at the imperturbable young man beside her, giving him credit for unusual qualities of mind or meretric powers of an uncommon degree. This fellow Lee had made a really notable conquest—even the Paris papers, in their society columns, were commenting upon his affair with the California heiress—and yet he was thoroughly nonchalant; he appeared as indifferent to it as—well, as to his winnings at the gambling-tables. The luck of some people!

"Come along, darling. I'm tired," Alanna said suddenly.

Sam nodded. "I was only playing to amuse you," he told her.

As they left their places she inquired "How much winner are you?"

"Oh, quite a lot, I believe!"

"Don't you know?"

Sam shrugged. "What's the difference? I

already have more money than I need." "Isn't there any kick in beating the game? Haven't you any enthusiasms whatever?"

He inclined his head and smiled. "I have many. Winning and losing a few dollars isn't one of them, however."

"I gloat like a miser when I pick up a bet and I'm furious when I lose. I can't bear to lose at anything."

"If I felt that way I wouldn't gamble. There are things I enjoy infinitely more than playing. I love beautiful things—silks, ivories, jewels, marbles, paintings. I—"

"Why don't you like me? I'm beautiful." Alanna asked this question abruptly and she fixed her dark eyes upon her companion's face with disconcerting intensity. She did not heed what he said, but she noted a certain change in his voice and a slow alteration in his color which contented her. She embarrassed Sam further by inquiring: "Do you realize how frightfully good-looking you are?"

He shook his head and evaded her question as gracefully as he could.

They had passed out of the Grand Salon and were in the Peacock Alley of Paradis. Ahead of them was the ornate café, a famous rendezvous for amusement seekers; from it issued the music of the Casino orchestra, one of the finest in Europe. Many couples were dancing; it was a brilliant scene. People bowed and smiled at Miss Wagner as they passed but she barely noticed them, for she was absorbed in the young man at her side.

Together they entered the café; with an ostentatious flourish they were shown to a table adjoining the dance floor and a restrained riot occurred over the privilege of seating them. Sam placed his order, smiling queerly the while. This was all an Arabian Nights illusion and he had never become accustomed to it; he recalled certain words he had written to his honorable father, "How true it is that destiny is unavoidable" . . . "Portents at birth and the juxtaposition of celestial bodies" . . . "The dignity and respect which attends those engaged in the distinguished arts" . . . "The gratifying honors due one of royal lineage" . . .

Was he Sam Lee of Mott Street, or was he indeed a Son of the Gods? Certainly marks of celestial favor were being showered upon him. It was strange, it was bewildering, it was incredible. He wondered if he could be dreaming.

Alanna drew a deep breath. "I'd give something for your luck," she said.

Sam spoke almost harshly. "Why? Is it good luck to win the things you can't keep, and never to attain what you really want?"

"Meaning what? What do you want that you can't attain? Who is she?"

He shrugged; then, after a moment, he inquired: "Would you care to know why I'm so lucky in yonder?"

"Of course I'd care to know."

He thrust a finger inside his collar and brought forth a cord to which was attached a small cloth bag.

"What is it? A scapular?"

"Exactly!"

"I didn't know you're a Catholic. I'm not."

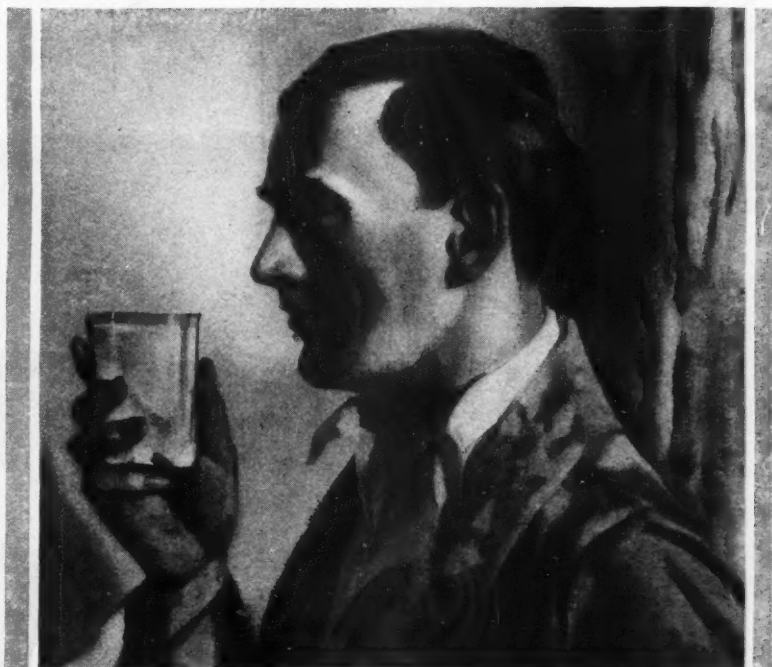
"What is your religion?"

"Religion? If you had eyes you'd see I'm a son-worshiper. But I put my principal faith in diet and exercise. If we're going to wax religious you'd better cancel your wine order, Sam. Convert me, please; I'm a pagan. I'll take your word on anything . . . By the way, have you got any money? Not that I care, but Father was asking me. It's the first question a modern parent puts when his daughter shows interest in a fellow. Dad says I'm looking hatchy and beginning to cluck like a hen."

"I have nothing I can call my own," Sam declared.

"Well, so much for that. I've got plenty. Dad has more money than Carter has pills." Dimples popped suddenly into Alanna's olive cheeks. "Now then, why is it you hate me? I'm reasonably good-looking—"

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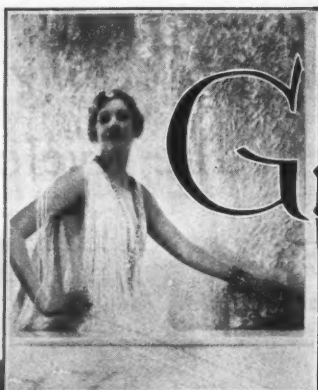


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"Unreasonably! Terribly! Devastatingly!" Sam agreed.

"I'm smart."

"The treasures of your intellect fill me with a feeling of abject poverty." These words were spoken lightly but breathlessly nevertheless.

"I'm full of that indefinable, magnetic something—"

"You are, indeed. And I adore you."

"Then, for heaven's sake, seize me and—dance me." Sam and Alanna rose; she swayed forward into his arms and they moved away. This was intoxication.

Their table was ready when they returned to it. For a while they sat in silence, then Sam began, "Did you notice those people who spoke to me? The woman looks Spanish."

"The one with the lig comb? Who are they?"

"Friends of Mr. Bathurst's. The man is an oil operator from Oklahoma, she's his wife, and Bathurst told me how they met. I'd like to tell you."

"Why?"

"I— It's an interesting story, to me at least. He met her in Monte Carlo: she was with a young Peruvian and he was struck by her beauty. She is lovely, isn't she?"

"I don't care for any woman you speak of in that tone."

"He was wondering how he could manage to meet her when she surprised him by bowing and smiling."

"The Spanish hussy?"

"She isn't Spanish at all. She's an Osage girl."

"A—what?"

"An Osage Indian girl, from his own state. She had known him as a child. The Osages are rich; she had been educated at an eastern college. The upshot of it was—a real love-match. I considered it quite extraordinary."

"In what way?" Alanna queried.

"Because—many people have such strong racial prejudice."

"Bosh!"

"Have you none? Would you marry an—Indian, a man of another race?"

"I was engaged to one—to an East Indian. It was just fun, of course, but he was a dandy fellow and he wasn't very dark. I couldn't stand a dark one. You have the strangest ideas, Sam. I couldn't help marrying a man I cared for. There aren't any tabus among people of our class. I'd marry him or—nobody else would. Weren't you ever in love?"

"Never, until I danced with you."

ALANNA leaned forward, her bare elbows upon the table, her chin in her hands, as usual; her eyes searched his and a dizziness came over him. He had never dreamed that any girl could be so alluring as this one or that he would ever read in any pair of eyes the message that he read in Alanna Wagner's.

"What are you thinking?" she asked him finally.

In a shaking voice he answered: "Only that among the sublime virtues is an intelligent submission to the inevitable."

They danced again when the music resumed and each felt some change in the other. A new vitality, some electric quality had entered into Sam and Alanna thrilled to it; her body relaxed, came closer to his, her breath beat hotly upon his cheek.

As if by mutual consent they ceased dancing at the end of the café nearest the open air and passed out upon the portico that overlooked the sea. The night was still; it was warm and fragrant with the perfume of roses rising from the sunken gardens and thither Sam and Alanna moved. Together they descended the wide marble steps.

These gardens are a feature, and the very loveliest, of the famous Paradis Casino, for there French skill in horticulture has reached perfection. Beyond them is the handsome Avenue of the Cyresses. This avenue of stately trees was doubtless laid out as a lover's lane in the beginning, for it affords an enchanting view of the harbor, and time has

made it ever more beautiful and more popular among those sentimentally inclined.

However, with the growing reputation of Paradis as a fast resort it has gained a somewhat sinister reputation, for it is discreetly lighted and more than one reputation has suffered by reason of its shadows, its secluded resting-places and its romantic glamor. Discreet married women avoid the Avenue of the Cyresses, and only members of the younger set walk there after dark. Suicides have happened there, too. Alanna knew the place well.

Here she and Sam found themselves without knowing which one had led the way. But when they had passed out of the light and into the gloom, they paused and faced each other as if at some unspoken signal. Each saw the other dimly and yet with a revealing distinctness.

Alanna observed that Sam was intensely agitated, some faint perfume that she wore rose to his nostrils, made him drunk. For him it was a moment so crowded with emotion that his brain refused to register it and ever afterwards its memory was blurred. All the longings, all the smothered desires, all the unruly appetites of his life rose up and flooded him.

He had her in his arms, he was crushing her to him and bruising her lips with his; a ruthless passion overpowered him and the girl responded recklessly, unreservedly; her embrace was as close as his. It was capitulation for both, and conquest, too, a sudden bursting of all constraint, an explosive shattering of inhibitions, and the ecstasy of it was keener than a knife thrust. Intoxication, madness, abandon, bliss, triumph—words are weak symbols for emotions strong enough to paralyze the very processes of thought.

Alanna had considered Sam cold, she had called him an iron man. But the iron in him had melted and the heat of scorched her. Other men had made love to her and she had been pleasurably stirred thereby, she was no stranger to caresses, but never had kisses burned her as did Sam's, never had she felt a rapture such as he awoke in her.

Voices sounded, people passed close by but neither Sam nor Alanna noticed them. They were entranced: they sat awhile on a convenient bench, they rose and moved on aimlessly through the shadows, absorbed in each other. Time passed, it grew dark in the gardens behind them and even darker here, and they realized that the lights had been turned off, but the stars remained. The orchestra in the café had stopped long ago.

The lovers were silent much of the time, and when they talked it was usually about nothing. They were breathless, incoherent; their thoughts were concerned only with their emotions and the full wonder of this miracle that had overwhelmed them could not be put into speech.

"A thousand times I've dreamed about holding you like this," Sam murmured. "I seem to experience feelings I've always known." He was profoundly interested in this phenomenon. "I've thought about you constantly; every night I've fallen asleep haunted by your voice. It was like the music of some stringed instrument sighing in the moonlight. I've breathed the fragrance of your hair and it was like sweet-scented honeysuckle."

"That's Father's soap," Alanna told him. "The odor lasts."

"He asked you if I had money and I told you—"

"Don't tell me anything, darling. What does it matter? What does anything matter? Tonight I'm not his daughter, I'm not flesh and blood, there's nothing sane or sensible about me. I'm the Sleeping Princess who is still rubbing her eyes. You might be a beggar—it wouldn't make any difference."

"Thank heaven, I'm no beggar. I dare say I have as much as your father has, or even more. Some day at least—"

"I'm sorry you told me that. I don't want you to be anybody or to have anything but me. I wish you were—less than the dust."

"But why?"

"If you don't feel the same about me I can't

explain. Don't ask me to think or to talk sensibly. I've just learned who I am and—"

"And I must tell you who I am."

"Not tonight! Don't dare! Sam, darling—why is it that you utterly detest the ground I walk on?"

"My girdle of gems! My Temple of Ten Thousand Delights, I worship you."

"Then kiss me."

When finally they mounted the steps to the Casino, it was dark. A watchman eyed them suspiciously, then turned away.

"I had no idea what time it was," Sam faltered as he peered at his watch. "What will your father say?"

Alanna laughed and drew his arm closer about her waist. "He's a sensible person. He'll probably say it's better for a girl to be out late than never."

ALANNA was usually up and out-of-doors long before her father had his breakfast; he was surprised the next morning, therefore, when she languidly entered their dining-room and sank into a chair across the table from him. She wore a handsome suit of lounging pajamas, she was pale, she moved like a sleep-walker, her lids were heavy, and she eyed him as if from a great distance.

"Hullo! Hullo!" he began cheerily. "What detained you, my dear? And how do I happen to be honored with—?" He paused and leaned forward, startled. "Good Lord, Alanna, what ails you?"

"Don't ask," she said with a feeble wave of her hand. "The milkman delivered me and I haven't closed an eye. I shall never sleep again; it's a criminal waste of time. And darling, don't be surprised at anything you hear about me, for it's only half the truth. If some watchman tells you he saw me at such and such an hour in this or that place, don't be shocked, for it's true. I've been on a long journey. I have explored unknown lands and sailed uncharted seas. It's a wonder I got back with the cream bottles." The speaker allowed her dreamy gaze to wander about the luxurious breakfast-room. "My! How the old place has changed."

"First, have you had your coffee?"

"I've had nothing. I've had everything."

"All right. Now then, what the dickens have you been up to?"

"Heaven! Up to the Mohammedans' paradise. No, not that: the Mohammedan women's paradise." Alanna fetched a lingering sigh and let herself sink more limply into her chair. She was boneless, spineless, inert. "I soloed last night for the first time. I did loops and spirals and wing-overs. I went into a nose-dive finally and I couldn't pull out of it. Gee, I'm shattered!"

"You were out with that Lee fellow, weren't you?"

"Yes. We sat in the park all night, like a sailor and his sweetie."

"In the park?" Al Wagner's eyes protruded, his mouth fell open.

"Breathe it, darling; don't bark. Say it softly and with reverence . . . Under the trees, with the twinkling stars above us and a draft on my legs! I had no wrap. It's a wonder I didn't take my death of cold." In a spiritless singsong she recited: "Bekold the wreck of the Hesperus that sailed the wintry sea . . . The skipper answered never a word, for a frozen corpse was she."

"I—I'm frozen," the father managed to say.

"Which makes it unanimous. I'm asleep, my circulation has stopped. I'm delicious. But don't awaken me, don't call a doctor. He might cure me."

Wagner stared at his daughter in amazement and in disbelief. "You don't honestly mean—? Is that on the level, about the park? Good Lord! . . . You—you seem to be proud of it! Why, you're behaving like a brazen hussy . . . You need a strait-jacket; you—you ought to have a ball and chain."

"Some people call 'em that."

"Out all night! With a—stranger! I never heard of such a thing." The speaker was



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YOU: "Doctor, the other morning I noticed that my toothbrush 'showed pink'. Is that a bad sign?"

DENTIST: "It would be if that 'pink toothbrush' were a daily occurrence. But the only trouble I find with your gums is they're a bit tender."

YOU: "What causes that?"

DENTIST: "Lack of exercise—not enough good, hard old-fashioned chewing in the food you eat. Fruits peeled, vegetables stripped of their fiber, soups, soufflés—how can your gums help getting soft and tender?"

YOU: "But I can't very well live on husks and—"

DENTIST: "Well, there's no need for that. Simply massage your gums. After cleaning your teeth, brush your gums lightly. If they are too sensitive to brush, at first, use your fingers."

YOU: "How does massage help, doctor?"

DENTIST: "It stirs the circulation in the gum walls. The fresh blood carries off impurities and firms up the gum cells."

YOU: "It sounds simple enough."

DENTIST: "It is. And if you want to do a better job, massage your gums with Ipana Tooth Paste. After cleaning your teeth with it, squeeze out some more Ipana and brush your gums lightly, or rub them with a little Ipana on your fingertips. Do this twice a day for a month and your gums will be as hard and healthy as anybody's."

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Dentists agree that soft food is the cause, and massage the remedy, for gum disorders

From a famous specialist:

"There is nothing about the mastication of the average meal to bring an extra flow of blood to the maxillary structures, or to produce stimulation and growth of the cellular elements of the gingivae (gums)."

From a dental journal:

"In the absence of proper foods, with consequent faulty mastication, the tissues do not receive their necessary stimulation and we must substitute artificial stimulation to raise resistance."

From an authoritative text:

"Massage (of the gums) moves along the sluggish blood stream and makes way for the fresh blood from the heart to flow through the mouth tissues."

From a recent paper on gum disorders:

"When health has been restored to the gingivae, beauty returns in large degree to the mouth. The complexion (appearance) of the teeth should, and frequently does, improve during treatment."



*Gone from the menu—departed from our diet
—are the roughage and coarse fare that once
gave gums healthful stimulation*



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growing apoplectic, he was stuttering, but Alanna laughed.

"A stranger! Oh, Father, dear Father! He was, but he isn't. I know him, backwards and sideways. I'm the stranger, precious old eggplant . . . You'll burst an artery, darling: I say it in warning. I never knew myself, even faintly, until—going on eleven-thirty, just past. No, Mr. Wagner, I had met your charming daughter in a casual way but I never became really well acquainted with her until last night. Such feeling, such depth, such intensity! A most unusual girl and a great credit to you . . . He kissed me, Dad! Excuse the shiver. It was an Adventure in Souls."

UNUSUAL and distressing sounds issued from Al Wagner. For once he was genuinely shocked. Mere profanity proved inadequate to express his emotions; he tried it but choked; gradually his indignation took coherency and form and he began a stern rebuke. Before he had gone far Alanna interrupted. For the first time she spoke crisply:

"Don't start singing hosannas; I'm on edge. A fine messiah you make. How many times have you come in late? How many flat keys do you carry?"

Both were speaking at once, but at something her father said the girl cried, even more sharply than before:

"Now you're getting low and slimy in your thoughts, precious grubworm. Lift up your chin. There's no excuse to cast me off. I'm not going out into the night—"

"You've been!" Wagner growled. "Don't tell me that a decent girl can neck a fellow all night in the dark and—"

"I had practically no voice in the proceedings, Governor. Honest! You don't know that man; a woman is putty in his hands, a quivering protoplasm. I was picked up, swept away—I was no more than a—a silken streamer whipped by a raging sirocco. Isn't that pretty? Of course I prayed that the storm wouldn't blow itself out and I'm not saying that I didn't advance the spark a little, now and then. But that's my business. Try and get it through that ivory wig-block of yours, Pious, that I'm a free agent and answerable only to myself for anything I do. If that concept pierces your frontal bone you'll begin to understand something about the new era. But—you're a pre-war parent. Why should I destroy your illusions?"

"Pre-war! Illusions! This freedom you talk about! I can't make out, for the life of me, whether it's freedom or license, innocence or guilt."

"Do you confuse innocence with ignorance? Possibly purity is the word you have in mind. Men are so vile."

"Oh, stop your flip chatter! If I thought you were as sophisticated as you pretend to be, I—I'd strangle you. But you're just being smart, I suppose. That's post-war stuff and it's as poisonous as the other post-war stuff we're getting. For once I—I almost wish Anna hadn't divorced me. I'm afraid I've made a botch of you." In honest distress the father wagged his bald head.

"Darling! Please don't cluck! Even Mother couldn't stand that. Quack if you must, but don't cluck. I've told you in a dozen ways, during the past few minutes, what you should know without being told—namely, that I've done nothing to be ashamed of. Must I use hot towels and massage it in?"

"You've got me licked," Wagner admitted. "I don't know yet whether you're lying."

"Lying is such a waste of effort."

"All I know is that when a girl goes as far as you've gone with this fellow, she owes it to herself to marry him and be blamed quick about it."

"Amen! At last we're in accord."

"Of course he asked you to marry him?"

"I—don't seem to recall it. Not in so many words. But we had such a lot of other things to talk about. He mentioned something about money—I told him you were mercenary—and he's well-to-do."

"That's a relief." Wagner was considerably mollified. "He'll need to be well fixed . . . Of course you love him?"

"I long for him as a taxi-driver pants for rain. I'd marry him if he had six wives."

This remark brought a scowl of disapproval. The father grunted; with assumed malice he said: "I'd laugh if he turned out to be a bootlegger."

"In that case we might supply you with some good stuff."

"Lord, but you're tickled with yourself! No thought for anybody else, eh? Well, I think you've behaved disgracefully."

Alanna nodded; she sampled a melon without enthusiasm. "Disgracefully. Inexcusably. I was most unladylke. But he liked it. I landed the order. I broke down his sales resistance . . . Gee! I never went so long without sleep and needed it less. I'm just one big daze with a pair of eyes in it."

"Are his people of any consequence?"

"I presume you're thinking about the Four Hundred. There isn't any Four Hundred, precious seedling, or we wouldn't be so prominent . . . Lee! Alanna Lee! It has a nice sound. I don't care who he is. To me he's the direct descendant of that stainless knight, Robert E. Funny what ails my vision: yesterday he was just a nice, medium-sized male, today he's taller than the whole Stone Mountain group. And what a warrior that boy is!"

"I hope you won't object if I investigate this giant?"

"Go as far as you like. I'm doing the same, at eleven, in a one-piece suit. We're swimming together. If he touches me I'll unravel. Whatever you learn about him don't tell me, for—I'd miss you at the wedding."

"So! You propose to marry him whether or no?"

"Nothing but paralysis will prevent me . . . Will you throw a big wedding for me, Reckless? I'll bet you're thinking already about what you'll give us! It will be something nice, of course, you extravagant wretch. You'll butter us all over with generosity, for you never do things by halves, do you? No, he answered, as she knew he would.

"Why not a small fifteen-room co-op on Park Avenue? Furnished, of course; you have such exquisite taste. And a country place on the Island. It matters not how simple it is if the stables are roomy and there's a greenhouse and a swimming-pool. Surely it's worth that much to get rid of me."

"I don't want to get rid of you," the father declared with real feeling, but Alanna was concerned with her own emotions rather than with his. Dreamily she murmured:

"We'll call it the Villa Dementia. We'll plant passion-flowers and hysteria vines and honeymoon-suckles and sunstroke flowers everywhere."

"Jove! You have got it bad," Wagner reluctantly admitted. "I hope this will last and that he can handle you."

There was a malicious glint in Alanna's eyes when she turned them upon him and said: "He can! He has!"

"That's not smart; it's just vulgar," the man said angrily and rose from his chair. "You get a lot of fun out of shocking me, but wait till you have a child of your own and she tries it on you." He strode off.

The spoon slipped out of Alanna's nerveless fingers; for a while she stared mistily into space and a light came into her face which not even her father had seen there. A child of her own! A child of Sam's. Here was a thought. She thrilled, she closed her eyes.

Sam and Alanna met on the beach at the bathing hour but they did nothing more energetic than sit in the sand. They had little time alone with each other, however, for the place was crowded and Alanna was popular. Both were still in something of a daze and Sam in particular experienced a feeling of utter unreality; only an occasional meaning look from her, or a pressure of her fingers convinced him that he was not under the spell of a pleasant

delusion and that the hazy events of the night before were not purely imaginary.

They arranged to meet again at five for the hotel tea dance, and to dine together that evening, then Sam walked home in even greater perturbation than when he had left it. Following his return from Alanna's hotel as dawn was breaking an unwelcome thought had obtruded itself. It had occurred to him that she might not know that he was an Oriental.

This possibility had presented itself suddenly: it had halted him in his tracks; it had turned him cold. Impatiently he had dismissed it. Of course she knew. Everybody knew. His nationality had afforded a subject for polite discussion at more than one of Bathurst's dinner-parties and such things get around. Alanna could not help but know; for that matter, his conduct, his attitude towards her must have made it plain. Reassured, he had walked on.

But his mind had reverted to the question again and again, and it continued to bother him. Paradis was a queer, feverish place; people came and went. Nobody inquired who his neighbor might be.

These apprehensions no doubt were the result of his momentary lack of equilibrium, a part of his emotional reaction, so he reasoned; all the same, he blamed himself for running the slightest risk; he should not have permitted his acquaintance with Alanna to ripen into love without making certain that she knew everything about him. He argued weakly that he had tried to tell her, but had lacked the opportunity. In this, however, there was no comfort; he should have created an opportunity.

But who could imagine that a casual relationship such as theirs could, without warning, change in a moment into something—like this? Friendship is an intermediate step in the growth of love. Prior to last evening, however, they had been scarcely more than acquaintances.

Alanna was a notorious little flirt, she went to outrageous lengths with any man who interested her, and for that reason he had remained on guard, he had observed the most rigid, the most frigid formality towards her. She had made all the advances while he had constantly borne in mind the barriers separating them.

That was all very well to think about now but he realized with dismay that Alanna Wagner jumped bars like a colt—just because they were there—and that more than likely he had pursued the very course most certain to pique her interest in him. He felt sorely concerned.

THE whole trouble was there had been no faintest signal of what was coming, no stock-taking time; one moment they were Miss and Mister to each other, in a manner of speaking, then—crossed wires, a spark, an explosion and they had found themselves in each other's arms, stripped to their very souls. Too late, then, for talk.

Even at the time it happened he had not been wholly convinced that either of them was sincere. There had been a suspicion in his mind that they were in the grip of a momentary madness, a midnight witchery that would vanish with the day. Most men experience such adventures. But now—!

Reason assured him that his apprehensions must be unfounded, and yet, assuming that they were not, what difference did it make? This he finally asked himself. Alanna was unlike other girls, she didn't care what he was: she had said so. She was a creature of resistless desires, a pagan; she had no tabus.

He felt much easier at the recollection of her statement to that effect. "Less than the dust!" There was a majesty, a heroic dignity to the love of a tempestuous creature like her: it stopped at nothing; it counted no costs; it took all and it gave all.

Well, the cataclysm was over; why think about it? The manner in which she had risen to it had effected a change in him, too. The spirit of some bold, impetuous ancestor had

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taken hold of him and he was no longer Sam Lee, the son of Lee Ying. He had swelled to prodigious proportions, he was a man of importance and of size. He was no common person but an Iron-capped Prince.

Some Chinese extravagance colored his thoughts as he lost himself in dizzy contemplation of the happy miracle that had occurred to him: his pride of self, his pride of race grew. Alanna was no soap king's daughter, she was a slender princess drooping like a willow wand beneath the weight of her shimmering brocades and he was a Conqueror out of the North.

He had come for his bride. He had stormed the gates, he had struck the inner doors and they had fallen, he had passed into the farthest courtyard where dwelt the Jewel of the Universe. His eyes were blinded by the sight of her and she swooned at his coming; their love had been born of the lightning . . . Son of the Gods!

At last there was a meaning to those words. Chinese? To be sure. He was a proud, unbending Prince of Han. He wore a ruby in his cap and men saluted him.

Mr. Wagner eyed the card which the man in hotel livery brought him. Beneath the name was written in pencil "Personal."

"Does she want to see me, or my daughter?" he inquired.

The employee arched his brows, shrugged, murmured an excuse for his ignorance of "the Englis'," whereupon Wagner repeated his question in a louder voice. He did this several times. After a while, more by reason of gesticulation than by emphasis, the fellow understood and made it plain that the visitor wished to see Monsieur, not Mademoiselle.

"Um-m! How does she look? Is she—jeune? Er—jeunesse? Jolie? Get me? Petite? Chic? Nifty?"

"Oui, m'sieu! Oui!" The footman nodded; his face lighted. "Good! You like! Nice bébé!" he concluded.

Mr. Wagner looked at the ornamental gilt clock on the mantel, which read eleven-thirty. Alanna was at the bathing club with Sam Lee and would not be home for more than an hour.

"Show her up," Wagner directed and handed the fellow a bank-note. He went to a mirror, adjusted his tie, which needed no adjusting, smoothed his eyebrows and touched up his short-cropped gray mustache. He wondered if that frog knew a good-looker when he saw one. Probably not. Probably she would turn out to be a brunette. Probably she—

Wagner preferred blondes and he had never understood why men went so crazy over Alanna . . . Out all night with that Lee fellow and now at the beach with him. He proposed to look up Bathurst this afternoon and make some searching inquiries . . . He hoped this girl was smart-looking and had small feet.

The caller was indeed blonde, and pretty, and smartly dressed. Her feet were not too large. Wagner greeted her with warmth and they talked in a desultory manner for several minutes. He purposely avoided inquiring the reason for her coming and monopolized the conversation in a warm, cheery manner, the while he put her at ease.

It was nice to meet fellow Americans in a foreign country and a pleasure to meet a beautiful young woman anywhere. Had they met before? What a pity! He knew so many young women and the name was not unfamiliar. Hart! He had known a number of Harts and had won a few in his time. Ha, ha! He had a daughter but to all intents and purposes he was a bachelor of leisure. Yes indeed, heart-whole and fancy-free.

Time hung heavy on his hands and he was thinking of a little trip to Paris. He had never really seen Paris—not as it should be seen: that is to say with somebody like Miss Hart who knew all the historical places. Mr. Wagner was a great sightseer: just like a big boy out for fun, and hang the expense. She was studying art! Now that was interesting. He had spent a lot of money on art. He had

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helped more than one promising girl along artistic lines.

These warm confessions failed to thaw the visitor perceptibly.

"I read in the Herald that you were here with your daughter," she began, when he finally allowed her an opportunity of stating her business.

"Yes. She's usually in the papers. She counts that day lost when she isn't."

"There have been several references to her engagement."

"Which one?" Wagner chuckled.

"To Mr. Lee; Sam Lee. I happen to know him."

"Oh! Indeed!" The father found his interest directed along a new line. "Friend of yours, is he?"

"Yes." There was a pause. "It's true, then?"

"Um-m, a little premature, possibly."

"You're probably wondering why I'm here, and—I hardly know, myself. Sam and I were at college together. It's through him that I came to Paris, to study. I mean it's—it's all right in every way, but my people were unable to send me. They're not in sympathy with my ambitions, anyhow. Sam's father is rich—Do you know why he's over here? Why he quit college?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"I think you ought to know. He was expelled."

"What for?"

"Over a girl. He got her in trouble. It was in the papers and you must have read it if you were in New York at the time."

"Possibly I did. I never remember what newspapers say and fortunately neither does anybody else. I don't even remember what they said about me, but it was scandalous. I hope you didn't come here to tell me that Sam was a college cut-up. That's nothing against him."

"No. I didn't come here to tell you that, except as a part—"

"A part of what?"

"Well, I have some newspaper clippings. I thought—"

"Don't show them to me," Wagner said indifferently. "Nothing is so dead as yesterday's newspaper story. Now, let's understand each other. I'm a business man and I talk plainly; I cut corners. Are you the girl he got into trouble?"

"Mr. Wagner!"

"All right. No harm in asking. I'm old enough to be your father and anything you tell me is buried. It's masonic. Personally, I like 'em wild, and the fact that he sent you to Paris—But that's out. What have you got on him?"

"Why, nothing. It isn't that. We were awfully good friends. He—well, he asked me to marry him. He did, really."

"I see. And you have his letters. Very well, I'll consider a proposition. My daughter has made up her mind and there's no stopping her. Those letters are worth as much to me as to a newspaper. What's the figure?"

The caller was both offended and indignant. Her eyes widened, her face grew white. "I'm no blackmailer," she protested. "You're insulting. I read in the papers that he was engaged to your daughter and about his winning a fortune at the Casino and being so popular and everything—Western heiress to millions engaged to prominent young American." It made me laugh."

Wagner was eying Miss Hart with alert intensity now. "Yes? Well, make me laugh. What's funny about it?"

"I'll show you!" With shaking hands the speaker ripped open her purse, seized a bundle of folded clippings and tossed them into Wagner's lap. "There's your 'prominent young American,' your future son-in-law. Maybe you know all about him and maybe you don't."

The man adjusted his glasses, unfolded the clippings, then his expression changed. He stared open-mouthed at what he saw: his hands

began to tremble. "Lee Ying, wealthy Mott Street merchant." "Palace of Imperial Bounty." "Scandal at Eastern University." There were pictures of a doll-faced girl and of Sam, sensational head-lines; but Wagner did not read much of the story.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed. He shot a few searching questions at his caller, then he put the clippings in his pocket, rose and tramped about the room. After a while he paused and looked Miss Hart over from head to foot in a manner that caused her to flush and to pale.

"You say you were engaged to this Chinaman?"

"I said he asked me to marry him."

"Humph!" The man's lips curled. "Exactly. And he's paying your way in Paris . . . Just why, may I ask, did you decide to come here and—give me this treat?"

"That's my business. I—imagined you'd like to know the truth."

"Yes, of course. I don't happen to like your business, that's all. A mere personal whim. Well, Miss, if you have no use for these clippings I'd like to keep them. And now—I think you'd better leave. You'll find the elevator on your left as you go down the hall." He turned and strode into his room. When he was alone he began to curse profanely.

THE smartest people stopping at Paradis were usually to be found in certain places at fixed times of day, for everybody did pretty much the same things and social life followed an established routine. In the mornings, for instance, they were on the bridge-paths, or at the tennis-courts, and at eleven o'clock everybody went to the beach; at tea-time everybody danced at the Hôtel Royale, either indoors or out-of-doors, depending upon the weather. From early evening onward the Casino, of course, was the center of attraction.

The Royale was a huge place and usually it was crowded; in the tea-garden an American orchestra played in a fluted ivory and gold band shell and the patrons danced on a smooth stone floor laid level with the grass. Tables were set thickly under the trees and around five o'clock the place was thronged.

Sam came early and secured a good table, for it peeved Alanna to be anywhere except in the very center of things, and as he waited for her he noted a phenomenon which amused him considerably. Of course he knew comparatively few of the many visitors to this resort and those he did know were recent acquaintances, nevertheless it seemed as if everybody knew him. Those he had met took pains to bow to him and to smile in a cordial manner, others eyed him and spoke to each other significantly.

What curiosity; what mammon worship! he reflected. Any recipient of Alanna Wagner's favor, by reason of her father's wealth and prominence, became at once a celebrity. In spite of his cynical amusement Sam experienced an agreeable thrill at his good fortune. What a queer prank of fate it was; how odd that he should experience this evidence of celestial favor. It staggered him and he wondered if he would be able to live up to it with befitting dignity.

Yesterday a ragged toiler in the bowels of a cattle ship, today the envy of Europe's most fashionable watering-place! Truly, a man's destiny is inevitable. Well, the auguries at his birth had foretold great riches and much luck and his star was certainly in the heavens now: his charms were potent.

Unconsciously he felt for the scapular with its golden talisman and missed it. He remembered that he had left it on his dresser when he went to swim and had forgotten to put it on when he came in—forgotten for the first time since Eileen gave it to him. No wonder. He was not accountable for anything today.

Alanna was almost up to the table before he saw her and rose to his feet, and he resented the fact that he had been so unobservant; it robbed him of a precious, breathless moment of anticipation. How lithe and free, how swift and purposeful she was. Always in a hurry.

Life for her ran furiously and she rode it like a surf-rider balanced upon the crest of a wave.

She wore the same dress she had worn that morning at the beach: it was the first time Sam had ever seen her twice in the same costume and he assumed she had changed her mind about dancing. She carried a swagger-stick under her arm or what looked like one—in reality it was a leather riding-crop—her face was stormy, against its underlying pallor her tan stood out curiously. It was like a thin brown veil beneath which her agitation was visible.

She came towards Sam like an arrow and when their eyes met he stiffened, a dreadful premonition smote him. He turned suddenly sick—the feeling was all too familiar, a wretched, humble cringing of the soul. And he read her expression correctly, for he had beheld it many times on many other faces, as for instance on that night in the road-house with Alice Hart and her friends. Usually it was masked, people tried to conceal it, but not Alanna. Like a flimsy garment all Sam's confidence, all his recent pride was snatched away from him and he stood naked.

The girl was saying something to him in a fierce, hoarse, accusing voice; never had a woman been in such an insane, such a deadly rage. Sam did not understand her words, for his ears were roaring, the ground was swaying under his feet. He clutched the iron garden chair from which he had arisen and held himself erect against the tempest. He uttered no sound, for something clutched his throat; another ruthless hand closed down upon his heart and stopped its beating. He felt as if he were dying.

Alanna's accusation came like a burst of flame, it scorched and withered. The scene was brief, the actors held their tableau only for a moment, but that was ample to attract attention. The hum of conversation ceased, people near by turned strained and startled faces over their shoulders, some of them rose. Through the silence Alanna's passionate voice cut like a knife and listeners heard her cry:

"You rotten yellow cur! I'd rather let a darky touch me than a Chinaman."

There was a gasp, a commotion. A woman at an adjoining table uttered a thin scream, for with her last words Alanna raised her riding-crop and slashed Sam with it. She was in a frenzy; she struck him not once, but again and again.

It was an exhibition so incredibly savage, so fantastic, so unbelievable as to paralyze the onlookers; it was more than shocking. But the paralysis was only momentary. There was a startled outcry, waiters came running, patrons pressed forward and closed in.

SAM took those blows without flinching, he neither bowed his head nor shielded it. He felt the cruel, cutting impact of the crop across his face, his neck, his arms; it stunned him but it inflicted no pain. He was partially blinded, a spasm twisted his facial muscles, closed one eye; the slim iron framework of the chair bent between his straining fingers.

Alanna flung the whip aside, turned and walked away with her head high, and her eyes flashing. A clatter of voices arose; men spoke to Sam but he did not understand what they said. They were shocked, astounded; plainly, however, they assumed that he had warranted his chastisement. There was quite a hubbub but nobody offered him more than perfunctory assistance.

His left eye had failed him completely now and a strange numbness affected that side of his face. It was wet, too, and he tasted blood. Whipped! Publicly horsewhipped! He, a Son of the Gods! His brain refused to register the fact. Even more paralyzing was the crash of his dream castle. Only a few of these people understood the meaning of this outrage, but all would learn. They were avid sensation-seekers. What a morsel for them! A Chinaman posing as white. Publicly whipped by a white girl for daring to touch her. They would applaud it.

Of a sudden he felt a terrible hatred for these men and women with their sickly, pallid faces and their rolling eyes. Apes! Buzzards! Carrion feeders!

Blindly he made his way through the crowd and out of the hotel grounds.

Cyril Bathurst, formally attired for the afternoon, paused in passing Sam's door and listened, then he tapped on it with his stick.

"Hello! That you, Lee?"

A muffled voice answered him.

"I was popping off to the Royale this very minute, to find you. May I come in?" Without awaiting Sam's response he entered the bedroom, then paused and stammered in dismay: "Hello, hello, hello! What's this? Bless me, what's happened to you? An accident?" He flung aside his hat, cane and gloves and strode forward. "This is dreadful! Here, let me—"

"Miss Wagner did it . . . She used her crop on me . . . At the Royale."

Bathurst paled. "Good Lord! I—can't believe it. I—I was afraid that little beast would let you in for something. What filthy luck!"

"There's nothing to be done, thanks just the same. I've pretty well attended to myself. I'm terribly sorry on your account, sir. It will be a wretched scandal."

"Never mind that. Let's have a look-see . . . Hum-m! Some cuts, but nothing deep. A few welts. And that eye—the bally thing is swelled shut but I don't think it needs a doctor. What ailed the little vixen?"

"We—went rather wild last night. I assumed she knew—everything about me." Abruptly Sam turned his back, his voice was hoarse when he went on, "It's bound to embarrass you dreadfully. I'm getting out on the next train."

"The hell you are!" Bathurst exploded. "You'll do nothing of the sort; you'll wash up, change your shirt and come with me. Back to the Royale! . . . Embarrass my foot! Why, the little devil!" Excitedly he stamped about the room, and his cheeks grew purple.

"Never heard of such an outrage. It makes me furious . . . Who does she think she is? Common soap-suds creature! No. Never. Face it out, old boy. It's the sporting thing to do. By heaven! You're my guest and my friend. I'm your sponsor. If she wanted to whip anybody why didn't she whip me? . . . Bah! Those rich Americans make me ashamed of the white race."

In a shaky voice Sam said, "You're a thoroughbred, but I refuse to humiliate you by—"

"Rubbish! I'm proud to know you. Proud to have you in my house. Proud to work with you. Proud to— Bless my soul, this made me forget what I came in for! Here's a cablegram and it may be important. Just arrived and I was trotting off with it to the Royale, looking for you . . . No. I'm going to have my way about this. Head up. Chest out. Hello! . . . Damme! Is this Friday the thirteenth?"

Sam had opened the message. It was in five words but it turned him to stone. That disfiguring welt across his cheek and temple was still angry and it still trickled blood, but the rest of his face slowly blanched. He handed the sheet to Bathurst who read:

Your father dying. Come.
Eileen

Bathurst laid the cablegram aside. He placed a hand upon Sam's shoulder and pressed it, saying gravely:

"Jove! This is a poser. And coming at such a time. I'm sorry. You've told me what a wonderful man he is . . . Take it easy for a minute. I'll step out and look up the sailings, while you pull yourself together. Meanwhile don't concern yourself about packing. I'll attend to all that."

Embittered by Alanna's brutal treatment and Lee Ying's death, Sam makes a strange decision in Rex Beach's February Instalment

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Forhan's for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

A Fool and His Money by E. Phillips Oppenheim (Continued from page 79)

ungracious, but he suffered himself presently to be escorted out to the car where he sank back among the cushions and promptly went to sleep. Tresholm drove smoothly on until they were just short of Cagnes, when he turned off the main road and crept upwards towards the ridge which encircled the lesser mountains.

Outside the little farmhouse, he pulled up and shook his companion.

"Come along in and see my pal," he invited.

Chandler sat up, blinking, and looked around him. "Where are we?" he demanded.

"Somewhere between Cagnes and Vence. We have a visit to pay."

Chandler descended grumpily, and Tresholm, opening the unfastened front door, ushered him into the bare sitting-room. The unwilling guest looked about him distastefully.

"Don't seem to me as though we'd get a drink here," he decided. "I guess I'll leave you to your friend and wait outside."

THEN Tresholm did an unexpected thing. He locked the door, placed the key in his pocket and pointed to a hard wooden chair.

"You'll sit there, and wait until we've finished a little matter of business," he directed.

Josh Chandler was dumfounded. He stared first at the man who had suddenly abandoned his rôle of courteous if somewhat silent host and addressed these threatening words to him, and then at the no-less-alarming figure in blue overalls who had pushed aside the curtains and appeared upon the threshold of an inner room. As he stared, his memory also reasserted itself. His sleepy, drink-sodden brain cleared beneath the shock.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "It's Jasper Dows—and"—his eyes traveled fearfully towards Tresholm—"and the Englishman."

There was a brief silence. His gaze wandered from the worn face of his former associate back to Tresholm, cold, supercilious, tight-lipped, hard yet flexible as a piece of steel.

"What's this—a hold-up?" he demanded. "I'm getting out of here."

"You'll stay just where you are," Tresholm enjoined calmly.

"Who's going to stop me?"

"I am. You can have a rough-house if you want it, Chandler. Oh, yes, I know you're a strong fellow, but I'm a boxer. You wouldn't live with me for thirty seconds. No good patting your hip pocket either. I felt you over in the car. You'd better listen quietly."

"What the—"

"Oh, do be quiet," Tresholm begged a little wearily. "It isn't any use. You're up against it. You've recognized me. I know the truth as between you and Jasper Dows. You'd better look upon me as your protector. I think if I left you two alone, he'd kill you."

"Do you think I'm afraid?"

"You ought to be if you're not," was the quiet rejoinder. "If you think a thrashing will help you to listen more patiently, come outside and have it. If not, get back to your chair."

"I'm right enough here. Get on with it."

"We won't specify the actual date," Tresholm began, "but some ten or eleven years ago, not being in the financial position to which your father's millions have since boosted you, you sold copies of various plans of proposed new American seaplanes to the secret service agent of another country who happened to be in Washington."

Chandler looked around the room as though to be sure that there were no other auditors but that stern, haggard figure standing between the parted curtains.

"I sold them to you," he said hoarsely. "I've been wondering—I was wondering all luncheon-time where I'd seen you before."

"Quite right," Tresholm acknowledged. "You sold them to me, and I paid you a very handsome sum of money for them. Unfortunately, the fact that the plans had been copied leaked out, and the affair was traced

either to Jasper Dows, or to you. As is usually the case, the innocent man got it in the neck, and you, the guilty one, escaped.

"Jasper Dows was considered lucky to be cashiered. His father cut off his allowance and died without leaving him a penny. His friends gave him the cold shoulder, and here he is, working himself to death, earning just enough to live on. By rights, you ought to be in his place, Chandler. I know the person from whom I bought the plans, don't I?"

The accused man leaned forward. His eyes were full of a very malicious light.

"You know all right, you confounded spy," he agreed, "but you can't tell. Supposing I did sell them to you, what about it? You can't open your mouth, and I'm not going to. There isn't another soul in the world knows the truth—and you can't tell."

Tresholm eyed him for a moment meditatively. "What a foul swine you are," he remarked, in bitter disgust. "However, either you forget one trifling circumstance, or things may be different in your country. We have a statute of limitations—ten years it is fixed at in my department. The ten years are up. Added to this, my papers went in some time ago. I am a free man, Chandler. How do you like that?"

Apparently, Chandler didn't like it at all. "What do you mean?" he exclaimed.

"Is this blackmail?"

Tresholm inclined his head very slightly. "I always said that you were not quite a fool, Chandler," he confided. "It is blackmail, and you are the victim."

The young man was dazed. Tresholm pointed authoritatively to his chair. He sat down. "Let us consider the matter now from a business point of view," he continued. "Jasper Dows, you had better join us."

"I'll stay where I am," was the low, passionate reply. "If I'm in the same room I might kill him."

Tresholm nodded sympathetically.

"Quite so," he assented. "Well, I'll proceed on your behalf. Our friend Jasper Dows, Chandler, would have inherited at least half a million from his father, if it hadn't been for your machinations. Very well, we'll start with that. I think you told me on the tennis-courts this morning, and at luncheon today—several times, if I remember rightly—that the old man, as you called him, had left you twenty millions. We'll take half a million away from you. Half a million dollars, Chandler—not a great sum for the ruin of a man's life."

"What else?" was the gruff demand.

"Several little things. First of all, you won, as all Monte Carlo knows, a hundred and thirty-eight thousand francs last night. I can see the mille notes bulging in your pockets. You have even confided to me the fact of their presence there. You will hand them over to Jasper Dows for immediate expenses."

"What else?"

"Ah, now we come to the point. Your confession of having sold the plans, and of Jasper Dows' innocence, is drawn up here. Your signature will be witnessed by the American consul, who is now walking with Mrs. Dows in the garden, but—listen to me calmly—this is where my friend Jasper Dows is inclined to be generous. He has, as it happens, no desire to return permanently to America. Your confession, therefore, will only be used to insure the clearing of his name."

"That is to say, it will simply be placed before the authorities in Washington. His rank in the service will be restored, and that is all he desires. You have nothing to lose in this direction, for you held no commission. You were simply a skulker, placed in the department by influence to escape active service."

"I'll have nothing to do with this business!" Chandler shouted.

"Wait!" Tresholm begged, holding out his hand. "Consider for a moment what will happen if you agree. You will have made such

atonement as is possible to Jasper Dows, even though it may have been under compulsion. For the rest of his life he will enjoy the comfort of which you have deprived him for the last ten years, and his honor will be reestablished. Consider what a relief this will be to that sensitive conscience of yours, Chandler."

"Blast you!" the other snarled.

"On the other hand," Tresholm went on, unmoved, "if you refuse, being a free-lance in life and having a fancy for my friend Jasper Dows here, and his wife, I shall take the trouble to pay a visit to Washington myself, where I still have many friends. I shall place the facts before the authorities, and I shall place them equally before every one of those enterprising and brilliant young journalists who are apt to gather around when any social scandal or the rumor of it arises. In other words, Chandler, I'll emblazon your name on the roll of disgrace from New York to San Francisco, and never again, so long as you live, will you be able to put your foot upon the deck of a westward-bound steamer."

Chandler unbuttoned his coat, threw the great pile of mille notes upon the table, produced his check-book and drew his chair up to the table.

"I'm beat," he decided.

"I always said that you were not quite a fool," Tresholm acknowledged pleasantly. "Dows, you might call in Mr. Wiseley."

At Nice, on their homeward journey, Tresholm stopped outside a garage.

"I have brought you so far, much against my inclination," he said to his companion. "You can hire a car here. Get out and look after yourself."

Chandler slouched surlily off, and Tresholm drove on to Monte Carlo.

THEY sat together in the sunshine outside the Café de Paris the next morning—Jasper Dows and Tresholm. The former had just descended the hill from the bank.

"So it was all right, eh?" his companion asked.

Jasper Dows had the air of a man who had been living in the darkness for years. Even his tone, when he spoke, was the tone of one half dazed.

"They didn't even hesitate," he announced wonderingly. "The money was there already to my credit—five hundred thousand dollars in French francs. I could have drawn the lot if I'd liked."

"Good! Where's the wife?"

Dows' face suddenly softened. An almost beatific smile parted his lips. One might have fancied that his eyes were a little dim.

"She's shopping," he confided. "I just pushed a handful of mille notes into her bag, and she's gone off with them like a child into toy-land. After ten years' poverty, Tresholm! Never a hundred francs to spend. Making and remaking old clothes . . . And now she's shopping!"

Tresholm summoned a waiter and busied himself with the lighting of a cigaret. Jasper Dows was feeling his way back to life again.

"There was one thing yesterday, Tresholm," he said, "that puzzled me. Our Secret Service isn't quite the same as yours, of course, but—that statute of limitations now. I don't quite get that."

Tresholm leaned back in his chair and looked up at the blue sky. "Chandler's just the sort of idiot who would swallow such a story," he murmured. "You and I know well enough, Dows, that never so long as I lived could I have opened my lips."

"It was just a bluff then?"

Tresholm nodded. "It seemed the only way of dealing with him—just a gamble as to whether he swallowed it or not. I like a gamble sometimes. Rather in my line, as it happens," he added, pausing to wave his hand to Gustave Sordel who was passing.

What a cigarette meant there

Ten seconds to go—
and raw nerves fighting wearied muscles,
driving them on into that fearful unknown
beyond the wire. What man will ever for-
get the steadying solace of that last sweet
stolen smoke?

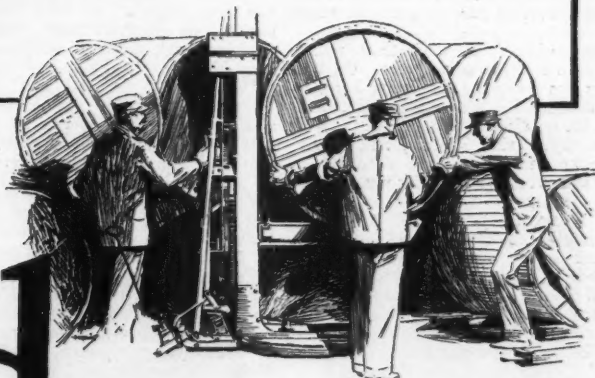
What a cigarette means here

Two years to go—
the slow "ageing" by which tobaccos for Chester-
field lose all bite and harshness . . .

Mysterious, this chemistry of Nature! Endless
rows of great hogsheads, stored away in darkness;
choice tobacco, tightly packed . . . just waiting.
And as if on signal, twice each year the leaf goes
through a natural "sweat"—steeps in its own es-
sences, grows mild and sweet and mellow.

Selected leaf, costly patience, endless care —
that's what a cigarette means *here*. But right
there is *exactly* the reason why Chesterfield
means what it does to you!

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



Millions of pounds of
choice tobacco from each
crop are stored away in
great warehouses to "age."

field

.... and yet **THEY SATISFY**

Trigger Fred! by Wallace Smith

(Continued from page 65)

it's just the frosty mornin', I reckon. She decided to warm herself up a little."

"What's the boy say?"

"He looked for a minute like he was goin' to cry kind o'. But I told him anybody could get throwed. I told him how I got throwed that year at the Pendleton round-up."

"But you wasn't throwed. That horse in Pendleton rolled with you."

"Aw, shucks," said Twist. "You didn't really know Jesse James, either."

THE next morning, Freddie saddled the paint horse himself. Three days later, he had learned how to throw a diamond hitch over a pack-mule. On the fourth day he had won Dad Warner's permission to wander off the ranch without a guide. By the end of the week, the complexion of the office in Dayton had been overlaid with the color of the sun, the wind and the weather. By the end of the week, too, Dad Warner had fairly exhausted his reminiscences of outlaws he had never known.

"But what I really fret about," said the rancher, "is what he does, goin' off by himself that way."

"I've followed him kind o'," said Twist. "He just rides along, enjoyin' his own company an' sometimes ropin' at a piece o' brush for practise, like I told him to."

When Freddie rode out again, the two old-timers gravely discussed seeking new camp locations. Freddie had just disappeared down the trail when they saddled and left.

Freddie rode straight into the hills. He was looking for something. He uncoiled the rope at his pommel, shook out a loop and snared a rolling tumbleweed. He inspected the curl of his hat brim. He patted Bessie's neck and spoke to her.

"You and me's been pardners a long time," he said. "We've rode through a heap o' plumb parlor times together and I'd share the last drop o' water with you, old gal, any time. Darned if not."

But all the time he was looking for something. Sometimes he sat straight in his saddle and scanned the horizon as an old cavalry scout might. Or he looked swiftly into the brush, as if he suspected an ambush. Again, he bent from the saddle to examine the trail.

Freddie, of course, was looking for Romance. And without his knowing, Romance was galloping just around the turn of the trail.

Freddie's hunting eyes were captured by a stand of dead trees on the sky-line. The patriarch bare trunks stood silver against a sky of flawless blue. Silent before the miracle of incredible color, Freddie rode around the turn of the trail.

A crescendo of hoofs like a nightmare pulse. Freddie's eyes left the silver trees. On the trail before him galloped a big-limbed horse, a flashing chestnut. On its back was a girl. She swayed in the saddle.

"A runaway!" cried Freddie, and Bessie jumped under the spurs.

Freddie had hesitated. This was a situation of familiar aspect. He knew what to do at once. As Bessie stretched herself in pursuit, Freddie shouted to hearten the girl. She looked back over her shoulder. She looked scared, Freddie thought. He also thought that she looked graceful and very pretty. The chestnut broke into a dead run. Bessie, with long, eager strides, began to overtake him.

"Don't be scared!" shouted Freddie. "I'll save you!"

She looked over her shoulder again. She was a brave girl. She certainly didn't look frightened. But she was very pretty. She called something back at him, but he couldn't hear it.

The chestnut, as if startled by the shouts, added inches to his mad stride. Bessie, warmed to the race, more than matched his pace. Freddie's emotions clamored to the operatic double-drumming of hoofs. His head was cool, though. He knew exactly what he must do.

He would lean from the saddle, sweep the slender, swaying figure from the back of the runaway and—

Bessie raced alongside the chestnut. Freddie swung her in until his knee touched the girl's knee. He leaned from the saddle and put his arm around the girl. He felt her slim body stiffen. She struggled and cried out.

"Just let yourself go!" shouted Freddie.

"Quit! Don't!"

He heaved and dragged her, still struggling, from the saddle. That slender shape had been deceptive. It was a burden for one arm. Freddie threw both arms around her as the chestnut galloped free.

Freddie felt himself slipping from the saddle. He struggled mightily to keep his balance. His knees wouldn't grip. Still holding the girl, he tumbled with her into the trail.

Bessie, faithful mount, stopped in half a dozen strides, turned and came back. So did the chestnut. Both horses watched, in equine astonishment, the tableau their riders made.

Freddie and the girl faced each other. He was on his knees. She was sitting, her trim booted legs stretched straight before her. She wasn't pale. There were spots of color high on her lovely cheeks. She seemed about to speak. Then her blue eyes surveyed again the young man on his knees before her.

"Oh," she said.

Freddie's recovery was thoroughly masculine. "You should've let yourself go," he said.

"Oh," said the girl, meekly.

Freddie looked at her smart riding clothes. He had already noted an English saddle on the chestnut.

"You're from the East, aren't you?"

"Ye-es, sir."

"I thought so."

"I'm—I'm staying at the Bradford ranch."

"Dood?"

"Well, I don't like that word."

"It ain't a disrespectful word hereabouts, lady. It's just a name kind o'."

"Are you a cowboy?"

"Over on the Lazy-X. Dad Warner's outfit."

Freddie arose. She started to reach out her hand, expecting to be helped to her feet. Freddie, however, was looking for his hat. He walked toward it with the step of a saddle-warped veteran. The blue eyes followed him. The girl still sat in the road.

"My name's Molly," she said.

Freddie stood before her, being manfully ill at ease, twisting the brim of his hat.

"Pleased to make your acquaintance, ma'am. I'm Fred Beyers." A blush completed his picture of rugged male embarrassment. "Trigger Fred, the boys call me over on the Lazy-X."

"Oh."

She started to arise. The blue eyes looked up at him. Freddie remembered the flawless blue that hung behind the silver trees.

"Ouch! I'm afraid I've hurt my ankle."

"You should've let yourself go."

Freddie stepped forward to help her. She had considerable difficulty in arising. He held her while she tested the ankle.

"It's all right, after all," said Molly.

Freddie saw a sprinkling of freckles across her roguish little nose. Her hair fell in distracting disorder along her forehead.

The chestnut was nuzzling her arm.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Beyers," said Molly, "for rescuing me."

"If you'd only let yourself go, like I said."

On a near-by hill, two other riders watched. Dad Warner and Twist McComber had seen the chestnut running before Freddie had heard the galloping hoofs.

"It's Molly Bradford," said Twist.

"Molly's got no right to run a horse that way," declared Dad Warner. "She knows better, her bein' raised on a horse, you might say."

They had seen Freddie race after the chestnut.

"Gosh, he thinks it's a runaway," said Twist. "Look at him go!"

"Good Lord, he's goin' to lift her out of the saddle."

Twist had started down the hill as Freddie and the girl tumbled into the trail. Dad Warner had stopped him.

"They ain't hurt," he said, "but I'll bet Molly's givin' him blue blazes an' repeat for throwin' her that way."

"It's her fault," said Twist. "Molly's got no right to run a horse off its legs. Somebody ought to speak to her pa an' get her spanked."

"I'd just as soon try to spank a wildcat. Molly's right cute, though."

"She's been spoiled," argued Twist, "bein' back East to school an' all."

"Now he's helpin' her into the saddle!"

"Well, I'm darned!"

"It certainly don't look much like the afore-said blue blazes."

Below them, the chestnut and the paint horse were walking side by side. There was nothing hostile, either, in the attitude of their riders. Freddie rode properly erect and looking straight ahead. Molly also rode erect. But if the riders on the hill had been closer, they could have seen that the blue eyes were not scanning the horizon.

Freddie, as if absent-mindedly, uncoiled his rope. He tossed a loop casually at a tree stump at the side of the trail. He caught the stump, shook his loop free and coiled the rope again.

"He's showin' off," said Dad Warner.

"Showin' her rope tricks," moaned Twist.

"I wonder what she's sayin'."

If the riders on the hill had been closer, they could have heard but they might not have been enlightened. Molly said: "Oh!"

She could do a lot with a simple "oh," that girl could. This time she filled it to the brim with admiration.

On the hill the two riders looked at each other. "Do you suppose?" asked Dad Warner slowly.

"I wonder," said Twist.

Twist waited at the corrals for the return of Freddie. He waited until the flamboyant colors of sundown had gilded Antelope Peak. He was elaborately busy repairing a *latigo* when Freddie slid off his mount.

SHORTLY afterward, Twist's spurs went zinging toward the ranch office.

"She's went an' done it!" exclaimed Twist.

"Molly?" asked Dad Warner. "She's went and done what? Calm yourself, cowboy."

"She's got him roped an' hog-tied. He only saw her the first time this afternoon an' already he's got that look like a weanin' calf."

"Nobody ever denied that Molly's got a heap o' looks," said Dad Warner.

"She can't play fast an' loose with the boy," declared Twist.

"Those are a lot o' words to say with your mouth. I ain't sure her pa would relish such about Molly."

"All right, go ahead an' defend her, just because you were her godfather. But suppose I told you that he's goin' to learn her some ridin' lessons tomorrow?"

"I'd bust out laughin', plenty raucorous."

"Go ahead, then, an' laugh your old fool head off. That's just what he's aimin' to do."

"No!"

"An' that ain't all the ways she's bein' a delusion an' a snare. She ain't told him she's the daughter of the richest ranch in the state. She's lettin' on that she's from the effete East an' that she's a dood!"

"No! Now why should Molly do that way?"

"Women are peculiar," said Twist profoundly. "They play with a man's affections an' cast him aside like a old glove."

Dad Warner was impressed. "It sure would break that boy's heart if he found out he was bein' laughed at. We got to do somethin', I reckon. But doin' somethin' about Molly is like doin' somethin' about a cyclone."

"Dad, we can't let that youngster get hurt."

Dad Warner sighed. "We go to makin' life divertin' for him," he said, "and Molly raises us out o' the pot. It sure looks like we're hoisted on our own bezark, as the sayin' is."

"Let's tell him the truth."

"We can't do that, Twist."

"Then let's tell her somethin'."

"Yes, we got to do that. But first we got to think o' somethin' to tell her. We got to be diplomatic with Molly."

Thereafter, the moonlight conspired to hasten Dad Warner's diplomatic mission. There were contributing factors, but chiefly it was the moonlight. For one thing, Freddie became disturbingly reticent about his daily rides in the hills.

They were hurt because he withdrew his confidence. He even became inattentive when Dad Warner tried to interest him with fresh yarns of outlaw days.

Then came a moonlight night. And another. The moon rose round and lucent over the shoulder of Antelope Peak.

On the second night of the full moon, Freddie hesitated a long while before he spoke to Twist. "Would you mind if I rode Bessie a little tonight?"

"You bet," said Twist. "I'll ride along with you if you like."

"I just thought I'd—I'd like to ride alone a little. It's pretty in the moonlight."

"You bet. See you later."

Twist reported to Dad Warner. "It makes me sad kind o' to have him lie to me."

"Better follow and see he don't get lost. Trails look different in the moonlight."

The ranch was asleep when Freddie rode back in the dark of the moon. Asleep, that is, except for its owner. Dad Warner watched Freddie unsaddle the paint horse and go to his cabin. It wasn't long before Twist came down the trail.

"We got to tell her now," said Twist.

"Did he meet her?"

"Of course. An' that ain't the worst."

"What?"

"He kissed her! Now will you tell her?"

Next morning, Dad Warner saddled thoughtfully. Twist saw him make a third adjustment of the cinch before he spoke.

"Want me to lope along with you, Dad?"

"What for? I can handle her all right. Think I'm scared of a mere girl I've knowed since she was a mere baby?"

"Oh, no. I just thought you might want company kind o'."

"Come along, if you like."

"Reckon I'll stay here, Dad."

"Reckon you won't. You been talkin' a lot about what you'd say to her. Now's your chance to say it. You ain't scared, are you?"

"Me? Why should I be scared of a mere girl? Only—"

"Get your saddle, Twist."

On the trail that lay between the Bradford ranch and Antelope Peak, they met Molly. They had rather figured they would. The trail was the one she must take to meet Freddie.

Molly Bradford rode up with a smile that was all too friendly for their purpose. It reminded Dad Warner of Dave Bradford's smile in a tight situation.

"Well, well," said Dad Warner heartily, "if it ain't my godchild, Molly Bradford."

"Imagine meetin' you this way," put in Twist. "A mere child which I use' to dangle on my knee."

"I'll be darned," said Molly, "if it isn't Jesse James' boyhood friend and Billy the Kid's pet playmate."

"Gosh!" murmured Twist.

"Don't you two highbinders try to pretend that this is an accidental meeting. You've come here to ask me if my intentions are serious. Isn't that so? And if serious, are they honorable?"

Dad Warner braced himself. He tried to remember the speech he had rehearsed. He opened his mouth, gulped and closed it again.

"It ain't moral," he said.



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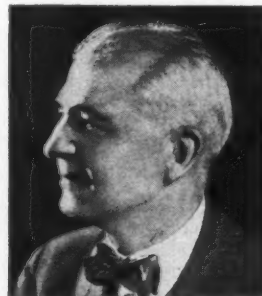
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"Don't say 'ain't,'" said Molly. "What ain't moral?"

"Ridin' in the moonlight ain't—isn't. Ridin' and lallygaggin' that way." Molly just looked at him. "And he kissed you!"

"He didn't."

"What?" Dad Warner turned to Twist, who began to stutter.

"I saw him. I just happened to be passin' kind o' an' I saw him kiss you by accident."

"It wasn't an accident. It was on purpose."

"Then he did kiss you!" Dad Warner saw a chance to score.

"He didn't."

"What? You just said——"

"I kissed him!"

Dad Warner was dumfounded. Twist made another gallant effort to rescue his chief.

"Was that nice, Molly?"

"Very. Much nicer than being snoop-cats spying on other people. Now, listen."

They were powerless to do anything else. They hung their heads and listened.

"You two reformed cool-busters have turned into a pair of gossip busybodies," said Molly.

"You remind me of a couple of old maids peeking through their curtains at the neighbors. You've been acting like parents who have received a letter from their son in college saying that he is going to marry a waitress."

"We think a heap of that boy," said Dad Warner. "And you've been deceivin' him scandalous."

"Did I tell him my horse was running away? Did I ask him to knock me out of the saddle?"

"You said you were from the East."

"And am I not? Haven't I just come back from two years at school there?"

"And lettin' him learn you how to ride."

"You two have been snooping, haven't you?"

"It was for his own good."

"Didn't you deceive him with that tall talk about Jesse James and Billy the Kid?"

"That was just to amuse him—keep him interested."

"Well, that's what I'm doing. I think he's interested, don't you? And, in a way, it's been amusing."

"Molly, it'll break the boy's heart when he finds out."

"I wonder."

Dad Warner thought a different light came into her eyes. He pressed the point.

"It'll break his heart when he sees it's a delusion and a snare and you go to castin' him aside like a old glove."

She was smiling like her pa again. "You've been going to the wrong movies, I'm afraid."

"It was Twist really said that."

"I—I read it somewhere," said Twist.

"Two noble specimens, you are," said Molly.

"Two big healthy steer-pushers jumping a lonely, defenseless girl. Aren't you ashamed?"

"I didn't want to come. Dad made me."

"I said it was fairly amusing," Molly went on, "but it isn't so amusing any more. Not with a couple of old snoop-cats spying on you. No, sir; I'm ready to quit."

"You'll let him be?"

"Better than that. I'll tell him who I am."

"It'll throw the boy terrible, Molly."

"I suppose it will. Let's see, you have a frontier dance and barbecue at your ranch Friday night, haven't you? Well, it'll be over Friday night. I give you my word. But until Friday night, no snooping. Do you hear? Or I'll tell him a real true story about Jesse James and Billy the Kid."

They cringed once more in their saddles.

Molly sent her horse past them in a swinging lope.

"Snoop-cats!" mumbled Dad Warner.

"A brace o' busybody old maids," mused Twist. "Now ain't that a couple pleasant things to be called?"

"If she did that way to us, imagine what she'll do to him, a perfect stranger, you might say."

"Do you suppose we helped any by talkin' diplomatic with her? Or do you think she's took offense an' will make it harder on him?"

"I don't know," responded Dad Warner.

"Women, like I often heard you utter, are peculiar."

"Ain't they, though?"

That was Tuesday. On Wednesday and Thursday, Freddie rode the big paint horse into the hills. Dad Warner and Twist remained on the ranch. Each afternoon they furtively watched Freddie's return, trying to read in his attitude some sign of what had happened. Molly had said it would be over by Friday night. They'd have to wait. But it was a strain.

"I've half a mind," said Twist, Friday afternoon, "to tell him before she does, regardless."

"What you say is only half true," replied Dad Warner. "I mean that part where you mentioned your mind. We ain't—aren't goin' to mix in any more. Afterward we'll do what we can for Freddie to brace him up."

"I've been thinkin' of that, Dad. You know Pete, the buffalo bull you've had a mind to shoot since he turned mean?"

"What's Pete got to do with this?"

"I was thinkin' we could let Freddie shoot him. Get up a hunt kind o'. That'd help him forget the way he's been done to."

"I was figurin' where some dood would pay me fifty dollars for the privilege of shootin' that cantankerous memento of the swift-disappearin' bison."

"Take it out o' my pay."

"Are you tryin' to make me out a skinflint? We'll let Freddie shoot Pete."

Friday night the fiddles scraped in the Lazy-X cook-house. The tables had been cleared out and the rough pine floor had been waxed with candle-shavings. A man with a beaded vest stood on a chair.

"Sol-l-loot yer pardners!" called the man with the beaded vest. "First couple for-ard an' back—do-si-do! An' don't be bashful—swin-n-yer yer pardner, swing 'er high—"

Dad Warner's dudes, men and women, whooped it up with the Virginia Reel. Outside, between the cook-house and the corrals, a big fire blazed for the barbecue. Cowboys, fantastically silhouetted by the leaping flames, tended the fire.

"Gr-ra-an' right-an'-left!"

Freddie sat on the top rail of the corral fence, idly looking down on Longhorn Brown plaiting strips of fawn leather into a quirt. Later he would go into the cook-house and look on. Right now it was too pleasant, just sitting there and thinking of things. Things that can happen in the moonlight. Things that were still true, though, when daylight came; that made an ache in your throat. Never were there such blue eyes.

Out of the dark came the volleying of a motor-car's cut-out.

"More visitors, I reckon," said Longhorn Brown, getting up to look toward the noise.

"I do believe it's Miss Molly."

"Who?"

The car came hurtling toward the fire.

"It's Miss Molly, sure enough," said Longhorn Brown. "Now, ain't that grand?"

Freddie slid off the rail. The fire seemed far away. The noise of the fiddles became thin. Molly. He'd told her that he was a cowboy, working on the Lazy-X. Trigger Fred. There are dreams in which you are pursued and cannot run. Freddie wanted to run; to run anywhere except toward the fire.

He saw the men stop working as the roadster was slung in a quick half-circle and halted. He heard their cheer. It seemed to come from a great distance. Molly stepped out of the car. She was shaking hands with the cowboys.

"Ain't she great?" exclaimed Longhorn.

"Who did you say she was?"

"Why, Molly Bradford. She's Dave Bradford's daughter. Don't tell me you ain't heard o' the big Bradford ranch."

"She looks like she's from the East kind o'."

"Her? Say, Molly was born right on the ranch. Ever see her ride a horse you wouldn't think she come from the East. Or tail a steer at a gallop. East? Ha-ha! That's rich."

"She can ride, I guess."

"You sure guess correct. An' you ought to see her spin a rope sometime."

"Yeah? Well, I guess I'll be going, Longhorn. So long."

"Better stay. It'll be lively now Molly's come."

"I'm getting sleepy. So long, Longhorn."

Freddie walked away, making his steps precisely casual until he was out of the light. Then he ran. His hat fell off. He kept running.

DAD Warner and Twist McComber sat in the ranch office. When the cowboys shouted at the yellow roadster, Twist went to the window. "It's her," said Twist.

"Reckon we better go out and—well, and be handy when she tells him."

"I'd rather take a lickin'."

Dad Warner got up slowly from his chair. A quick rush of feet across the porch. Freddie stumbled into the room.

"Oh, Mr. Warner—oh, Twist—something terrible has happened."

"She's told him," muttered Twist.

"I've been an awful fool! Oh, everything's spoiled—it's all my fault—she was laughing at me all the time. And I was thinking——"

"Don't take on so, son," Dad Warner began clumsily.

"You ain't the first man," said Twist, "to be done that way to by a purty girl."

Freddie stared at them with miserable eyes. "Did you know, too?"

Dad Warner nodded. "You see, at first we couldn't tell you. And afterwards we promised Molly we wouldn't."

"You talked with her about me? And what a fool I was making of myself?"

"Now listen, son, Twist and me——"

"You've been laughing at me, too! Letting me think you were my friends and laughing at me!"

Other footsteps on the porch. Light, hurrying footsteps. And Molly saying, as she approached the door:

"The traditional hospitality of the West sure needs repairing at this ranch. A guest arrives and the genial host crawls in a hole."

Molly in the doorway, smiling like her pa.

"Good evening, my moral friends. I've come to play the heartless hussy casting aside the worn glove." Then she saw Freddie.

"Oh!" said Molly; and in a voice that wasn't airy, she said: "Freddie."

Freddie's eyes were dark with despair. He stood very stiffly and spoke like a man in a play he had seen. "Good evening, Miss Molly Bradford," said Freddie.

Molly's eyes shot swift accusation at Dad Warner. "You've told him," she charged.

"No; honest, Molly—didn't you tell him? Then how——"

Molly turned impulsively back to Freddie. Freddie was standing very straight. His eyes were the eyes of a hurt boy.

"Well, you've all had your little joke," said Freddie. "And it was a very funny joke. Ha-ha-ha. It certainly was a very funny joke."

When he spoke his lip trembled. He tried to think of the actor in the play. His lips twisted with the effort of the actor's ironic smile.

"But two can play at that game, you know. And maybe I've got a joke, too. Maybe when you thought you were laughing at me, all the time I was laughing at you."

"Suppose I told you that I knew all the time you were trying to fool me? Well, I did. Ha-ha!" Two slow tears started down his cheeks.

"Well, why don't you laugh now? Ha-ha! Go ahead and laugh. Ha-ha-ha! Isn't it funny? Ha-ha-ha—laugh, Mr. Warner. Laugh, Twist! Ha-ha—why don't you laugh, Miss Molly Bradford?"

He rubbed his lips with his hand, tasting the salt of tears he did not know he was shedding.

"I hate you!" he sobbed. "Lord, how I hate you!" Freddie ran from the room.

"Gosh, he knew all the time," said Twist.

"He lied like a little gentleman," said Dad Warner. "But who told him?"

"Maybe I'd better go an' tell him about Pete, the buffalo."

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"You stay here. Give him a chance to pull himself together. Why, what's the matter, Molly?"

"He said—he said he hates me."

"You ain't cryin', are you, Molly?"

"Y-yes, I am—he s-said h-he hates me! Oh, Dad, I'm so ashamed—a-and I don't w-want him to h-hate me."

She threw her arms around the old rancher, put her head on his shoulder and wept.

"There, there, honey, don't you cry." Dad Warner patted her shoulder. "Everything'll come out all right."

"Well, I'll be darned," said Twist. "Darned if not." He left them together.

Down in the cook-house the fiddles sawed out a jolly tune. Merry feet scraped out noisy figures at the command of the man in the beaded vest.

Twist McComber came back to the ranch-house carrying Freddie's sombrero and a pair of spurs. "I found his hat out yonder, an' the poor youngster left my spurs on his bunk."

"Where is he?" asked Dad Warner.

"He's gone," said Molly. "I knew it. He's running away." She wasn't crying any more. She was very calm as she walked to the door. "Good night, Dad. S'long, Twist. I'm glad that's over. It was quite a wrench."

"Don't you want to stay here, Molly, until we fetch him back?"

"I don't want you to fetch him, Dad. I'm going to fetch him myself."

The lights of the little yellow roadster poked their way along the trail to Rawhide Pass. They fell, finally, on the back of a figure trudging doggedly in high-heeled boots. The figure was hatless and carried a suitcase. The yellow roadster slowed down and rolled alongside.

"Fred," said Molly. "Dear, dear boy. Don't you know that Molly wasn't laughing? Not for one little minute."

Freddie didn't even look around. "Go back—let me go—go away," said Freddie.

"Listen, honey. Don't you see? We mustn't let everything be spoiled. I didn't like you for what you weren't. I like you for what you are—good heavens, that's all mixed up."

Freddie kept on walking.

"I'm the one who's been a fool, boy dear. I let you believe those things because I thought you'd be disappointed if I was only me."

"I told you they called me Trigger Fred."

His voice was very small. The roadster stopped. Molly sprang out.

"Oh, honey, let's not try to fool each other any more."

Three horses came down the trail from the Lazy-X ranch. Two of them carried riders. The third, a big paint horse, was led by Twist McComber. Twist carried a hat in his hand. A pair of spurs hung across his pommel.

"Somethin' must've happened," he repeated. "They've been gone two hours."

They found the yellow roadster at the side of the trail. Its engine was running.

Dad Warner leaned from his saddle and examined the trail. "Molly caught up with him, all right. Their sign points ahead. Now, ain't that peculiar?"

A hundred yards farther the tracks of two pairs of high heels veered into the brush.

"It's mighty strange. There's his suitcase."

"Sh-h-h!"

Twist followed Dad Warner's gaze. Ahead of them a grotesquery of rock lifted against the sky. On the rock, silhouetted against the sky, were two figures. Only at first, so deceptive is the light when the stars hang close, it looked like only one figure.

"It's Molly," said Twist, "an' him."

"Ain't you bright?"

"Shall I yell to 'em?"

"No; you ain't bright, after all."

"Well, it's all hours of the night. It ain't moral."

"Don't say 'ain't,'" said Dad Warner.

"What ain't moral?"

"He's kissin' her!"

"Oh, don't be an old snoop-cat. Come on, Twist, we're headin' back to the Lazy-X."

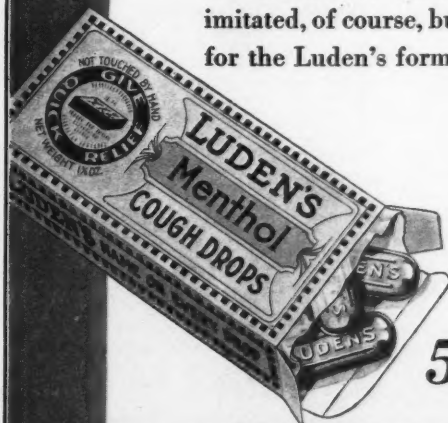
IF ONLY SOME ONE WOULD CUT IN



SHE — ASIDE — AT THE COUNTRY CLUB DANCE —

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LUDEN'S

Red Is Red by Irvin S. Cobb (Continued from page 51)

beef is the main thing, if I know Indians."

"Eating it in long strips with a knife handy to cut off the end close up to the lips after a fellow's mouth is full! Oh, this party from the East is going to see something he never saw before!"

Thus and so the arrangements.

Two days later old Eagle Ribs, silent but highly content, as anyone could tell, rode with us by train eastward across the Divide. He was in shapeless store-clothes all except his surprisingly small feet which were moccasined—Charley explained to me that always the first thing appertaining to our race which the Indian put on was the hat and the very last thing a pair of our stiff-soled shoes—and he carried his regalia in a sail-cloth bundle.

On the farther flanks of the main ridge we quit the steam-cars and changed to tin Lizzies and, heading now toward the International Boundary, traveled until the road, such as it was, petered out in a maze of trails. About here we picked up a horse outfit which awaited our arrival, and jogged along for eighteen or twenty hard miles and when we had gone by the most outlying fenced-in homestead of the domiciled ex-aborigine, we were in a place of rolling grassy swales and creeks that had aspens on their banks and small cabins stuck out anywhere in the open, with a procession of straight up-and-down mountains for a thwartwise backing to the picture.

We overtook and passed a number of family parties all journeying our way on horseback and in buckboards, and from these, through the cloaking fine dust, came grunted greetings and, in some instances, jovial gratified haile of recognition for *Anakos*, that being Antelope and it Russell's title by virtue of tribal adoption; and for *Nitap-okaiyo*, which was Lewis' Indian name and meant Real Bear, or if you prefer it so, Big Grizzly, because of his bulk and his strength and his rugged directness of action.

Charley, twenty years earlier, before he became famous as the Cowboy Artist, had got his christening inasmuch as he once wore riding-breeches having a reinforced seat of pale buckskin. The male antelope has a white rump, too, and going away from you he makes it flash in the sunlight.

Nearing our destination these family groups increased and thickened and converged from various directions until they formed almost a continuous stenciled string along the horizon.

So then there was a sunset such as you'd care to write home about, and in the mauves and reds of its burning afterglow we came near to the appointed rendezvous on the upper side of Heart Butte and I, for one, felt stiff as a board, dismounting, and ached in many tender joints as I turned my plug over to a dusky herd-boy who appeared magically alongside. He was the color of dampened brick-dust and was garbed in practically nothing at all excepting an old golf cap.

THROUGH my weariness I was aware of the peaked carets of many canvas lodges clustering in a dip of the land a hundred yards away and of a trim white bungalow-type cottage set among shade-trees on my left hand, and of a persuasive odor of smoke from wood-fires; was aware also in the distance of a drum—only the white man in his ignorance calls it a tom-tom—being beaten with that double rhythm which a red hand and no other hand whatsoever can impart to this instrument.

For all the time I tarried in those parts that drum or one of its fellows never stopped going, either. Waking I heard it and sleeping was somehow conscious of it. It did something to me, that drum did. It would do something to anybody, I don't care who. It came to be almost as much a part of me as the throb of my pulse in my wrists, and when I had gone away, for days afterward, I vaguely missed it.

For a little joke between themselves, Russell and Lewis all the way over had parried or ignored my inquiries touching on our prospective

hosts. They made a jovial small mystery out of it. So I rather was prepared for something out of the ordinary.

All the same, the cottage, on my nearer hobbling approach toward it through the tinted failing twilight, gave me a small shock. It was so smart-looking, what with its kempt dooryard and its circling flower-beds and its coats of white paint, all the more so by reason of its surroundings and its present semi-barbaric accessories down at the bottom of that adjacent coulée just yonder.

"I am astonished," I confessed, limping in through the gateway of the neatly picketed fence. "Why, this establishment belongs by rights in a residential suburb."

"We two figured it maybe might hand you a little jolt," said Russell, and uttered his regular soft chuckle as he teetered along with me in his spindle-heeled stockman's boots. "Well, you're due for a couple more surprises in a minute . . . Here's one of 'em now."

A tall youthful figure, dark-faced and black-haired, came at us down the paved path uttering the formulas of hospitality. Russell performed the rite of introduction. The last name I did not catch—Fred Something-or-other. This one gave my tired bridle-hand a brisk shaking and told me how very welcome I was.

Plainly he was Indian, or at least part Indian, but his accents had in them both the slurred laziness of Montana and, incongruously, the clipped labial proprieties of New England; also wardrobe and haircut alike bespoke big-city workmanship. But his broad white hat belonged here—a puzzling young stranger.

Offering him commonplaces of conversation and still trying to make him out in the fading shadows, I clunked laboriously up the porch steps and checked, dazzled and somewhat blinded, in a broad shaft of light from a front door now abruptly opened.

On the threshold was a feminine shape, graceful and slim and habited in one of those frocks which women wear when they are making a function of an evening but not too much of a function. My knowledge of the dressmaking craft permits me no fuller description, but I testify that the garbing had style about it and more than a suggestion of simple elegance.

Offhand and instantly I could tell that, although the illumination, being behind her, put this one in a faulty and disguising silhouette. Also, on beyond her, I caught a segmented view of a living-room done up as to its furnishings handsomely and very well. Faced with the prospects of entering into such luxury, I felt self-conscious of travel-stains, and the saddle-pack on my left arm became all at once an awkward and an ugly thing.

The tall young man presented me to her. "This," he said, "is my sister, Cecelia."

His sister was most gracious to me and genuinely glad, it appeared, to see my companions who, as immediately developed, were old and dependable friends of hers. As she ushered us in I had opportunity to study her.

Here was a remarkably pretty young woman. Her skin had a clear fine luster, not at all coppery but more in the tone of burnished smooth bronze. Her eyes carried spirit and wit in their soft black depths; her mouth was shapely and with humor in its corners; her nose was a good aquiline nose, came like in its regularity; her hands and feet were perfectly contoured but almost too small for a woman of her height. Her hair was never meant to be bobbed, whatever the barbering mode of the moment.

Mentally I gave thanks to a superior being that she had not bobbed it. It was so straight and so black, so snugly coiled about her poised and uplifted head, so richly glossed with the sheen one catches on the wing of a grackle in the sunshine.

Summing up, this Indian girl—for amazingly it was plain she was all pure clean-strain Indian with no alloy of quarter-breeding or half-breeding in her unflawed metal—would have been a striking addition to any company

anywhere. And her manners were surely the manners of a gentlewoman plus a certain simplicity of gentleness not always to be found among gentlewomen in these sophisticated and highly polished times.

So I passed into her house, being filled up meanwhile with a dumb wonder and bewilderment at this phenomenon in these parts, and when we had worked begriming horrors on a spotless bathroom in an effort to make ourselves presentable, there followed an excellent meal, properly served in a properly pretty alcove off the main room.

There were five at table—the three of us and our entertainers—with a shy Blackfoot girl for a waitress, and the dimmed *humpty-lump* of that everlasting drum. Spaced and punctual, it came and came nor ever stopped coming.

THE chateleine of this pleasant house mercifully forbore too often to interrupt us as we stowed the supper food away but after the main business of eating was ended and coffee had been brought and smoking materials passed, and the little red serving-maid had vanished, why, then there was talk and very good talk.

The brother had not a great deal to say, saying it well, though; but his sister carried the banner of conversation blithely on. With Lewis she discussed the quaint peculiarities of that whimsical biped known as the typical tourist, and with Russell she swapped the shop-talk of a studio which a painting man so loves, and with me, the prospects for the morrow's festivities, she sensing that in these my chief interest lay.

"They should be ashamed of themselves, those two!" With a mock severity she jointly accused my companions. "To come slipping in here with their plots and plans and upsetting all my fellow tribespeople! Why, it'll be weeks before this district settles down again."

"As a matter of fact, you know you're indorsing what we're aiming to do," countered Russell.

"As a matter of fact and strictly in confidence, I am," she owned. "They'll love it—the dressing up and the painting up and the noise and the dust and the gorging on food and goodies. They'll even love the tummy-aches they'll probably get. And I love it because they do. They get few enough chances to be honestly natural nowadays."

"Then since you're so strong for the idea, I take it you'll come to the big dance tomorrow night?" said Lewis.

But at that Miss Celia shook her head. "The rules you've framed operate against me."

"What rules would operate against you, of all persons? Why, we'd all feel honored."

"Louie Yellow Tail has been spreading the warning that any Indian, big or little, young or old, who appears tomorrow night in any article of white man's clothing will be barred. Was that right?"

"Yes, but—"

"Well, if I'm not an Indian what am I, pray?"

"But in your case of course we'd gladly make an exception."

"No you shan't, either. Either I'll come as a squaw—my grandmother's bridal finery, that's all dyed porcupine quills and buffalo-calfskin and elk-teeth dangles, is packed away here somewhere—or I shan't come at all. I won't offer a jarring note at a Pikuni camp-fire, so I'll just stay quietly at home with a supply of Jamaica ginger and a few first-aid bandages and be ready to care for the casualties."

"But this household will be represented. There's a good deal of the red savage still lurking in Fred's nature. You couldn't keep him away from that dancing-ring with a loaded gun. Could they, Fred?"

And Fred, smiling, admitted they couldn't. Unconsciously he had been nodding his head with sharp little sidewise jerks to the beat of the drum. I caught him at it not once but

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several times. It seemed to me though that those inevitable measured percussions annoyed her slightly. She didn't say so, but she kept wincing. And the next morning she owned that the music had got upon her nerves.

"I couldn't sleep—I heard the clock strike through half the night," she said. "I wish it would stop if only for a few minutes, but of course none of you must ask them to stop. To stop the drum at a celebration of our people would be so entirely unorthodox. By their standards it would spoil everything."

"You bet," stated Russell. "Bad medicine, that's what it would be. So I guess you'll have to suffer for the cause, Celia, honey."

Between bedtime and breakfast-time I had learned things which helped to explain this interesting pair of young people. Going to bed in the fully appointed guest-chamber which we shared between us, Russell told me details that supplied the chinking for a structure of surmise and theory which already I had buildied of material picked up out of the talk in the living-room. Consolidated, the facts seemed substantially to be these:

His father had been an aristocrat of the Blackfeet, a member of a family second only in importance and influence to the family of that famous leader, the first Chief White Calf. Being of a plastic temperament, he had succeeded where most of his race and his generation had failed and still was failing—he had adapted himself to the conditions imposed by the white man and the white man's government and notably had prospered thereby.

He had made money, quite a good deal of money, Russell said, through cattle-raising operations and through horse-trading on a broad scale, and through the branches of a general-merchandising business carried on at various trading-posts with dependable white associates for his partners. What for an Indian was a still more remarkable attribute, he'd saved his money after he made it; had put it into wise investments which continued to provide a handsomely adequate income for his heirs. This then accounted for these expensive comforts among which we were domiciled.

Having further vision, he had caused his two children to be educated to the tops of their respective bents. The son had a degree from an eastern university, was a member of good clubs in Denver and Chicago and San Francisco, a traveled young man who had seen his own country—certainly it had been his own country once—and the world at large. He was no loafer, though; he carried on the affairs of his inheritance with judgment and success.

The daughter had been taught by the Sisters at the agency mission; was their brag pupil, Russell claimed. From thence she had gone to a fashionable finishing-school in the East, and afterwards on her own initiative had taken a course in nursing. She was a graduate nurse, with a certificate to prove it.

Out of her personal income she maintained a sort of infirmary here in the upper edges of the reservation. With the hearty approval of the resident priest and the capable aid of a small group of nuns, she was trying to teach the women and the younger children of the tribe the simpler elements of hygiene and sanitation and domestic cleanliness.

She had a sweetheart—a young physician from Maryland and a mighty smart fellow, Charley had heard. He came frequently to visit her. He was due the day after tomorrow. They were believed to be engaged.

And so on and so forth, in Russell's homely, agreeable Missouri drawl, until I slid off and out and away on a bottomless balmy ebb-tide of sleep.

FOR me that next day was packed jamful with sensational experiences. From the remembered mass of them I shall pluck forth and briefly chronicle just two.

In the forenoon and by special invitation we sat with a group of the elders in old Mountain Chief's lodge. The turned-back "ears" of his lodge, the triangled flaps at the meeting of the ridge-poles, bore each a colored design.

On one surface, in the crude blue of manufactured paint, was a cross, for Mountain Chief boasted of being Christianized. But on the other, and done with the faded dull reds of earth pigments, appeared the mystic dotted emblems of the Pleiades, the Seven Peculiar Persons of Blackfoot mythology.

Mountain Chief, it would seem, was a canny old gentleman. The white man's religion might be the right religion; even so, he would continue with this symbolic tribute to propitiate the principal heavenly satellites of Napi, spokesman for the supreme god, which is the sun, and therefore potent above all starry bodies.

Also I took note that the rosary about the old man's neck carried, just below the little crucifix which rested flat against his shriveled breast, a tiny medicine-bag containing no telling what messy collection of scraped bones and dried talons and polished charm-stones. Plainly this was a convert who took no chances, but coppered his bets on salvation both ways.

As we sat in the circle with the chief's big scrolled sandstone pipe going from one to the next and the sign-talk flitting as this pair of hands or that took up the burden of neighborly discourse—both Lewis and Russell knowing its meaning, the first indifferently but the other adequately—a squaw, the widow of one Singing Raven, entered to measure my foot for my moccasins.

Since we had come bringing gifts of provenance we must have gifts in return; that was ordained by a code hundreds of years old. Mine would be moccasins. And this needlewoman, named Growing Grass Woman, being renowned for her deftness, would cut and sew and embroider them for me, by ethics taking no payment for her pains excepting my thanks.

I was moved to make a bit of fun; already I had learned how dearly the Indian likes fun. Under Russell I had been studying the rudiments of the finger manual, so catching her eye while all my seniors looked gravely on, I signaled to her this:

"I—think—you—are—a—beautiful—young—woman."

Now the point of the joke was that she was neither beautiful nor yet was she young; comely enough, yes, and amiable and smiling but, even so, so broad a compliment was hardly for her. Across a ring of rutted red faces I saw the evidence of covert amusement spreading, and a dozen open palms went up to cover as many widening mouths—the invariable gesture which offers proof that an Indian is startled or perplexed or, as in this case, privately edified.

For a moment only the dumpy little widow showed a passing confusion. Then she rallied and cast back her retort at me:

"I—think—you—are—a—swift convex motion lengthwise down the body, then the sign, made with darting fingers, of the forked tongue of the Snake Which Talks Two Ways—"fat—liar!"

Who was it who said the inscrutable red brother never laughs? Probably the same person who said that all Chinamen are honest and that all Scots are stingy and that all Germans love beer.

Thereafter for minutes the company gave way entirely. There were no masking hands held before twitching lips now. These ancient men whooped and gurgled and chuckled and pointed derisive digits at me. In the excesses of a joyful and unrestrained mirth, old Eagle Ribs, who before this had appointed himself my special patron and sponsor, beat with his two fists on his breasts and rolled on the turf.

From then on, the tale having been thoroughly circulated by volunteer carriers, I was to all and sundry in that membership the Fat Liar. I imagine I still am.

As for my critic she, at my expense, was extolled throughout the whole encampment.

The second outstanding impression of a day filled—to me at least—with memory pictures, was vouchsafed late in the afternoon when we returned to the ranch-house to make ready for the feast and the dance which would be the culmination of all lesser events.

The living-room was untenanted. At our entrance the voice of our hostess was heard from a smaller room at the right.

"Please come on in here, all of you," she bade us. "I just want you to behold a vision of real barbaric grandeur."

We filed into a room fitted as a library with bookshelves about the walls and reading-lamps on tables laden with magazines and current popular novels. In the midst of this, upon a cloth spread to protect the carpeting, stood Brother Fred, transformed.

Barring a flaring roach of brilliantly dyed deer-tails and porcupine quills and a beaded belt about his middle with a crimson breech-clout, and a pair of beautifully decorated dance moccasins on his feet, he was as naked as he had been on the day when he arrived in this world. He was painted, front and behind, on torso, limbs, face and throat; was painted from scalp-line to moccasin tops with a ghastly shiny green paint.

Superimposed on this green undercoating were broad circular splashes of bright yellow. There were yellow spots for his cheeks, yellow smears across his nose and around his eyes, huge gleaming polka-dots down both his legs and up both his arms and along his spine. He was the monstrous and outrageous presentment of a great speckle-backed lean-flanked frog.

Kneeling beside him in a nurse's uniform of crisp white linen, the embodiment of what civilization could do for a pretty girl, was his sister. With a brush she applied the final touches to those mottled shanks, her eyes dancing and her heels rocking in amusement. But his grin through his dapplings was a trifle sheepish, I thought.

That was the contrast—that and the staid rows of volumes about these two and the slanting rays of the lowered sun falling on polished floor-boards and on Persian rugs and, through the open window, the regulated emotional cadence of a distant drum being tapped on its rawhide top with a skin-headed stick.

Do you wonder that the spectacle vividly abides with me still?

LORDY, how many things I found out about my red brethren that night! For instance, now:

I found out that when an Indian dines he is too polite to leave anything on the plate. If there be little he scrapes the platter clean. If there be much still he eats it all, putting at naught what misled scientists have to say about the chambering capacity of any given human stomach. His digestive processes exactly equal the amount he can swallow, with nothing left over.

I found out that no matter how many acutely discordant primary colors an Indian may be wearing all at once, nevertheless the resultant effect is picturesque and harmonious as massed autumn leaves and altogether in keeping with the wearer's personality. I take it there is no explanation for this except that he's an Indian.

I found out that at the climax of high days and holidays his orchestra leader lays aside the small tambour-shaped drum which suffices for the preliminary services and unceasingly belabors a huge double-headed thing propped on sticks, striking with seemingly light blows which nevertheless send their echoes reverberating for miles across a rolling prairie country and have in them added powers for maddening those of his kith who may be within hearing.

I found out that when an Indian really lets himself go and dances he omits from the program that perfunctory stamping which you've seen at a Wild West show, so-called, and also the hybridized abortion of the summer hotels which is performed with decorum and restraint and, for no plausible reason, is known as the Owl Dance.

Instead of these he flings himself into a riotous atavistic series of incredible contortions and posturings; furthermore, he can keep this up hour on hour until the spectator's brain reels to the mesmerism of it—but the Indian's

brain doesn't. It only stimulates him to greater exertions.

I found out that even nowadays nearly every adult reservation-Indian treasures certain handed-down heirlooms of his fathers—weapons and gauds and ornaments; coup-sticks, sacred amulets, holy devices against evil, necklaces of human teeth perhaps, old buffalo lances, breastplates of matched and polished bones, gourd rattles, painted pelts or what not—which he brings forth only for special and extraordinary occasions and parts with only under stress of famine or pressing emergency.

But these, mark you, were merely a few of the things I found out.

To deal with the peak of the festival I have decided that short broken sentences best will suggest the main impressions which my whirling mind registered then and yet records. Ordinarily I think a sentence, grammatically speaking, should be complete—noun, adjective, verb, adverb, preposition and so on. But here the staccato mode seems called for, if the reader is to get some slight notion of what I saw and heard and felt. Like this:

Singing. Drumming. Dancing. Stiff-legged strutting. Intent passionate faces glowing in the firelight. Men's nude bodies weaving in and out. Music. Music of jingling sleigh-bells and hawk-bells. Music of plaintive Indian flutes and lovers' reed fifes bleating plaintively. Music of gourd rattles and of rawhide rattles and of turtle-shell rattles and of dew-claw rattles. Music of eagles' wing-bone medicine whistles.

Vocal music, now droning, now rising shrilly from where the squaws and the kettle-tenders were ranged at the side-lines, now tumultuously blended, now breaking at ordained intervals into sharp yelping choruses like the calling of a wolf pack in which all joined. Always and never ceasing, that infernal drum music—*tumpy-tump, tumpy-tump.*

A recurring fearsome vision of the head medicine-man, Twisted Leg by name, his skin painted in alternate stripings of dead black and corpse white, his face covered by a devil's mask complete with horns and carved grinning fangs, his frame bent half double to a crouch, and he leaping and darting and waving his furry totems aloft and sometimes capering on all fours. A peep at old Mountain Chief, stately and outwardly impressive in his splendid full dress of bullhorn cap, fringed squaw-cloth leggings and beaded buckskin war-shirt, trimmed on sleeves and breast with the black-tipped white skins of a hundred or more winter weasels—but undoubtedly greatly stirred within.

An occasional flash at the dappled shape of Brother Fred circling and stamping as wildly as any blanket-buck there. Twitching, sinewy muscles. Brows scowling under bristling bonnets. Jowls twisted into snarls. Tongues licking out. Glaring, staring eyeballs.

Dust rising. Smell of smoke. Stale smells of musty animals' peltry and frowzy birds' plumage. Smells of stripped and frenzied Indians, which is rather like the smell of foxes and minks in heat and not at all like the sour steamy body-smell of violently exercising white folk.

Beat of moccasined feet on the hard-packed earth. Swishing of accouterments. Guns, tomahawks, lances, coup-sticks, stone-headed clubs being tossed aloft and caught whirling in the air without anyone losing step. Teeth snapping and grinding until you thought of the simile of hungry coyotes. Long-drawn-out wailing sounds. Thin high bleating sounds. Short vehement barking sounds.

Squatted squaws rocking back and forth on their haunches. Upstanding squaws swaying themselves in a hypnotized unison. Children running into the dancing-ring with intent to emulate their sires and being snatched out from under the trampling feet. Colors: red, blue, green, yellow, purple. Panoramic colors. Kaleidoscopic colors. *Yelp-yelp-yelp! Tumpy-tump, tumpy-tump.*

And then the whole whirling phantasma, with minor and major interpolations, repeating itself over and over again.

I can't say how long it had gone on—two

hours, probably, at least an hour and a half. I know that I, being altogether fascinated, had quite lost all track and count of time where I stood, with the other two givers of the feast, just behind a huddle of hunkered forms and next to Louie Yellow Tail who accommodatingly had volunteered to serve me as the explainer of various intricate phases and shifting tempos as when, say, the Wolf Dance succeeded the Scalp Dance and the Buffalo Dance followed on the Sun Dance or the Dance for Good Luck. He was a competent mouthpiece, was Mr. Yellow Tail.

I do know though that without prior warning an actor hitherto unseen burst into view, breaking headlong through the opposite hem of that irregular human rim for which the vast crackling camp-fire was the bright hub. That one's onrushing advent produced an interruption, a confusion.

For as the fleet figure wove in and out among the dancers until it halted on poised tiptoe near the center and, with a jingle of copper bracelets, flung up an authoritative bare arm, the dancers themselves checked and wavered and from the women and the girls came a gabbled astonished outcry as of protest. Even I knew that according to Blackfoot etiquette no woman might with propriety intrude on any dance excepting only the monotonous Squaw Dance, and this newcomer was a woman, all right.

But old Mountain Chief shouted an order and on that ensued a quick and an almost complete hush, subdued grunts and murmurs emphasizing rather than breaking it. For a brief space until there was utter silence except for the mechanical drum-tap, the lone stranger waited, the ruddy glare shining on the magnificent twin-tailed brave's bonnet that she wore, and on her armlets and her priceless elk-teeth necklaces and on the scraps of fur and the silver jinglets woven into the plaits of her hair and on the steel blade of the old-pattern tomahawk pipe which she carried in her left hand.

She wore for body-covering a robe of soft, clinging buffalo-skin tanned to a light brown and elaborately marked with straps and braids of dyed porcupine quills. This robe was cut low at the shoulders, exposing all the upper bust and the bulge of the full breasts, and was girted in at the waist with a broad belt of joined copper disks, and it ended at the knees in pendants of bells and small copper bosses and the dried talons of large birds.

The legs below the skirt were bare; but there were tiny, exquisitely beaded moccasins on the feet. The face was heavily painted. This much I saw all in a flash and saw with a start something else too—something familiar and recognizable; and then, still with an arm up-thrust, the invader spoke in her own tongue.

I gave Yellow Tail, who seemed half stupefied, a nudge in his elbow.

"What's she saying?" I demanded. "Don't wait until she's through—I might miss something. Tell me as she goes along."

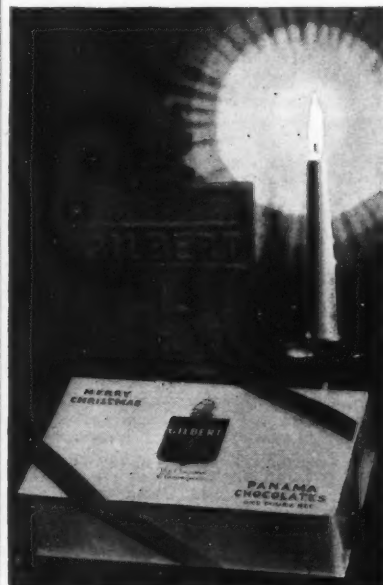
Which he did, but his excited eyes never left her, his words coming to me sideways out of one corner of his mouth. He had turned eloquent; almost he had turned poetic.

With pauses between to catch her speeches he told me this:

"She says she is Hawk-Taming Woman, the only daughter of He-Who-Catches-The-Hawk, who was powerful among the Pikuni. She says she is the great-granddaughter of Running Eagle, the virgin warrior, the maiden-chief, who bore a fighting name and wore the dress of a brave and, in the long-time-ago years which are gone forever, led war parties against the Crows and the Assiniboinis. She says that in her veins is the blood of Buffalo Stone Woman, the medicine woman whose magic dream saved the Pikuni from death in the dreadful Starvation Winter and brought them again to plenty so that the red meat dried by the lodges and the people sang songs of rejoicing.

"She says that she feels the powers of Running Eagle and Buffalo Stone Woman working in her now. Through the medicine drum they speak to her from the Place of Spirits with a

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voice which she cannot disobey and so her heart is glad and her limbs are strong and supple. *Haiya! haiya!*

"She says that because of these things and because for tonight she is all Pikuni, she claims for the first time in her life and the only time in her life and the last time, the three great rights which only these two enjoyed among all women of her tribe since the days when Napi—Old-Man-Who-Never-Gets-Any-Older—the son of the Sun by a Pikuni woman, walked on earth among his chosen children, the Pikuni: the right to speak at the council-fire of the old men, the right to wear on her head before the young men the double-trailer bonnet of a chief, the right to dance while all others stand by.

"*Haiya! She dances!*"

She did. Lifting her voice in a sliding up-and-down chant, she danced there by the fire-light while the clustered men slid back to give her room. The laden clumps of her black mane rose and fell to her swirling, and the belled skirts of her robe stood out from her shining legs and filled the air with a little jingling clashing sound.

She wheeled faster and faster until she became an animate whirlpool, the revolving core of a little living tornado. She checked and in accordance with some ancient ritual stamped her feet, *pit-pat, pit-pat, pat-pat-pat* upon the pounded turf, and from all about her the deep-throated grunts of Blackfoot approval arose. Then she flung her head back, back, back, until her face was flat to the stars, until her crown of eagle feathers was like the beginning of a pair of splendid spreading wings and, still intoning, she renewed her dizzy spinning so that I felt myself going groggy and drunken from watching this gyrating savage automaton.

Her arms were like flying spindles; her feet were like flashing brilliant dots; her legs like spokes in a very swift wheel. Her smooth bosom showed where the short-sleeved T-shaped bodice had fallen off her shoulders. There was about the whole apparition a primitive joyous abandon, an essence of unbridled exultation which I shall never be able to forget—or for that matter, adequately to describe.

Now then quickly—as quickly and as unexpectedly as she had appeared among us—she was gone, flitting nimbly away past the people and into the darkness.

Russell's hand on my arm brought me back to realities. Shaking my head like a man emerging from a daze, which indeed I was, I saw that a stranger had edged into our little clump.

Here stood a scholarly-looking young man in well-dusted riding-clothes, with glasses and a pointed close-cropped beard.

"This," said Russell, "is Doctor Ingles, of Baltimore—you heard us speaking of him today over at the house. He just got in."

I told him I was glad to meet him.

"Yes," he told me, "I got in about half an hour ago. I wasn't expected until tomorrow so I thought I'd surprise the folks. But I was the one who was surprised—found the house standing open and empty and all this crazy hullabaloo going on down here in this hollow. Without waiting to tidy up I strolled down, thinking I might find my fiancée looking on at this—ugh—this confounded orgy. Haven't seen her about anywhere, have you?"

Where Russell stood half-shadowed behind the young man he let an eyelid fall on a palpable wink and shook his head meaningly.

"Why, no," I lied, "I haven't, not since 'long about seven o'clock or thereabouts."

"I hardly thought she'd be here," said Doctor Ingles. "For all her sympathy for these curious creatures I could hardly imagine her actually countenancing such a—such a—Why, it's a regular Saturnalia, isn't it? I'm surprised Fred and Cecelia permit it to go on so close to their place."

"This crowd kind of likes it," commented Russell dryly. "And I can't say I've been bored myself."

"Well, I'll be getting back to the house," continued the young man. "Probably she's in by now."

"Wait and see the finish," urged Lewis.

He seemed restless and reluctant, but we insisted and we kept him with us for half an hour—at least half an hour—and then let him go. During that time Fred did not venture near us but, and perhaps by intent, kept out of vision, which was just as well.

The doctor left us, murmuring something in his whiskers about something having been to his way of thinking a lamentable spectacle.

"Well," mused Russell, "it takes all kinds of people to make a world, don't it? Probably

that's why you so often run across one of 'em that you don't seem to care for."

"I hope he makes that nice sweet girl happy," said Lewis.

What I had to say I saved up and said next morning. I was the first of our trio to report for breakfast. Early as it was, our hostess, Miss Cecelia Falconer (which by interpretation might mean Hawk Tamer) sat behind a tall bubbling, spitting percolator, brewing herself a solitary cup. Nobody else had appeared.

She looked very fresh and charming in whipcord breeches and snug high riding-boots and a demure plain shirt of heavy white silk. Under her open collar a crimson neckerchief was knotted sailor-fashion.

She wanted to know whether I would join her in coffee before the others turned up. I said I would. It was first-rate coffee.

"Gorgeous handkerchief you're wearing," I remarked. "I particularly admire the color—most becoming and, if I may be permitted to say so, most appropriate." I pressed down on that last word but although I could tell I had scored, she refused to respond in kind. Instead she thanked me for the compliment and would have led the conversation elsewhere, but I steered back to my subject.

"Red's my favorite color," I stated.

"Oh, is it?"

"Yes, especially when it's a fast shade of red, a deep shade. It may fade but it never entirely bleaches out. I think that's why I like it."

She regarded me gravely. "I surrender," she said. "I'm going to ask you, though, to keep my secret. I waylaid Mr. Lewis and Charley last night—I missed you somehow—and pledged them both. You see, I don't want Doctor Ingles even to suspect. He—he—wouldn't exactly understand, I'm afraid."

I gave my promise and she nodded across the table to me, sealing the bargain between us.

"I don't know what it was—what whim, what impulse possessed me," she continued. "I only know that when finally it took me I couldn't resist."

"I'm only a poor raw greenhorn, but I think I can guess," I said.

I imitated the drum. With my fist, on the table-cover, I went *Tumpty-tum!*

She nodded again.

A Ringer by Peter B. Kyne (Continued from page 71)

foals by Okanogan. What do you say to selling him to me?"

The rancher scratched his head. "Well, I don't know about that, son. That man, Milligan, who sold him to me, has written me about him. Says he'd like to buy him back to breed to a few selected mares. He's offered me twelve hundred and fifty dollars for him. I only paid a thousand for him, but I'd about made up my mind that if Milligan wanted him bad enough he'd pay fifteen hundred."

"I'll pay you fifteen hundred," Midge assured him promptly. But the rancher did not appear too eager, so Midge resumed: "After all, what you wanted was a thoroughbred stallion."

"Now, I tell you what I'll do. I have a three-year-old colt of excellent breeding, but he'll never make a race-horse. He's just about three seconds too slow to be in the money, but he's a beautiful animal and I'll give him to you."

"Sold!" said the rancher.

"On this added condition," Midge continued. "You are to turn over to me the original bill of sale, pedigree and registration certificate given you by Fatty Milligan, together with the dead check, with Fatty's indorsement, which you gave him when you bought Okanogan. This horse is unknown as a sire of race-horses, but if his get should turn out well I want to be in position to prove that he is the real Okanogan and not a ringer."

To this stipulation the cattleman agreed, and three days later, when the deal was formally

consummated, Midge made another request.

"You're liable to have Fatty Milligan coming out here to see you," he warned. "If he does, please do not tell him I have bought Okanogan. If you do, he'll come pestering around trying to buy him from me, and I don't like him and don't want any visits from him."

"Why, I haven't even answered his first letter yet, son. I'll just write Milligan and tell him I have sold the horse to a wandering trader who took him away, and I don't know where he's taken him. I'll keep your dark secret."

"Thank you, sir." And Midge walked away with the halter-shank in hand.

A few days later he turned the animal into a paddock at the Sycamore Rancho.

"Where'd you get the cripple," Jim Merton queried, marking the old scars from pin-firing on Okanogan's leg.

"Well, he's no race-horse, Jim, but time was when he was hard to beat. He's a good sire."

"Yes? What's he sired?"

"A few for Fatty Milligan, I guess."

"What's Miss Henning going to do with him?" Jim Merton was just a trifle hurt. "She never took me into her confidence."

"This is my horse, Jim. I've bought him on spec," and Midge explained his reasons for the purchase after which he took Jim Merton up to his quarters in the colt barn and showed him the carefully tabulated result of his research into the horse's ancestry.

"You got a noodle on you, Midge," was Merton's brief praise, but, coming from him, it

was sweet to Midge Macklin's young ears. "Yes," Jim continued, "you advertise that horse in the Breeder's Gazette and he'll make you a young fortune in sire fees."

"Well, I gave fifteen hundred for him and a horse I bought off Miss Marion for five hundred. That makes him cost two thousand with my traveling expenses and the horse's transportation about two hundred more. You give me eleven hundred dollars, Jim, and you've got a half-interest in him."

"You're crazy, kid."

"If I am, I'm crazy like a fox," and Midge told Jim Merton of their employer's impending marriage and of her generous proposal to lease to them the Sycamore Rancho and her string of horses. "I'm under age," he explained, "and no contract I sign is legal, but Miss Marion's my legal guardian and can sign for me. What do you think of it, Jim?"

Jim's answer was, "Will a cat eat liver?"

"He will. Jim, you go up and talk it over with Miss Marion and whatever deal you make is o.k. with me. We're partners. I can ride another year yet, if I keep down the fat—"

"You keep down the fat or I'll scrape it off you with a gad," the old trainer cried excitedly.

"Yes, sir-ee. With forty thousand dollars capital, a fifty-fifty split on the purses for our running horses and three years in which to buy the breeding stock, we'll win out. You're right, kid. The sire fees from Okanogan will give us our operating expenses for three years, and right off we'll sink half our capital in some good old mares. Think we won't get a fine

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price for our yearlings? Boy, you're a wonder." Within three days the deal with Marion Henning was completed and Midge Macklin and old Jim Merton were off, as Jim expressed it, "like Paddy Ford's goat—on their own hook."

At the fall meeting in Montreal that year the Sycamore Rancho had a string of horses racing. Midge Macklin was riding them, and Jim Merton was caring for them.

One day Midge came into the barn, his small freckled face alight with mirth.

"I've got great news for you, Jim," he announced. "Fatty Milligan's here with a string of selling platters and one ringer. I've seen this ringer and he's a beautiful big horse—and fast."

"How do you know he's a ringer, Midge?"

"Because his name is Okanogan," Midge replied solemnly. "Oh, cricky, Jim, this is a rich dish! Remember, I told you about Fatty trying to buy Okanogan back from that rancher. Well, I guess the rancher give him the earful he promised me he would, so Fatty figures Okanogan is lost forever. So Fatty gives it out that he has had Okanogan out on pasture for two years and his bowed tendon has cured itself, so he's going to try the horse out in a few short races."

"He can't deny that Okanogan broke once; it's in the record of the race and the record is available to anybody who takes the trouble to look up the dope-sheets. And the tipsters always do that. They'll rate Okanogan as a prospect until he loses his first race by a dozen lengths; then they'll announce that the old horse made a gallant effort to come back but couldn't make the grade."

"Jim, Fatty has a horse that looks like a twin of Okanogan's. I'll bet there isn't half an inch difference in their height or twenty-five pounds difference in their weight. There is the same blazed face, the same golden-chestnut color. The only difference is that this ringer has one white sock and Okanogan has none, but they've used a solution of henna to eliminate that white sock."

"How do you know, Midge?"

"It just ain't possible, Jim, for two horses to be exactly alike, so I went into the ringer's stall yesterday while Milligan's stable hands were at lunch and examined his legs. Down close to the roots of the hair on his off hind leg it shows white, but you have to dig deep to find it. In order to fool everybody Fatty has even had this good horse's near front leg pin-fired to indicate that once he had a bowed tendon and was given the usual treatment."

"The dirty skunk! Have you any idea of the ringer's identity?"

"Sure I have. If he isn't Musketeer, a half-brother to Okanogan, I'm a Hottentot. I was around the Banfield stables too long not to know every horse in it. Musketeer was a grand sprinter, remember, so John T. Banfield has either loaned him to Fatty, giving him a fake bill of sale, or Fatty has bought him, knowing him to be sound and fast up to a mile, and a duplicate in looks of the lost Okanogan. What Fatty doesn't know is that we own Okanogan! If we didn't own him Fatty would make a killing and nobody would ever know the difference except Fatty and, I suppose, John T. Banfield and their trainers."

Jim Merton considered this interesting information. "I suppose Milligan will run this ringer in three or four races in which he will not win; then, when the odds are high, he'll send the ringer out to win and play the horse heavily in the pool-rooms and handbooks in the United States and Canada. He'll get closing odds and if nobody plays the ringer in the machines the odds will be tremendous and Fatty will make a clean-up, won't he?"

"He thinks he will, but he won't. Jim, I haven't forgotten that roll of bandage in my saddle-girth that day, and here's where I ruin Fatty Milligan and John T. Banfield's bank roll. I suppose it will be a couple of weeks before Fatty is ready for his killing, so in the meantime, Jim, I want you to wire the ranch

to put Okanogan in an express-car with a swipe to care for him, and send him here."

"Then you will meet the car at some station outside the city and send the swipe back to the ranch, because we can't afford to have anybody around this track giving it out that the real Okanogan has arrived. We'll run the horse out to the track in a trailer behind an automobile."

"Very well, kid," the old trainer assured him. "In the interest of clean sport and your personal feud, we'll send for Okanogan and you do with him as you see fit."

"And what I'll do with him will be aplenty," the boy growled maliciously. "There are too many fine ladies and gentlemen promoting the sport of kings to let a cheap crook like Fatty Milligan give the game a bad name."

Back at the stables after the fourth race, Midge Macklin encountered Fatty Milligan coming out of the latter's tack room.

"Hello, Fatty," he saluted the owner cheerfully. "You still crashing the gate? I supposed you'd been ruled off the turf long ago."

Mr. Milligan smiled, electing to regard the boy's verbal jab as a mere bit of horse-play. "Still holding your little grudge, eh, kid?"

"Sure I'm holding my little grudge, Fatty. I've never caught even with you, have I? That leaves a poke coming to you, don't it?"

"I guess I can stand any pokes a boy like you can give me, Midge."

"Well, you taught me to inspect my saddle-girths, and I s'pose I'd ought to forgive you for that. Say, I hear you've got old Okanogan in your string again."

"Yep. After he broke down and I couldn't seem to cure him I sold him to a rancher. Well, idleness and a year in a pasture did the trick, so I decided to buy him back again and try him in a few short races."

"Yes, you did." The boy's voice was the acme of sarcasm. "I don't like you, Fatty, but I'll tell the world you're a fox. So you're the bird that beat the Sycamore Rancho to the good thing, are you?"

"What do you mean—good thing, kid? I'm just taking a long gamble on him."

"Sure you are, but as a stud, not a race-horse, although at that I believe you're liable to win a few sprints with him before he pops again. You know, Fatty, he's bound to pop."

"They always do," Fatty admitted. "Once a horse has bowed a tendon you can bet he'll bow it again, sooner or later—and when he pops the second time, he's through."

"What you wanted Okanogan for," Midge pursued confidentially, "was to place him in the stud. I got looking up the record of that sensation of last season, Don Gaspar—"

"You young devil!" Fatty laughed amiably, and snipped his juvenile enemy on the back. "I always did tell John T. Banfield he was a fool to treat you the way he did. I says to him, I says: 'John, that boy has a head on his shoulders.'"

"You must have come to the same conclusion I did, Fatty," Midge ignored the compliment. "Don Gaspar's quality comes to him through his dam, Rosemary, out of Marylin by Confucius. Okanogan is out of Marylin by Confucius, and he's the only stallion of that breeding in the world. Musketeer is a half-brother of Okanogan, but he doesn't carry the Marylin strain. He's out of the Marchioness. And of course we can't be certain Don Gaspar got all of his great qualities from his grandmother. Confucius was a king of the turf, remember, and I think that the Marylin-Confucius 'nick' was the one that did the trick."

"I think you're right, Midge," Fatty Milligan replied soberly. "Anyhow, that's the way I figured it."

"That's the way a hundred owners figured it, Fatty. The Marylin-Confucius strain will be in great demand, and in Okanogan you have the only surviving specimen. I remembered the time you sold him for a thousand dollars, thinking you were in luck to get that price for a hopeless cripple. At the time I said you were a fool for doing it and I got the name and address of the purchaser, figuring maybe I

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might buy him for five hundred a few years from now, pick up a couple of good old mares cheap and get some colts out of him that would run. When Don Gaspar began doing his stuff I knew old Okanogan would be a rich pick-up, so I went up to that ranch to buy him."

"And you were about twenty minutes too late, weren't you, kid?"

"Can't have all the luck all the time, Fatty! So you were the trader that bought him?"

"Why, you wouldn't expect me to go in person to buy him back, would you, Midge? I hope I've got more sense than that. If I'd gone myself that cattleman would have suspected something and jumped the price on me."

"That's right, Fatty." Midge came close to Mr. Milligan. "Come clean, now, Fatty. Just between us two horse thieves, what'd he cost?"

"I paid eighteen hundred dollars for him, Midge. At that I stole him. Midge, I was prepared to pay as much as ten thousand for him, if I had to."

"As a bet he would have been worth it, Fatty. How does he stand up in training?"

"Wonderful. Of course I haven't worked him a great deal, but when he's fit I'm going to take a chance and run him in a few sprints. If he continues to hold up I'll enter him in more important races, and retire him to the stud this winter."

"I'll bet you can get a thirty-five-hundred-dollar service fee for Okanogan," Midge suggested almost wistfully. "Fatty, you've got a fortune in that horse. You dirty crook, you don't deserve such luck." And with a playful poke at Fatty, Midge continued on his way.

"What a slick liar Fatty is," he mused. "I gave him an earful and he swallowed the bait, hook, line and sinker . . . I'll have to be careful and exercise Okanogan down some country road o' mornings. It would never do to let Fatty or his trainer see me on the old plug . . . I wonder if John T. Banfield is in on this killing. If he is, then it's a cinch that ringer is Musketee. I've got to find out. I got to get me a good detective agency on this job, but the job itself has got to be framed by yours truly, Midge Macklin."

"Come, Midge. Quick, now, kid. What do you do first? Why, Mr. Macklin, you get somebody to go to John T. Banfield with a good offer for Musketee. If Banfield refuses, it's because he can't deliver Musketee, and the reason he can't deliver him is because Musketee has become Okanogan."

HE WENT into the city and called upon a detective agency. His first act was to place five hundred dollars on the manager's table.

"There's the money on the barrel-head," he announced. "Make a lot of notes. I want you to send a man familiar with race-horses to John T. Banfield, at his stock-farm in Kentucky, to buy his stallion, Musketee." Glibly he gave the manager all of the details of the fake transaction. "If Banfield produces Musketee and accepts the offer, your operative is to go back to town to get a check certified, and that will be the last Banfield is to hear of him. I just want to know where Musketee is. Can you tap a telegraph wire, mister?"

"We don't like to, son, but we can if the case justifies it. Explain yourself."

"John T. Banfield, provided he won't listen to an offer to sell his horse Musketee, is likely to receive some telegrams from Montreal. I want to know what those telegrams are."

"That's easy. What sort of place is the local telegraph station?"

"It's at the railway depot a mile from Banfield's ranch. The station-agent's the operator and he telephones all telegrams to Mr. Banfield."

"Our operator will merely loaf around the railroad station and listen to the rattling of the telegraph-key. We'll send an expert telegrapher who can read any message he can hear."

"All right. You have him wire you copies of all the messages he picks up, and every night I'll telephone to you for the latest dope. But don't send this telegraph operative until I tell you. I'll give you plenty of notice."

"Are you sure Banfield is at his stock-farm?" "He usually is at this time of year. However, you can locate him. If he's somewhere else, have him shadowed and report to me everything he does and every place he goes."

The following day Midge, having established a semi-friendly armistice with Fatty Milligan, strolled into Fatty's barn while Fatty was there. "Just want to take a look at Okanogan, Fatty," he announced.

Fatty obligingly opened the door of a box stall and led his ringer out. Midge ran his hand down the near front leg where the marks of old pin-firing showed plainly.

"By George, Fatty, you're right," he declared. "Not the least sign of swelling or fever. How old is he?" Before Fatty could answer Midge had grasped the horse's nose and lower jaw and jerked his mouth open.

"Seven," said Fatty.

"His mouth says seven. Teeth in good shape, too. Well, Fatty, many a seven-year-old has won a hard race, and I wouldn't be surprised if you made a killing with old Okanogan. I'm going to watch you, Mister Fox, and when this horse is fit I'll lay a little bet on him myself. I suppose you'll tip me off, just to prove how sorry you are you had that swipe slip the bandage roll under my saddle-girth that day at New Orleans."

"And have you and your friends knock the price down, eh? Nothing doing, my boy."

"You can't stop me from cashing on him, Fatty. I know your game. You'll build him up in three or four races; then, when the odds are fat and juicy you'll enter him in something soft and clean up in the handbooks. I suppose I'll lose a few bets guessing which is the fatal day, but by doubling my bets each time I'll get it all back in the long run."

Midge carefully studied the pattern of the horse's blanket and noted the amount of wear it had had. After leaving Fatty's barn he went to the Sycamore Rancho stable and looked over the supply of horse-blankets there until he found one that was of exactly the same pattern and age as the one worn by the ringer. Then he poured some water on one side of it, mopped the blanket in a fresh dung-heap a few minutes and hung it up to dry. In the morning a brown stain was evident, and two days later when he and Jim Merton went out to meet the real Okanogan at a station twenty miles outside the city, this stained blanket reposed in the tonneau of their car.

Blanketed to his eyes, Okanogan was loaded into a trailer and carried out to the track, arriving there after dark. He was permitted to rest three days, then Midge took him out very early on the fourth morning, found a dirt lane leading away from the track and jogged him down it for five miles.

For two weeks this daily schedule was maintained, with the exception that Midge trotted and galloped the horse more frequently and for longer distances. After each period of exercise he examined the old weak spot in the horse's near front leg, but could find no evidence of a tendency on the part of the tendon to pop again. Nor did the horse favor the leg in the least.

Meanwhile, Fatty Milligan's exercise boy was giving the fake Okanogan a gradually increasing dose of daily exercise. The horse was rounding into condition rapidly and Midge was not at all surprised when Fatty entered him in a six-furlong race. The boy was not riding that day and from the club-house veranda he and Jim Merton watched the ringer. He was quiet and tractable at the post and got off to an excellent start. For three furlongs he led the field by six open lengths, then gradually dropped back and finished fourth.

"That ringer is Musketee," Midge confided to his partner. "I've had a man offer John T. Banfield five thousand for him and Banfield refused. So I know he can't deliver the horse. If he could he'd grab at that offer. Musketee was always a good-natured horse at the post."

"The books laid five to one on him to start," Merton answered, "and there were no takers,

because he closed at ten to one. In the machines he would have been anything to one because I don't think anybody played him. The newspaper and professional tipsters all referred to the fact that three years ago he had bowed a tendon and that this is his first race since."

"Naturally the fancy laid off him, Jim. Well, we shall see what we shall see. Fatty will enter him again in a day or two. Remember, he ran fourth today. Not so bad. With a better jockey he might have made show. But Fatty will pick a better field for him next time."

Midge was right. Three days later the ringer ran again. This time he was a contender into the stretch and finished fifth in a field of eight horses.

THREE days passed before he ran third in a sorry field and paid ten to one to show!

After the race Midge Macklin came up to Fatty Milligan in the paddock and flashed a bunch of tickets under the latter's rubicund nose. "Well, I cashed on him that time, Fatty," he exulted. "Five hundred bucks at ten to one to show." He spread his tickets for Fatty's perusal. "Were you down on him for a wad, Fatty?"

"Not a red," Fatty replied, but Midge felt that the man was not speaking the truth. "He isn't ready for a real race yet and this gallop was just for exercise."

"Go chase yourself," Midge jeered. "You have to win with him once in some sort of company, and after his last race, when he finished fourth in a fair field, I figured him a cinch with the goats opposing him today. So I took a chance—and won. But that victory will not affect his odds when he's entered in real company. The public's convinced he's never going to come back and will ignore him accordingly."

"Look here, kid," Fatty pleaded, "for the love of Mike don't do any talking."

"Far be it from me to do that, Fatty. I'm waiting for the Big Day myself. How's his leg standing up?"

"Sound as a Liberty Bond, Midge. When I send him in he'll go, but he isn't fit yet."

"Well, I'm going to play him every time he starts, Fatty. That's the only way I can be there with a pan when it rains duck soup." And with a sly wink he drifted away.

Each evening Midge had been telephoning the detective agency for a report on John Banfield. He had ascertained that Banfield was at his stock-farm in Kentucky. That was all. But when he telephoned three nights later, the manager said:

"Your friend, Mr. Banfield, received a wire from Montreal today, Macklin. It reads as follows: 'Go south on Thursday the third. Signed, M.'"

"That's all I wanted to know," Midge replied. "Send me your bill to date and forget the job from now on."

On the following Wednesday he secured a list of the entries for the third race next day. Okanogan was among them. The race was at a mile and Midge saw that among the entries were not less than five horses that were bound to receive a play. To Musketee, in his best form, however, not a horse in that race held any terror. Running as Okanogan, however, he was a gorgeous bet to play across the board.

"He'll be fifteen to one to show," he decided, "and that's good enough for any gay gambler. Fatty's orders to Banfield are for Banfield to go south on Thursday the third. That means he's to go south with the bank roll—bet the limit—in the third race on Thursday. One gorgeous killing, with the bets spread all over the country."

"Fifteen to one to show! Murder! And they may play him across the board and get thirty to one a place and sixty to one to win. Good Lord, Midge, what a price you're going to pay for your revenge and to clean the turf of a cheap crook. You could close your eyes to this deal and clean up a fortune for yourself and your partner, but—"

He went back to the stable, saddled Okanogan, galloped him around the now deserted track until the horse had a fair sweat on, and then rode back to the stable. Here he blanketed the animal and led him over to the cooling ring where a negro swipe was leading the ringer around, cooling him out.

Suddenly, from the Milligan stable a voice shouted: "Hey, you, Zeke. We're carvin' a watermelon here. Hurry up or you'll get left."

"Cain't come twell I've cooled out this hawse," the swipe shouted back.

"I'll lead your horse around for you a couple of minutes, Zeke," Midge Macklin suggested kindly and reached for the ringer's halter-shank. Instantly the colored swipe surrendered.

"Thank you, suh. Back in one minute!" he cried and fled for the tack room, where a white exercise boy in the employ of the Sycamore Stables was playing host to Milligan's lads!

When the swipe returned Midge Macklin handed him a halter-shank.

"Better take your horse in now," he suggested. "He's about cooled out."

Without a moment's hesitation the swipe led into the box stall of Fatty Milligan's stable the real Okanogan, while to a box stall in the Sycamore Rancho stables Midge Macklin led the ringer. "And he'll not do his stuff in the third race this afternoon," he informed Jim Merton. "Fatty Milligan's going to have a new jockey up—a celebrity who's going to be his excuse for his horse's remarkable reversal of form! That jockey won't know his mount; that negro swipe will lead Okanogan over to the paddock and tie him in his stall just after the horses go out for the second race. The swipe will help the jock's valet saddle Okanogan, the trainer will inspect the job, lift the boy up into the saddle and Fatty Milligan will tell him to get out in front and stay there."

Trembling with eagerness, Midge sat in the club-house veranda as the field paraded past the grand stand for the third race. Okanogan walked sedately in No. 5 position. Memories of other days must have come back to him, however, for at the barrier he cut up a bit, which was not at all according to Hoyle, for Musketeer was known to be a lamb at the post.

The field got away to a splendid start, however, and Okanogan was out in front after the first hundred yards. His jockey eased him over to the rail and for half a mile the splendid animal led the field; then the lack of proper conditioning began to take its toll. Little by little he dropped back; turning into the stretch he was fifth, nor could the furious flogging of his jockey induce him to make the run that was expected of him. A leg-weary horse, he lumbered sadly in, last in a field of fifteen and fifty open lengths behind the fourteenth. He was limping noticeably as he came up to the judges' stand.

"I knew it," a voice spoke behind Midge. "If they pop once they'll always pop again. Okanogan had a real race to run this time and he wasn't equal to it; that weak tendon went back on him and now he's through forever."

"I think I had better go away from here," Midge whispered to his partner. "Fatty Milligan's sitting over yonder, looking like he's going to faint. I'd faint if I was Fatty. Him and John T. Banfield have probably tossed away a hundred thousand dollars betting on a sure thing—a ringer called Okanogan. But they got the real Okanogan on their hands now and we have the ringer, and it's my job to swap horses again without getting killed. I'm going up to commiserate with Fatty and show him a handful of winning tickets on the favorite."

He did. Fatty Milligan glared at him.

"You get out of my stable and stay out," he yelled furiously, and went into the box stall to examine the puffed and feverish near front leg of a horse he did not own but thought he did.

About midnight that night Jim Merton crept down beside the Milligan barn, cautiously opened the outer doors of a box stall and led a limping blanketed horse out. A moment later Midge Macklin led into the box stall a blanketed horse that did not limp,



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Jim Merton closed the doors and the pair led the cripple off to the barn occupied by the racing string of the Sycamore Rancho, where the old trainer bent a flashlight on Okanogan's leg and felt it cautiously.

"It isn't very feverish and not badly puffed, Midge," he announced. "The race didn't do his old pin any good, but still it didn't do him much harm. Hold the light while I rub it; then we'll poultice it and leave him alone with his memories."

The following morning when Fatty Milligan arrived with his veterinary to inspect the leg of the horse that had so unexpectedly bowed a tendon and cost him practically every dollar he had in the world, both gentlemen were horrified to see the ringer step out of his stall, stand on his hind legs, then transfer his weight to his front legs and do his best to kick a hole in the empyrean.

"By gosh," Fatty Milligan yelled, "he's well again!"

The veterinary felt the horse's leg. "As well as ever," he announced. "Man, this certainly beats my time. If the tendon in his near front leg wasn't bowed after the third race yesterday, I don't know a horse from a crocodile." Fatty, your horse is as sound as a dollar."

Not knowing what else to do and what with a mystery piled on his bruised heart and a flattened pocketbook, Fatty compromised by cursing a blue streak.

A week passed, then suddenly came an order from the stewards to Fatty Milligan to appear before them with his horse Okanogan in the cooling ring.

"Mr. Milligan," said the spokesman of what Fatty did not know was a committee of investigation, "is this the horse you ran in the race last Thursday, which pulled up lame?"

"It is, unfortunately," Milligan replied.

"And is this horse Okanogan?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you know he is Okanogan?"

"Because I bred him, registered him and raced him until he was three years old. Then he bowed a tendon and I sold him. Subsequently, finding his leg had got well, I bought him back."

"On what date did you buy him back and from whom?"

Fatty consulted a little black memorandum-book and replied: "I bought him on April nineteenth of this year from a man named James Corning, of Sacramento, California."

"That will do, Mr. Milligan. Mr. Merton, bring up your horse."

Jim Merton came forward leading a blanketed horse. He whipped off the blanket and there stood a duplicate of the Milligan horse.

"Mr. Milligan's face is reminiscent of an Edam cheese," the presiding steward remarked drily. "Midge Macklin, will you tell us all about this horse Mr. Merton has led up?"

"Yes, sir," piped Midge. "He was sold by Fatty Milligan to John Beetson of Lakeview, Oregon, as a three-year-old and on March twelfth of this year I bought him from Mr. Beetson. Here is the bill of sale, the pedigree Fatty Milligan gave Mr. Beetson, the horse's registration certificate and Mr. Beetson's dead check with Fatty's indorsement on it."

"Here is a receipt from the Southern Pacific railroad, showing the receipt by it for shipment on March twelfth of one thoroughbred horse known as Okanogan, for delivery at Healdsburg, Sonoma County, California, the headquarters of the Sycamore Stables. This horse is the real Okanogan and that horse of Fatty's is a ringer. He is a good sprinter whose real name is Musketeer."

"You lie, you rat!" Fatty Milligan screamed.

"Maybe; but you can't prove it," Midge replied. "I'll prove your horse is a ringer," and he handed one of the stewards a pair of clippers. "Clip him short on the off hind leg from the hoof up, and you'll find he has a white stocking half-way to his hock," he suggested. "They've hennaed it or peroxidized it out, but the new hair's been growing and you'll see it's white at the roots."

A minute later the ringer stood with one rather faded white stocking showing on his hind leg.

"Let us see your bill of sale from James Corning, Mr. Milligan," the presiding steward requested coldly.

"I've—I've lost it," the latter quavered.

"Too bad, Mr. Milligan. If you hadn't lost it, we might be induced to go further into this case. As it is"—he turned to his confrères, who nodded at him owlishly—"you're ruled off the Canadian turf for life, and that sentence goes in the United States also. I think that's all, gentlemen. Thank you."

Midge Macklin walked with the stewards back to the race-track office. "Here's two thousand dollars I won on that ringer one day, sir," he confessed. "I knew he was a ringer when I won it, but I played the horse to tease Milligan. It's Association money and I'm giving it back."

"Thank you, sonny. We think you're an honest boy, but there's one point on which we'd like to be informed. We admit the real Okanogan belongs to the Sycamore Stables, and our exchange of telegrams with John Beetson indicates that the horse was no longer lame when he was sold to you. We notice,

however, that he is slightly lame this morning. How do you account for that?"

"When they pop once in a race, sir," Midge replied bravely, "it's a sure bet they'll pop if you race 'em again. Okanogan isn't used to running a mile without much training. Good morning, gentlemen."

"Good morning, you little crook—and God bless you."

Midge laid finger to lip. Solemnly the stewards did likewise.

"After all," the presiding steward remarked, as Midge strolled away, "there are occasions when one has to be a crook in order to prove, one is honest!"

A week passed, then one day Jim Merton, his face wreathed in smiles, came into the tack room with a sheaf of telegrams in his hand.

"Midge," he declared, "it certainly was hard on our system to be honest in that ringer deal last week. We could have bet our bank roll across the board in the pool-rooms in this country and the United States and put more bookies out of business than me and you could count. I suppose we could have made enough to pay for half what we owe Miss Henning, then mortgage our layout and pay her the rest. But we didn't—and I'm here to tell you it certainly pays to advertise."

"The story of that ringer and Fatty Milligan being ruled off for life has reached every racing man in North America. I reckon half of 'em must have been scouting around to find the real Okanogan, because eighty of 'em have wired me, asking us to quote his sire fee and make reservations for some selected mares after January first."

"We'd better wire Miss Marion," the boy suggested, "and tell her about our good luck. She's going to be married next week and I think me and you, Jim, had better make her a wedding present from our first fee."

"We'll do better'n that," said Jim Merton. "The first real good filly we get by Okanogan we'll call Miss Marion. That chap she's going to marry has wired an offer of a hundred thousand for Okanogan," he added.

"Tell him to take a jump in the lake," Midge suggested. "I always did feel a little bit jealous of that bird, although he's a nice feller and worth more money than some folks have hay." He was silent a moment, considering their good fortune. "Well, we're fixed for life, Jim," he suggested finally, "but there's enough chances in the racing game without taking any unnecessary ones. We better insure Okanogan for a hundred thousand. It'll cost us fifteen to eighteen percent, but we can afford it, Jim."

Jim ruffled the boy's hair. "You got a noodle on you, kid," he replied.

A Man Who Was Shy by Kathleen Norris (Continued from page 49)

furrier's window, and saw a great creamy fox-skin stretched across a frail gold chair. There was a fan with it, and a tiny gold and coral bag. The card said, "For Her Christmas."

J. G. was enthralled. He went in at once and bought all three things and tried to buy the gold chair, too, although he had never paid for so much as a cup of tea for her.

It was on the tenth day of their friendship that the change came. He noted that she seemed pale and somewhat abstracted during the morning hours, and at luncheon time she evaded him completely. That night he left the office before she did and waited in the shelter of a deep doorway, opposite the omnibus stop, but she did not come.

He had had an engagement for that night, but he broke it without thinking about it at all, and after dinner walked to the house where he had said good night to her ten days before.

It was a black night, with cold twinkling stars; there was fresh snow on the sidewalks, and men were shoveling it away with clinking shovels. J. G.'s heart beat hard as he walked up the steps and rang the bell.

The same surprised and superior maid who had told Amy that this was not Doctor White's

house now told him that it certainly was not a boarding-house, and J. G. went out dazed and desolate into the night, and stood for a long time at the bottom of the steps, confused and daunted.

The next day he stopped at her desk.

"Mad about something?" he said, almost audibly, trembling and smiling.

She looked up, and she was trembling a little, too, and not smiling at all. "Oh, no," she began, stammering.

J. G. forgot what he had meant to say next; he heard himself saying somewhat incoherently, "I thought you lived out on Eightieth Street."

"No," she said quickly and lightly, adjusting a sheet in her typewriter. "Not—any more."

"Oh!" J. G. said flatly.

She typed a date rapidly. Her face was red now, and he saw her hands shaking. J. G. swallowed hard.

"How about luncheon today?" he asked, his heart hammering.

There was no change in her intent, almost frightened expression. After looking at him steadily a moment with her bright mysterious eyes, she nodded.

"Yes. Luncheon today," she said. She

was typing busily again, as he turned away.

"I sort of thought you were off me," he said, a few hours later, across one of the most sheltered tables of the Black-Eyed Susan.

"Oh, no," she answered faintly, readily, smiling and looking away. But tears, he was surprised to see, had sprung to her eyes.

"Something gone wrong?" he asked.

"A little—maybe," she admitted.

"Did you say that you wanted the special or just the salad?" the waitress now demanded at her elbow, and J. G. saw Amy bite her lip and swallow and turn her bewildered, troubled eyes politely to the other woman. Her manners, her clean fine racial sense of self-control struggled almost visibly to the surface.

"Just—the special. Mr. Dalrymple," said Amy suddenly, when they were alone, "did you ever in your life receive an anonymous letter?"

There was no flicker of consciousness in his level glance.

"Oh, I suppose I must have, sometime or other! You do, you know."

Amy regarded him steadily. "I mean a special one—about us, you and me, lately?"

"Why, did you?" J. G. countered innocently. Still her bright, cryptic, unmoving look.

"You did get one!" she exclaimed accusingly. "What makes you think so?" J. G. asked. "Oh, the beast!" the girl said, under her breath.

"If ever I did get an anonymous letter," J. G. began moderately, "I should destroy it, and forget it. The sort of person who would send an anonymous letter is not the sort that—well, that counts."

"I suspected it, from something one of the girls said," Amy was whispering. "I asked her, and she admitted it."

J. G. considered this before making any comment. "I can't imagine being very proud of such a job. I can't imagine owning up to having written an anonymous letter."

"Yes? Well, she did!" Amy exclaimed.

"What of it?" he argued, in a pause. "I assure you that if I ever received such a—such a document, I would destroy it and forget it, and that would be the end of it!"

"You're so decent," Amy said slowly, painfully, with a fleeting abstracted glance for him.

"I like—of course I like enormously to have you praise me," J. G. said, with his boyish ingenuous flush. "But for the life of me I can't see anything particularly decent in that!"

"I can," Amy answered briefly.

"It gives you a sick sort of feeling, for a minute," the man went on. "It made me feel queer. But that was all!"

"That ended it?" she asked, smiling.

"Well, of course! Exactly what the idea is, in sending an incoherent—mess, like that, to a man—" J. G. began, and paused.

"Perhaps in the hope of splitting up a friendship," Amy suggested slowly.

"I hope—" he said huskily, and stopped. A familiar fury at himself engulfed him. Why couldn't he add, "I hope nobody is quite so foolish as to expect to break up *this* friendship!"

However, he couldn't say it—he never could say those easy things. He remained silent.

"The commonness of it!" the girl said.

"Oh, it's a low trick, all right," he conceded.

"Why can't they mind their own business!" she said resentfully.

"Oh, well, I suppose they're interested," J. G. offered lamely, tolerantly. "Why, Amy," he added, as she was silent, looking down, "we know where this is taking us, don't we?"

She did not answer, she continued to stare down blindly at her plate, her color hot.

"Don't we?" he asked, with a sort of suppressed eagerness.

Amy glanced up briefly, and he saw that her eyes were full of tears. She made no effort to speak.

"Don't you know what I'm trying to say?" J. G. persisted. And all his awkwardness was forgotten now in the earnestness of voice and look.

"What does it matter that a vulgar, stupid office clerk tries to come between us? She was probably jealous."

"Oh, they're all jealous!" Amy said.

"Of me? I know they are!"

"Of me, you poor idiot!" Amy changed it, with a mirthless ghost of a laugh. "I'm—nobody. You're a Dalrymple!" she said.

"You're everything, and I'm nothing, I know that," the man amended it rapidly. "I know how I appear to them—I know how they see me," he said humbly. "But it doesn't matter, does it? So long as you've come to see me differently—"

"I've come to see you very differently!" Amy agreed, in the silence, clearing her throat, speaking awkwardly. But there was neither satisfaction nor relief in her tone.

"Then isn't that," he asked, with an eloquent gesture, "everything? I've never in my life been so happy, as just lately," he added. "Oh, you!" Amy exclaimed impatiently.

"You're—hopeless."

She had spoken soberly, with only a swift half-glance for him, but J. G. laughed out in relief.

"I don't care how hopeless I am, as long as you like me!" he said boldly. "What do we care about them, with their smallness and jealousy and—and lies?"

His eyes shone radiant behind his glasses, his

round face was aglow with eagerness; Amy liked the rumple that an agitated gesture of his hand had put into his hair, she liked his fine big flashing teeth, when he smiled.

She lifted her head. The thing had to be said and the sooner the better, now.

Out of confusion and fear and heartache she stammered suddenly: "But if it wasn't a lie?"

"If what wasn't?" he asked, not understanding.

"If it wasn't a lie. The letter, I mean."

"Oh!" he muttered, sudden comprehension in his eyes. His face flushed a deep red.

"If it was true—" Amy half whispered.

"But it isn't," J. G. said flatly, dully.

"But it is," she answered. And she saw that he believed it.

"Oh," the man muttered again.

"It was absolutely true," Amy said, turning the knife. "I did bet with Jean Ray that any girl could get any man if she went after him, and we did say we would pick out the most unattractive man we knew, and the one least likely to—well, to fall for it, and we picked you. I never lived on Eightieth Street, and I only stayed late in the office that first evening because you did. I told you I'd never had a beau—I've had dozens, or I could have had them!"

J. G.'s eyes were steely, his voice level.

"And did you call me Frog-face, and did you report every night to Miss Ray how things were going, how I was drinking it all in?"

"For the first two or three days. Yes."

"Ah, well," said Jeremy Gray Dalrymple, after a long pause. "Then that's that. Have you finished?" he added politely, glancing at her plate.

"Oh, quite," Amy managed to say.

They stood up. The girl wrapped her coat about her and they walked to the door.

"There's just one thing," Amy said, in the street. "I'm sorer, I'm more ashamed of—all this, than of anything I ever did before in my life. I didn't think I really could—I didn't believe it was easy—was possible—to—"

"Get me," the man supplied simply.

Amy shrugged. They walked to the corner and parted, without speaking again.

And that night J. G. waited for no omnibus. He went home alone in a cold, quiet, empty world, whose street-corners and restaurants, elevators and offices held no possibilities. His heart ached with anger and shame, and bitter disillusionment.

He had always known that he was absurd and clumsy—that women did not admire him, or take to him readily. But he had thought this woman different; he had really been fool enough to dream that she had penetrated the crust of his awkward exterior and had found his shy, hungry and lonely soul. Tall and sweet and keen and lovely—and cruel and false! She had been snickering about him cheaply with the office girls during those very hours when he had been so happy.

They had had their talk on Friday. He did not go to the office on Saturday; Monday was a holiday. J. G. was not conscious of anything that filled the gap, but on Tuesday he awakened to a painful realization that another regular office day had come. He felt as if he could not face it.

But her letter was on his desk when he went in. He had gone in early, and it was there. Jeremy read it, and rested his elbows on the desk and covered his face with his hands, the letter crushed against his face, and his soul mounting on a wild prayer of gratitude.

It was all right, now.

The pain left his heart, and the shame and resentment and humiliation and pride; he wore wings. He would see her again, and the aching blank would be gone from his eyes, and the aching hunger from his ears. He thought of her, slender and absorbed in her plain black gown, leaning over some other clerk's desk.

He felt self-conscious and uncomfortable when he first went into the center office, but that passed. Miss Cortelyou was not in evidence; Miss Ray gave him her usual sly, mysterious good morning. He loathed Miss Ray. If she had minded her own business—

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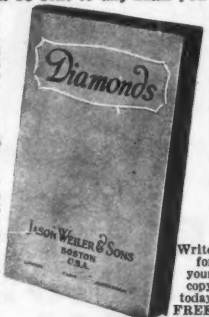
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Minutes passed; Miss Cortelyou had not appeared.

At eleven o'clock he asked Miss Fottrell about it. Miss Fottrell was office manager.

"Miss Cortelyou's resigned. She left Saturday night," said Miss Fottrell, who knew a good deal more than she betrayed.

Jeremy said incoherent and irrelevant things for a few minutes, and then managed to explain that he had a book of Miss Cortelyou's and would like her address, to return it.

"She said she'd send it in."

"Oh! Haven't we—don't we usually—"

"Yes, we have all the employees' addresses, of course. But when she came to us last year it was summer, and the woman who runs her boarding-house was down at the beach somewhere, and Miss Cortelyou gave me Miss Robinson's address. She was staying with Miss Robinson during the week and going down to the beach Saturday nights. And I don't believe I ever had any other address," Miss Fottrell exclaimed, fingering a card file as she spoke. "No, I have 'care of Louise Robinson.'"

"Miss Robinson would know," Jeremy said. "She's married, Mr. Dalrymple, and gone to Canada."

"Then I shall have to wait until the address comes in!" he said brightly. "It's of no consequence."

"I'll let you know the minute I get it," Miss Fottrell promised.

"It's possible," he suggested, three days later, "that one of the other girls would know."

"I'll find out. But she wasn't one for making intimate friends, here," the office manager said. "She was"—Helen Fottrell entrenched herself in the new junior partner's affections forever by adding simply—"she was a cut above these girls, Mr. Dalrymple."

"Find out where she is, if you can," Jeremy said, swallowing.

"I will." But none of the girls knew where Amelia Cortelyou lived and the days dragged on, and Jeremy searched and waited in vain.

Every day, when he was quite alone, and every night, in his room, he took her note from his pocket and reread it. It came to be quite limp and lifeless, physically, but he knew the words it contained by heart, anyway.

"It was a joke, to begin with," said the note.

"But my dear, my dear, it isn't a joke to me now. The eye-glasses and the little stammer are as wonderful to me now as they were funny then. I can't have you think it was more than a few days before I began to see—began to feel the miracle of it, too. Those were days in Heaven to me. I loved you with all my heart—the way a woman like me loves one man, for all her lifetime."

It was signed merely with her initials, written on a piece of yellow office paper, enclosed in an office envelop, stained—yes, it was stained with tears. For date it had only "Leaving center office."

Well, what could he do? Go to the police, start an investigation? And then, if the newspapers got it—

He could advertise. "Amy, please write me. J." The newspapers carried these personals, hundreds of them, on Sundays. Jeremy's heart was suddenly wrung with pity for the desperate mothers, desperate lovers, trying to find each other again through their cold, vague columns.

But she wouldn't see that or answer it if she did. And perhaps she had gone away.

He fancied himself encountering her by chance, in the street or omnibus. Suddenly he would see the brown coat, the brown hat, the unmistakable sweep of hair. Oh, the delicious relief of it, the drinking in of her beauty and voice again, like an exhausted traveler in a desert dragging himself to the edge of the waters of the hidden lake.

His father finally told him that this sort of thing must stop. They were in the library, in the evening.

"Your sister tells me she's worried about you, Jerry."

Jerry came back some miles to the quiet room. "Oh, no need to worry, I guess."

"You're not eating, my boy. And you've

taken off a good deal of weight. What's wrong?"

"Nothing—special, I guess."

"Girl?"

"Well, yes, in a way."

"Joan?"

"Oh, my Lord!" Jeremy said simply.

"What," asked the old man, "is the matter with Joan?"

"She's not a woman at all," Jeremy stated flatly. "She's a cold, calculating, artificial—"

He paused, shrugged and was still.

"Aren't they all that?" H. L. asked.

"No; my girl isn't."

"Fine girl, is she?"

"She's tall, and she has lightish hair," the younger man supplied, pain and pride fighting in his voice. "She stands straight, and she is deep-breasted, and she has a wonderful laugh—it's sort of womanly—and she likes books and walks and kids—everything I like."

He stopped, but not for the usual reason of diffidence and inarticulateness. He had passed from his panegyric into a dream, and was no longer conscious of his companion.

"Why doesn't your sister have her here for dinner?" H. L. presently asked.

"She's gone away," Jeremy said dully.

"Left town, eh?"

"Yep."

"Knows how you feel about it?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well," said H. L., sighing, and aware that he was to hear no more at present, "that is tough luck!"

Jeremy presently bestirred himself to be polite. "What's the idea?" he asked, looking at the chess-board.

The older man brightened. "White is supposed to get the first move, and mate in three moves," Mr. Dalrymple said eagerly. "It's there—in the paper. There's a problem every Sunday, and I usually mail the solution in on Monday."

"The deuce you do!" Jeremy exclaimed, surprised and admiring.

He picked up the paper that lay by his father's chair, and looked at the little chess-board pictured thereon. Gray squares, white squares, and drawn upon them tiny stiff little bishops and pawns.

"Great Scott!" he suddenly exclaimed.

"What is it?"

"Why, this—this reception to Herr von Manderscheid!" Jeremy almost shouted.

"What of it?" Dalrymple Senior looked over his glasses.

"It's here—on the chess page."

"He's the German champion. He's coming to America this week," H. L. offered bewilderedly.

"They're giving him a reception at the Chess Club, tomorrow afternoon," Jeremy stated.

"I belong to that club," his father observed, puzzled by his enthusiasm. "But isn't that a ladies' day affair?"

"Yes." But Jeremy was across the room; he was at the telephone.

"The Chess Club?" his father heard him say.

"Oh, yes. Well, this is Mr. Dalrymple speaking. I wanted to ask—I wanted to ask if men will be admitted tomorrow afternoon? . . . Oh, yes. Thanks. About five?"

"Oh, one other thing. Is Miss Cortelyou there tonight? . . . Oh, she was, but she's just gone? Thanks. She's chairman of the reception committee? . . . That's what I thought. Thanks. Do you know just when she's leaving town? . . . She's going Thursday? Thanks very much, that's what I thought. Ever so much obliged."

When Jeremy came back from the telephone there was that in his movement that suggested to his father that his arms, legs and head were so brimful of vitality that they might easily fly loose from his person. He was holding himself together only by muscular effort.

"White to move, and mate in three moves?" he said reflectively, sitting down to study the board. "I wish you'd teach me something about chess, Dad. I'll bet it's a pippin of a game!"

Old Folks' Christmas (Continued from page 85)

Signe's excellence as a cook and the weather. Children and Christmas were barely touched on.

Tom merely suggested that on account of its being a holiday and their having theater tickets, they ought to take the six-ten and eat supper at the Metropole. His wife said no; Ted and Caroline might come home and be disappointed at not finding them.

The afternoon was the longest Grace had ever known. The children were still absent at seven and she and Tom taxied to the train. Neither talked much on the way to town. As for the play, which Grace was sure to love, it turned out to be a rehash of "Cradle Snatchers" and "Sex," retaining the worst features of each.

When it was over, Tom said: "Now I'm inviting you to the Cove Club. You didn't eat any breakfast or dinner or supper and I can't have you starving to death on a fast-day. Besides, I'm thirsty as well as hungry."

They ordered the special *table d'hôte* and struggled hard to get away with it. Tom drank six high-balls, but they failed to produce the usual effect of making him jovial. Grace had one high-ball and some kind of cordial that gave her a warm, contented feeling for a moment. But the warmth and contentment left her before the train was half-way home.

In Hiding

(Continued from page 87)

was quite vexed with me. She said it was not safe." He hesitated. "I throw myself on your mercy. I can do nothing but trust to your generosity not to disclose a secret that you have discovered by a most unlikely chance."

"I will be as silent as the grave, but honestly I don't understand. What does it all mean?"

"It started by chance. I am a doctor by profession and for the last thirty years my wife and I have lived in Pennsylvania. I don't know if I have struck you as a roughneck, but I venture to say that Mrs. Barnaby is one of the most cultivated women I have ever known. Then a cousin died and left her a fortune."

"There's no mistake about that. My wife is a very, very rich woman. She had always read a great deal of English fiction and her one desire was to have a London season and entertain and do all the things she had read about. Last April we sailed and on the ship were the young Duke and Duchess of Hereford."

"I know. It was they who first launched Mrs. Barnaby. They were crazy about her."

"I was ill when we got on board; I had a carbuncle which confined me to my stateroom and Mrs. Barnaby was left to look after herself. Her deck chair happened to be next to the duchess' and from a remark she overheard it occurred to her that the English aristocracy were not so wrapped up in our social leaders as one might have expected."

"My wife is a quick-witted woman and she has a very keen sense of humor. Getting into conversation with the duchess she told a little western anecdote and to make it more interesting told it as having happened to herself."

"Its success was immediate. The duchess begged for another and my wife ventured a little further. Twenty-four hours later she had the duke and duchess eating out of her hand. She used to come down to my stateroom at intervals and tell me of her progress. And since I had nothing else to do I sent to the library for the works of Bret Harte and primed her with effective touches."

I slapped my forehead. "We said she was as good as Bret Harte!" I cried.

"I had a grand time thinking of the consternation of my wife's friends when at the end of the voyage I appeared and we told them the truth, but I reckoned without my wife. The day before we reached Southampton Mrs. Barnaby told me that the Herefords were arranging parties for her. The duchess was crazy to introduce her to all sorts of wonderful

The living-room looked as if Von Kluck's army had just passed through. Ted and Caroline had kept their promise up to a certain point. They had spent part of the evening at home, and the Murdocks must have brought all their own friends and everybody else's, judging from results. The tables and floors were strewn with empty glasses, ashes and cigaret stubs. The stockings had been torn off their nails and the wrecked contents were all over the place.

Tom led his wife into the music-room. "You never took the trouble to open your own present," he said.

"And I think there's one for you, too," said Grace. "They didn't come in here," she added, "so I guess there wasn't much dancing or music."

Tom found his gift from Grace, a set of diamond studs and cuff buttons for festive wear. Grace's present from him was an opal ring.

"Oh, Tom!" she said.

"We'll have to go out somewhere tomorrow night, so I can break these in," said Tom.

"Well, if we do that, we'd better get a good night's rest."

"I'll beat you upstairs," said Tom.

people. It was a chance in a thousand; but of course I should spoil everything; she admitted that she had been forced to represent me as very different from what I was.

"I did not know that she had already transformed me into One-bullet Mike, but I had a shrewd suspicion that she had forgotten to mention that I was on board. Well, to make a long story short, she asked me to go to Paris for a week or two until she had consolidated her position. I got off at Cherbourg."

"But when I had been in Paris ten days she flew over to see me; she told me that her success had exceeded her wildest dreams, but my appearance would ruin everything. Very well, I said, I would stay in Paris. That didn't suit her at all; she said I might run across someone who knew me."

"I suggested Vienna or Rome. They wouldn't do, either, and at last I came here and here I have been hiding like a criminal."

"Do you mean to say that you never killed the two gamblers, shooting one with your right hand and the other with your left?"

"Sir, I have never fired a pistol in my life."

"And what about the attack on your log cabin by the Mexican bandits when your wife loaded your guns for you and you stood the siege till the Federal troops rescued you?"

Mr. Barnaby smiled grimly. "I never heard that one. Isn't it a trifle crude?"

"Crude! It was as good as any Wild West picture."

"If I may venture a guess that is where my wife in all probability got the idea."

"But the wash-tub. You don't know how she made us roar with her stories of the wash-tub. Why, she swam into London society in her wash-tub." I began to laugh. "She's made the most gorgeous fools of us all," I said.

"She's made a pretty considerable fool of me, I would have you observe."

"She's a marvelous woman and you're right to be proud of her. I always said she was priceless. She realized the passion for romance that beats in every British heart and she's given us exactly what we wanted."

"It's all very fine for you, sir. London may have gained a wonderful hostess, but I'm beginning to think that I have lost a wife."

"The only place for One-bullet Mike is the wild West. My dear Mr. Barnaby, there is only one course open to you now. You must continue to disappear."

"I'm very much obliged to you," he replied with a good deal of acidity.

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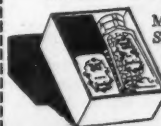
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Debt of Honor by Anthony Gibbs (Continued from page 35)

very much more than probable, it was useless to stop at the shed of Albert Little, for he could do nothing but fix your bicycle, and that not desperately well. John Pettigrew was your man at that larger brick place half a mile farther on, where he could put you right in two shakes of a jiffy, with the proper machinery; or if that were too much to expect, he would drive you home in the Panhard and drop you a post-card when the time came, to say your own car was ready.

It was the motor-car that did it. Of that there was never any doubt in John Pettigrew's mind. He hired the machine out and made money. In a very short time indeed he made forty pounds. In double the time he made a hundred and fifty. But John Pettigrew, for some reason or other, always put the figure at forty. That was the extent of his debt.

For John Pettigrew always regarded it as a debt. He was sorry for Albert. Business is business, of course, but Albert Little was his friend. After all, if Albert had never been called suddenly to Kingston, to the bedside of that sick aunt, he would have been in his shed, and a whole chain of coincidences would have been very different indeed. One of these days he would pay Albert back.

IF THE matter had ended there the thing would have been simple. But that is just where the matter did not end. For two reasons. The first was that John Pettigrew's conscience, if flexible, had a flair for arithmetic. Just like John Pettigrew. And though the flexible half of his conscience put the trouble at forty pounds, the arithmetical half totted up the indebtedness to a considerably higher figure than that. At the whole of John Pettigrew's fortune, in fact.

John Pettigrew dated his rise in the world from that hour and a half beneath a disemboweled Panhard, with Albert safe in Kingston with his aunt. And the bother of it was, the more successful John Pettigrew became, the more troubled he became with scruples.

It was not forty pounds he seemed to have stolen, it was opportunity. He would have liked much to have forgotten. But his success he could not forget, for it was a very present and growing thing. The J. P. cars were clumsy cars at first. They have never grown to beauty. But they did go. And they were cheap. And every J. P. car that left John Pettigrew's works or encountered him on the road seemed to say to him "Albert Little, forty pounds, forty pounds, forty pounds," with a sort of rhythm.

The second reason was Sally Mitchell, as you may read. For that young lady, after the strange and unaccountable manner of young ladies, who seem to have a habit of marrying a different sort of man from the sort of man they have a habit of falling in love with, fell straight into the thin arms of Albert Little one fine day, and married him out of hand. This was surprising enough, the more so as the bottom had fallen out of bicycles these days, what with all these motor-cars and one thing and another. Some years ago this was, just before the war.

Then came that rather glaring absurdity, and flags wagged in the old streets of Leatherhead. John Pettigrew sat in the office after luncheon, and there came to him the confused sounds of martial music, the shrieks of girls, the rhythmic shuffle of marching men.

There was a timid knock upon the door, and Albert Little stood there, breathing. He was a lean man in the grip of strong emotion, nervous of showing it before this man who had been his equal, with a long neck and an Adam's apple that bobbed as he swallowed.

"I say, Jack!" said Albert diffidently to the broad back of John Pettigrew. "Hullo, old man."

That gentleman swung round on his chair with a hand held out expansively. He was one of the genial sort.

"Dang me if it isn't Albert!" said Pettigrew. "What d'you think of the war?"

Albert came forward and leaned with one hand spread-eagled on a dusty table that bore the battered lid of a typewriter.

"Jack," said Albert Little earnestly, "I've got to go." His thin face leaned backwards on its neck apologetically.

"Of course you have," exclaimed Pettigrew. His voice had already attained something of that booming quality that characterized it in later years. "We've all got to do what we can. Isn't that right? Smack at the Hun, eh?"

"That's right," admitted Albert.

"Forty pounds," said a voice, almost a real voice, in John Pettigrew's ear. In a moment of weakness he glanced at Albert to see if he might have heard it too, but he was standing at the typewriter table, looking down over his threadbare shoulder.

"There's something I want to say," began Albert, and went on in a rush—"I mean, you and I were friends once—"

"We are friends," John Pettigrew corrected him.

"That's right," agreed Albert, a little miserably, half hopelessly. "It's about Sally."

John Pettigrew hesitated a second, then waved his hand towards a chair. "Take a seat. Have a cigar?"

Albert seemed not to hear. He came forward a step with a look of sudden pleading. His face was very pale. "You were stuck on Sally, Jack, weren't you?"

John Pettigrew considered this. "I might have been," he admitted. He lighted a cigar for himself, volupuously.

"I want you to look after Sally, while I'm away. Won't be for long I suppose—six months ought to see the end to it. Look 'ere, Jack—fact is she's going to have a kid, an'—"

He gulped shamefacedly. "I've got to go," said Albert.

John Pettigrew rose rather ponderously from his chair and put a hand on Albert's shoulder.

"Albert," he said, "I'm glad to hear it. If there's anything I can do—for the sake of old times—"

And Albert wept suddenly, and shook his hand, and grinned, and said, "Thanks, old man," and was gone.

So John Pettigrew was left alone. He went to the window and looked out on the heat of that August and thought of that other August fourteen years ago. How much would it cost Sally Little to have her baby? Forty pounds? Not as much as that. But she'd be glad of it. It would be a good turn, the genial thing. Besides he owed Albert forty pounds, forty pounds at least. Here was the opportunity to repay, without having to explain the necessity.

He sank slowly into his chair and gave himself to pleasant thoughts. He thought of Sally in the old days, on her bicycle, and of Albert at the war, capturing fat Germans at the bayonet's point; of shells—for he had determined to offer the J. P. plant to the government. That was where the money lay. It was good to think he could be a patriotic Englishman and yet make money. Better than going out, like Albert. Forty pounds wouldn't make so much difference when he was making shells.

And presently he slept.

Somehow John Pettigrew lost sight of Albert after that. Albert was in France, and later in Saloniki. He heard, somewhere, that Albert was down with dysentery. He heard, somewhere, that Sally had her baby. But the forty pounds he had not yet sent. His attention had been diverted.

The J. P. works had been turned over to the munitions of war and had grown prodigiously. And with their growth Leatherhead was a changed place. No longer the small Surrey town of 1900 where no man might keep a secret

from his neighbor or his wife be brought to bed without the whole world, as it seemed, knowing whether it was a boy or a girl before the good mother herself. It had become a bustling town filled with an army of girl workers and covered with a peculiar whitish dust that was discharged from four tall chimneys and settled on the roofs and the trees and even the people in a thin coating that made it a dead place peopled with corpses.

It had a peculiar smell, too, a starchy smell, for they made gas down there by the river Mole, as well as shells. That river itself went suddenly yellow when it passed the works, moving liverishly with the bodies of dead fish.

And Albert came home from the war when the war was over, and wondered what he might do, and finally got a job in the J. P. works, though John Pettigrew, old Pettigrew as people had now begun to call him, never knew anything about it. For he, indeed, had forgotten all about Albert, except after luncheon, sometimes, or in the middle of the night, when the vision of him arose in a vague way, as of a man to whom he owed forty pounds.

With the passing of world-intoxication came the morning after. John Pettigrew found himself with a tremendous factory, filled with monstrous machinery, an expert colony of workers, and nothing to make. With a sudden and unexpected stroke of genius he resuscitated the J. P. car.

No need to describe that ubiquitous feature of the English landscape. They stand before every door in Suburbia, they block every road in the country, they carry more goods than the railways, they jump from every hedgerow, blind alley, level crossing and comic paper in the country. They rattle a bit perhaps, to the fastidious, and they're a bit far from the ground for beauty of line and the poetry of motion, but they plug along in their own willing way, and you can treat them like scrap-iron, and still they go. The "Jippy" has become as accepted a word in the English language as the "Macadam" on which they run, or the "Mackintosh" which, together with a bowler hat, is the invariable uniform of the Jippy owner, backbone of the British race.

He made a fortune, old Pettigrew. The Lord knows how many millions. He grew very fat, and sat in the Managing Director's chair, smoking a big cigar. Sometimes he thought, "Well, I've done pretty well. All by myself, too." And sometimes he thought, "If Albert Little hadn't been to Kingston that afternoon to visit his sick aunt—I wonder what's happened to that chap." But not so often. And all the time that chap fed bits of metal to the big presses to make mince-meat of, and got his lungs all full of metal dust, which was not good for him, for he was gassed in the war and had dysentery down at Saloniki.

ONE day John Pettigrew sacked him. Quite impersonally, you understand. Some sub-manager did it, because the man was obviously ill. The only way John Pettigrew knew anything about it was that he saw a new man at the machine, a new arm, and a new back, and a new and more sturdy frame, but not a new face because the man wore goggles against the metal dust and a pad over his mouth to breathe through.

So he was not prepared for the lady who came to see him some few weeks later. One uses the word lady in its gallant sense, for she was a weather-beaten thing, not old so much as worn, so that he did not recognize her. Her hat was a black, battered thing, with an absurd attempt at gaiety in the form of a rose that hung a little tremulously, like the gardens of Babylon, above her ear. It was not until she spoke, so that her face was lifted from its down-drawn droop, that he saw in her that Sally Mitchell who used to laugh with him in the sunshine outside his shed.

John Pettigrew was shocked. The office boy who had shown her in hovered curiously

near the door with his mouth open, wondering who this old girl might be.

John Pettigrew flapped fat fingers at him irritably. "Get out of here," he said, and when the door had closed, "Sal!" in a sort of whisper.

Sally Little came unsteadily closer and leaned with one arm on that same table where Albert had leaned, the day he went away. Only now there was not a typewriter but a dictophone.

"What's the matter, Sal?" said Pettigrew. "Are you ill or something?"

"No," said Sal. "I'm not ill." But her head moved about in strange quick jerks.

John Pettigrew peered uncertainly, to make quite sure; then straightened, with an anxious affectation of good cheer. "That's good," he said. "I'm glad to hear that. Well, how's everything? How's the world treating you?"

"Oh, all right, I suppose." Her head found its way round until she looked at him.

Once again John Pettigrew peered searchingly at her. "Good," said John. "And how's old Albert? Good lad, Albert. Haven't seen Albert for years now." And as he said it he seemed to know the answer.

"Albert Little's dead," said his wife, and her head jerked up and remained steady now, so that she seemed to be looking just over his head, facing up to him, accusing him.

John Pettigrew cursed himself for a fool. John Pettigrew half rose from his chair, and sank back into it abruptly. He had meant to exclaim "Dead!" but a curious feeling came to him that he already had known of it too long for an affectation of surprise.

"Yesterday," said Sally Little through his thoughts. "And broke. They're giving him a pauper's funeral. Not that I mind that. But I thought you'd just like to know. After all, it was outside Albert's shed—"

John Pettigrew leaped suddenly to his feet. "How the devil do you know about that?" he cried, and then trembled at the way he had given himself away.

Sally Little seemed surprised. "Know about it?" she repeated. "Didn't I come and tell —"

He interrupted her. "I don't know about that. I mean—never mind what I meant." He sat down and looked at his finger-nails. "How much," he asked slowly, "would it cost to bury him decently?"

Sally Little came forward with tearful gratitude. "Forty pounds?" she suggested.

Old Pettigrew reached for his check-book. Grunting with the effort of twisting in his chair, he reached for his pen. And he wrote: "Pay Mrs. Little—"

His pen hesitated over the pink paper. Curious she should have thought of forty pounds. But the eye of his imagination filled the space before him. "Two million pounds." That was about the sum of his indebtedness, if it was a debt.

"Forty pounds?" said old Pettigrew. "Surely that's a very great deal?"

"You're rich," said she.

"I'll make it twenty," he suggested.

"No, forty. Forty, forty, forty. Please make it forty!" She was clinging to his arm. His pen poised over the paper.

"Pay Mrs. Little"—forty or two million? "Twenty pounds," wrote his pen. "John Pettigrew."

He handed it to her, wet.

"There you are," said he. His finger was on the bell for the office boy.

She looked at it dully.

The office boy came in at the door.

"Show this lady out," ordered John Pettigrew. "And—er—wait. It's the cup tie this afternoon, isn't it?"

"Yessir."

"Like to see it?"

"Oo, yessir."

"Take you some time to get up to town, won't it?"

"Well, yessir."

"Start now," said John Pettigrew. He folded his hands over his stomach, and as the door closed behind them, he smiled. He was one of the genial sort.

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The Battle Creek Health Builder Keeps You Slender

You've Got to Keep After 'Em (Continued from page 39)

Mrs. Schulman announced. "It's the New Gallatin Hotel, and furthermore, Lem, I want you that tomorrow morning the first thing, without fail, you should immediately notify her there that you've resigned from being her executor. Hereafter, she shall execute for herself."

Mrs. Schulman made her announcement as if it were a pronouncement, but this didn't seem to be Mrs. Schulman's day for issuing decrees and ultimata. In the first place, Mr. Schulman had had a difficult afternoon down at the store, as he usually called the four enormous floors of a sky-scraper which constituted the business premises of Schulman & Brown. In the second place, he had been compensating his one lump of sugar in one cup of coffee at breakfast by three cups of coffee at luncheon with three lumps of sugar in each, and his nerves were a trifle jumpy in consequence.

But in the third place, he was particularly impatient, because in the course of a prosperous business career he had been called upon to act as executor for so many friends that he knew better than most lawyers how tedious was the process of a final voluntary accounting. He was therefore as irritable as he dared to be in an unguarded moment.

"What the devil you are talking nonsense!" "No nonsense at all," Mrs. Schulman retorted. "You've got to resign right away."

For just an instant Mr. Schulman hesitated on the brink of a long explanation of the involved proceeding in the Surrogate's Court by which an executor could resign, and then he shrugged his shoulders and had resort to that mendacity which is the refuge of every henpecked husband.

"All right," he said, patting his daughter's shoulder. "Tomorrow morning, first thing, I'll tell my lawyers to write her a letter."

Now had Mrs. Schulman been content to let the matter rest there, all would have been well. She was, however, seeking a quarrel with her husband as a solace for the genuine grief she felt at parting with Mrs. Rudinow, and she therefore made further demands.

"Letter nothing!" she said. "That's you all over. After all these years my own sister turns on me, and then he says he will write her a letter! You ain't got the courage to face her." "Say! Let's eat supper, and we'll talk about it afterwards," he protested.

"We'll talk about it right now," she declared. "Tomorrow morning, before you go to the store even, you'll go down to the New Gallatin and take your resignation with you."

MR. SCHULMAN gulped convulsively. He was swallowing profanity of a quality which had never escaped his lips except in the presence of a shipping-clerk or of some such similar low form of commercial life.

"Now listen—" he began, and he was struggling hard to make the rest of his protest parliamentary in tone, when Ruth forestalled him. She jumped from the sofa, her eyes ablaze, and glared at her mother in a most undauntedly fashion.

"Don't you do anything of the kind, Daddy!" she cried. "Don't you resign at all."

"What!" Mrs. Schulman exclaimed, and she was about to seize her daughter, when that hunted rabbit, her husband, with a record of twenty-five years as an advocate of marital peace-at-any-price, stepped between them.

"For the last time, I am telling you," he said hoarsely to his wife, "we will have supper now and talk it over afterwards."

"You and me will have supper," Mrs. Schulman said, "but that girl is going to her room."

Schulman shrugged his shoulders in what Mrs. Schulman believed to be resignation to her decree, but it wasn't, for with that shrug, Schulman was shaking off the chains of a twenty-five-year servitude.

"All right, Mommer," he said mildly enough, "I ain't got no appetite left anyhow, so we'll talk it over here and now."

Mrs. Schulman immediately burst into tears,

but just as immediately, so to speak, she stopped, for Schulman bellowed: "Koosh!" and drew his daughter toward him.

"Now you're going to cry, I suppose," he said to Ruth, "but there's nothing to cry and get excited about. I ain't going to resign, so go ahead and tell me what happened."

"Well, Mommer insulted poor Uncle Aaron," Ruth began.

"I insulted him?" Mrs. Schulman interrupted. "I only told the truth. I called him a drunkard, and he was."

Mr. Schulman quelled her with one sharp gesture of his right hand. "I think wonder that more husbands ain't drunkards," he said, and then turning to his daughter, he continued: "Now go on! What else?"

"I went out of the room," Ruth answered, sobbing, "and pretty soon Aunt Becky went away and gave Mommer her pearls, the big string that Uncle Aaron gave her on their fifth anniversary."

"I don't want her pearls," Mrs. Schulman wailed. "She's my sister, and I want her to come back here where she belongs." She controlled herself and wiped her eyes. "But if she don't, you've got to resign."

"And if I don't resign, what are you going to do about it?" Mr. Schulman asked. In intent it was purely a rhetorical question, for as soon as Mrs. Schulman began to answer it, her husband again broke in.

"I'll tell you what you're going to do," he said. "You're going to get mad at me. For twenty-five years you've been getting mad at me, and the only thing I ever did to make you mad at me was to be awful careful not to do anything to make you mad at me."

He drew his daughter closer to him.

"But now I'm going to do something which I should ought to have done twenty-five years ago. I'm really and truly meaning to make you mad at me," he announced, and again he addressed his daughter. "Ruthie," he said, "put on your hat."

"What are you going to do?" Mrs. Schulman asked, and the ex-hunted rabbit replied:

"None of your business."

Mrs. Schulman stared in astonishment. She had good reason to stare, for during twenty-five years nothing but propitiation, flattery and soft answers intended to turn away wrath, had issued from the not altogether weak mouth of her husband, and even Mr. Schulman was a trifle surprised to hear himself uttering words of defiance. He therefore added:

"If you must know, me and Ruthie are going to have dinner with Becky in her new home."

"You ain't positively going to do nothing of the kind!" Mrs. Schulman declared, and as nearly as a woman five feet three inches tall, weighing nearly two hundred pounds could manage it, she lent to this ultimatum the deportment of Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth. Not that she had ever heard of Mrs. Siddons, or for that matter of Lady Macbeth either, but it was an excellent performance nevertheless. It failed, however, to impress Mr. Schulman.

"Come, Ruthie," he said, "put on your hat." Once more Mrs. Schulman became heavily dramatic. "If that girl leaves this house," she declared, "I leave it too." And then with a highly effective crescendo, she added: "And I ain't coming back."

This time she found a more sympathetic audience in Ruth, who threw herself onto her mother's ample breast and wept hysterically. For a brief interval Schulman wavered. The peace-at-any-price habits of a quarter of a century were not to be overcome so lightly as all that, but at length he sighed tremulously and picked up his hat.

"She don't have to come if she don't want to," he said and a minute later he was on his way to the New Gallatin Hotel.

The taxicab in which Mr. Schulman rode to the hotel was being driven by a chauffeur called Patrick McNulty, according to the

license card affixed to the interior of the cab, and Mr. Schulman was invited by the police to compare Patrick McNulty's photograph on the card with its original in the driver's seat.

But Mr. Schulman was too full of what he was going to say to Mrs. Rudinow even to notice the license card. Moreover, Mr. Schulman had just emerged from his long-entrenched married life and had gone over the top, so to speak, and as any old soldier will tell you, after a long, tedious spell in the trenches, anyone going over the top is apt to overrun the objective and do more fighting than is necessary.

THUS it took two Hotel Gallatin baggage-men and the hotel doorman to prevent Mr. Schulman, who had omitted to compare Patrick McNulty with his photograph, from staging a one-round bout with McNulty right in front of the hotel's main entrance, the gate-money being fifty-five cents according to Mr. Schulman and sixty-five cents according to Patrick McNulty. And as McNulty had taken the precaution to pull his flag up and thereby efface the amount of the fare on the taximeter with a sign reading: *Meter not registering*, he was given the decision without a blow being struck, which was fortunate for Mr. Schulman, because as unflattering as the police photograph seemed to be, McNulty did not compare favorably with it.

Hence Mr. Schulman was in no amiable mood when, as he approached the clerk's desk at the hotel, a voice at his elbow said:

"Hello, Mr. Schulman! Are you here to see Mrs. Rudinow too?"

He turned to find Monroe Feltman immediately behind him.

"What do you mean?" Schulman exclaimed. "Are you here to see her?"

"She asked me to have dinner with her," Monroe said.

"Well, she didn't ask me, but I'm going to have it anyhow," Schulman declared. "I'm just simply starving."

"I'm glad of that," Monroe remarked, and then added hastily, "I mean I'm glad you're having dinner with us, because we can settle the whole thing practically at one sitting."

Schulman stopped short and looked hard at Monroe.

"Settle what thing?" he asked, and Monroe colored slightly. He was, after all, barely twenty-two years of age, and no matter how fully the fledgling of a full-fledged attorney and counselor at law may be, at twenty-two years of age there will always be a few pin-feathers sticking to his legal knowledge and discretion.

"Perhaps I'd better let Mrs. Rudinow explain it herself," he said. "I see her coming."

But Schulman did not see her coming quite as plainly as Monroe did, for Schulman was accustomed to a Mrs. Rudinow clad all in black, with her hair plainly knotted behind and no make-up on her face of any description. The Mrs. Rudinow who approached them at this time, however, was an entirely different person, at least in appearance, for as soon as she had taken her room at the New Gallatin Hotel she had done two things.

The first was to consult her lawyer, Mr. Monroe Feltman, and the second was to confer seriously with the hotel beauty parlor and hair-dressing establishment, and as a result of this second consultation her hair was bobbed, its gray streaks had been eliminated and there was color in her cheeks and on her lips. Nor was this color entirely artificial as she caught sight of her brother-in-law.

"Becky!" Schulman exclaimed. "Are you meshuggah, or what?"

The color in Mrs. Rudinow's cheeks intensified. "I suppose you're here because Monroe thought it was right to have you here," she said, "but if you've also come to insult me the way Minna did my poor husband *selig*, all I can say is you could go home again."

"Insult you!" Schulman cried. "Why, I

think you look wonderful. You could be already Ruthie's sister instead of her aunt."

"We ain't here for compliments," Mrs. Rudinow said. "We're here for business."

"Business?" Schulman repeated dazedly.

"I thought you knew all about this, Mr. Schulman," Monroe said. "As I understand it, you are going to resign as executor of the estate of Mrs. Rudinow's late husband."

A great wave of indignation swept over Mr. Schulman.

"What are you—a lawyer or a schoolboy?" he cried. "Could I resign an executorship right here in a hotel lobby, and on an empty stomach too?" He seized Mrs. Rudinow's arm. "Come on, for heavens' sakes," he said. "Let's get something to eat, on me, and we'll talk it all over."

Thus began a dinner which lasted in the grill-room of the New Gallatin Hotel from half past eight until nearly midnight, during which period Mr. Schulman renewed his appetite three times, beginning with a steak, French-fried potatoes and asparagus at a quarter to nine, a heavy piece of German cheese-cake at ten o'clock and a rye bread tongue sandwich at half past eleven. Realizing his nervous condition, however, he drank only one cup of coffee with four lumps of sugar in it, and he was therefore able to exercise that sound judgment which so often had cleared the shelves of Schulman & Brown when their competitors were practically smothered with unsold men's and boys' clothing.

In short, neither Mrs. Rudinow nor her counsel, Monroe Feltman, was anywhere near a match for him, and in the first fifteen minutes of the dinner, in fact before he had finished a portion of French-fried potatoes large enough to suffocate an entire French family, he had disposed of the matter of his resignation.

"Put that out of your minds entirely," he declared. "I ain't no more going to resign than this here *Italianer* Mussolini is." He patted Mrs. Rudinow's thin white hand.

"Which I'll never forget what your poor husband—may his soul rest in peace—says to me the day before he went to the hospital, Becky," he continued. "Help yourself to that Bartell Three Star, Lem," he said. "It wouldn't harm you," he said, "and make me a solemn promise that you'll act as executor of my estate the same like you did for Old Man Joel and Mrs. Babette Schimpf," he said, and I wouldn't break that promise not if my poor wife *nebuch* talked me deaf, dumb and blind."

Once more he patted Mrs. Rudinow's hand. "You mustn't take her seriously, Becky," he said. "She's a masterful woman, and that's her way. She can't help it."

"But why does she want Ruthie to marry that cross-eyed Tichmann?" Mrs. Rudinow protested. "He ain't no match for her. He's nearer a match for me."

Mr. Schulman was in the act of swallowing a mouthful of steak when his sister-in-law made this statement. It was, in fact, intended as a statement and made quite innocently, but Mr. Schulman immediately concluded that it was in the nature of an admission, and taken in connection with Mrs. Rudinow's bobbed hair and enhanced complexion, he even regarded it as a confession. Its immediate result was to cause him to choke on the steak and Monroe had to slap him vigorously on the back before he was able to enunciate.

"Well, why not?" he said at last and Mrs. Rudinow flushed angrily.

"Say, listen," she said, "if I was even dreaming of getting married again do you suppose for one moment I would consider this here cross-eyed Yellow Aster Brand man? I am saying this for Ruth's sake, and you pretend to misunderstand me yet!"

Schulman winked at Monroe and shrugged his shoulders. "It runs in the family, Monroe," he said. "They all think they got a license to jump on me."

"I never jumped on nobody in my life," Mrs. Rudinow declared, "but if you don't know what I'm driving into, then you should ought to be jumped on."

Schulman put his left arm round the back of Monroe's chair while he industriously ate celery with his right.

"Did I say I didn't know?" he asked. "And did I say also that I didn't know you paid for this boy's law school also?"

"I'm paying it back as fast as I can," Monroe said.

"I should hope you would!" Schulman declared.

"Then why do you sit around and stand for such nonsense with this here Tichmann coming to the house, when you know that Monroe is crazy about Ruth and she's crazy about him?" Mrs. Rudinow asked.

"Say! Say!" Schulman exclaimed. "Tichmann is a good level-headed feller, he plays a fine game of pinocle, he gives me once in a while an idea where I could pick up an A-number-one second mortgage, and besides, Becky, cross-eyes ain't catching, you know. So why shouldn't he come to the house?"

"But Minna thinks you're encouraging him with Ruth," Mrs. Rudinow said.

"Let her think!" Schulman retorted. "When the proper time comes, she'll think different."

By this time he had finished his steak.

"And now, Becky, if you and Monroe want to talk business to me, let's talk," he announced, "because there's no time like the present, and as we're all here together I may as well tell you that I decided *schon* long since ago already that I would give Monroe a show with some of my law business, in particular your estate, Becky. Which I want that he should earn enough fees to anyhow pay you back for the law school, on account if Minna ever finds it out, I'll have to take veronal or something otherwise I won't get a wink of sleep for at least six months."

Had Mr. Schulman been wise, however, he would have taken at least some triple bromides that very night, for no sooner did he arrive home than Mrs. Schulman, who still believed him to be the marital pacifist of twenty-five years' standing, began what she intended to be a counter-offensive.

All that evening she had been sitting in the living-room of their apartment, accumulating material from her well-stored memory of Mr. Schulman's past behavior—such as the time he had gone on a business trip to Chicago when Ruth had the chicken-pox, and other examples of his heartlessness in his family relations; and she was quite prepared to make an all-night affair of showing Mr. Schulman what a human monster he had been.

"Where was you till this hour of the morning?" she demanded; but the ex-pacifist failed to respond in the manner to which she had become accustomed.

"Say!" he began quite calmly, "if you think that this is any hour of the morning, Minna, you've got your dates mixed. It's just half past twelve, and furthermore you know very well where I've been."

"So you say!" she retorted.

Mr. Schulman felt somewhat outraged at this remark. "Did I ever tell I was where I hadn't been?" he asked.

"How should I know?" Mrs. Schulman replied. "How should *any* married woman know?"

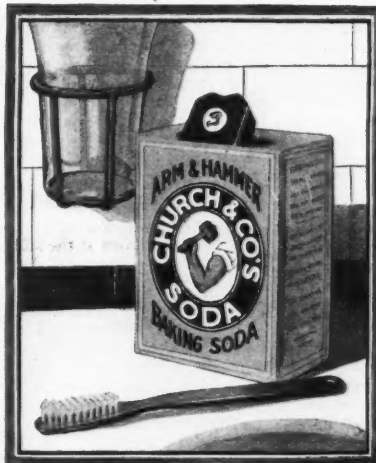
For the fraction of a minute Mr. Schulman as a matter of business policy, considering that seven hours later he had to be at his desk, contemplated a few soothing remarks, but he checked himself immediately.

"Just what do you mean by that?" he asked. "You know very well what I mean," Mrs. Schulman said, digging down into her memory of past offenses.

"Three years ago last *shevosa* v' *Thamus*, when you said you was going to play pinocle by Sam Minsker's house, and I rung you up there because my Uncle Max had come suddenly from Cleveland, was you at Sam Minsker's or at any of your other friends?"

Schulman shrugged his shoulders.

"You've got a better memory than I have, Minna," he said, "which I've had a whole lot of clothing on my mind, since three years ago, Minna, and I can't even remember anything



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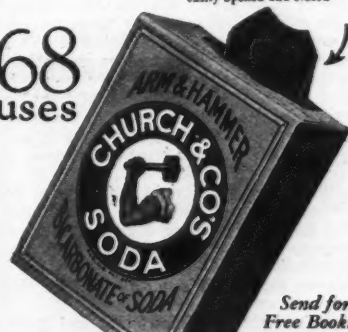
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about your Uncle Max's visit except that he borrowed two hundred and forty dollars from me and ain't paid me back yet, but whatever explanation I gave you at the time was true even if it wasn't satisfactory. So let's forget about it. I've got a busy day tomorrow."

He rose and patted his wife affectionately. "We've been married nearly twenty-five years, Minna," he said, "and so far I ain't acted like a loafer."

"How do I know that?" Mrs. Schulman said with a deep sigh.

"Because," Schulman replied, "someone would have been bound to tell you. Most divorce cases get started by a good friend who has only got the happiness of the husband and wife at heart and who don't give a nickel which side gets the custody of the children." He took off his coat wearily. "So the only thing for you to do, Minna, is to trust me till some intimate friend of ours tells you otherwise," he said and thus attempted to close the discussion on what he thought was a note of good humor.

INSTEAD, Mrs. Schulman considered that it was a piece of ill-timed levity and therefore felt justified in continuing the argument until nearly half past two, when Mr. Schulman became so utterly exhausted that he could only reply to her taunts with loud and entirely genuine snores. As a consequence, Mr. Schulman was over an hour late in starting downtown the following day, and he made himself even later by stopping in at Eli Tichmann's.

Eli sat at his desk in his office on Hudson Street entirely surrounded by such strong odors of the Yellow Aster Brand of grocers' supplies that Mr. Schulman could barely suppress the exclamation *T'phooee!* Therefore, after he had shaken hands with Eli, he protected himself by lighting a large black cigar and proceeded immediately, but nevertheless discreetly, to business.

"Eli," he began, "I seen enough of you lately to know that you're a man which knows a gilt-edged investment when you see it."

This sounded like a rather ominous opening to Eli. He was a progressive business man who as soon as one Yellow Aster product had been launched successfully, wasted no time over launching another. Thus, having put over the Yellow Aster Brand of pure fruit preserves, he was now figuring on canning young menhaden, sharks, or what-have-you, as the Yellow Aster Brand of sardines, and any other investments, no matter how heavily gilt their edges might be, failed to interest him.

"The fact is, Mr. Schulman—" he began, when Mr. Schulman raised his right hand as though he were about to stop the traffic.

"Don't misunderstand me," he said. "What I want from you is an advice, not money. I am the executor of my sister-in-law's estate, and this month alone over fifty thousand dollars' worth of her mortgages fall due. So I thought, as you've given me other suggestions along this line, that you might have the inside track of some first mortgages. What I want is long-time investments because Mrs. Rudinow is a young woman, only just turned forty, and she's got please heaven a great many years of happiness ahead of her."

He didn't look Eli straight in the eye as he said this, primarily because Mrs. Rudinow had no investments falling due that year, but secondarily because it made his own eyes water to look at Eli's.

"Maybe her lawyer could advise her," Eli said.

"Her lawyer!" Schulman cried and broke into a speciously hearty laugh. "That kid? Do you know who her lawyer is?"

"She never told me," Eli replied.

"He's Monroe Feltman, the boy who's going to marry my Ruthie," Schulman said and succeeded in disguising from Eli that he had noticed how Eli had jumped in his seat, by diligently lighting a cigar which was already burning freely and poisonously. Then, to cover further embarrassment during which

Eli wiped some cold perspiration from his neck and forehead, Mr. Schulman looked at his watch and exclaimed aloud.

"My gracious!" he cried. "It's ten o'clock. My partner will murder me, so I tell you what you do, Eli, come and have dinner with me and Mrs. Rudinow at the New Gallatin Hotel tonight at half past seven. I want to talk the thing over with you."

"But what can I do?" Eli protested. "I'm not an investment broker."

Mr. Schulman held out his hand and clasped Eli's. "Will you do me a favor, Eli?" he said. "Don't keep me here now. Be at the New Gallatin Hotel tonight at half past seven and meet us in the grill."

That afternoon Schulman did something which was entirely unprecedented in his married career. He telephoned his wife that he would not be home to dinner, and hung up the receiver before she could make any protest. He had been exceedingly busy all day and had not found time to invent a plausible excuse, since he knew that in her present frame of mind Mrs. Schulman would not accept any yarn about his being obliged to entertain an out-of-town customer, and it would have been quite impossible to let her know the real reason for his absence, for Mr. Schulman was quite aware of how his wife cherished the idea of a match between Ruth and Eli Tichmann. He could of course have put his foot down and prevented it, but up to the previous day Mr. Schulman had not been so good at putting his foot down, and even now a sort of rudimentary cowardice, left over from years of marital servitude, made him conclude that it would be better to sew the matter up between Eli and Mrs. Rudinow, and then put his foot down.

A good salesman like Mr. Schulman realized, however, that Eli with his unfortunate defect of vision was going to provoke a great deal of sales resistance on the part of Mrs. Rudinow, even though he took no stock in her statement that she didn't even dream of marrying again. Few widows who don't even dream of marrying again have their hair bobbed and touched up at the age of forty-two, and when Mr. Schulman and Eli Tichmann met Mrs. Rudinow at dinner that evening, she had also ventured to put mascara on her eyelashes.

The effect was not bad, but the contrast between Mrs. Rudinow's pleasant brown eyes and Eli's unpleasant ones, somewhat the color of Friday's cod on Monday morning, convinced Schulman more than ever that he must proceed delicately and with patience. He therefore made the dinner almost entirely a discussion of business and of his own family affairs.

In fact, he grew quite confidential toward Eli and discussed quite freely in the presence of Mrs. Rudinow how occupied he was with his executorship, which of course evoked from Eli details of how busy he had been with the Yellow Aster Brand, and Schulman was much pleased to see that not only was Mrs. Rudinow interested in these details of the Yellow Aster Brand, but that as nearly as he could judge from the various directions in which Eli Tichmann was looking, all at the same time, Eli too was interested in Mrs. Rudinow's enhanced personal appearance.

Unfortunately, Schulman failed however to notice that another person sitting at an adjoining table was also interested in Mrs. Rudinow, and frequently surveyed her with a pair of lorgnettes in a not altogether approving manner. This other interested observer was a lady not less than sixty-five years of age with silvery-white hair and what is often mistakenly called a Roman nose.

She was sitting all alone and was evidently living in the hotel, judging from the attention paid to her by the *maitre d'hôtel* and the waiter, and during the next few weeks she had many further opportunities of seeing Mrs. Rudinow dining with Mr. Schulman and sometimes with both Mr. Schulman and Eli, but more often with Mr. Schulman alone, for he had quite a difficult time selling the idea of Eli as an eligible *parti* for his sister-in-law.

This difficult time consisted not so much in persuading Mrs. Rudinow as in explaining his absences to Mrs. Schulman, with whom he had some of the bitterest quarrels of his married life. Nevertheless, he was determined not to give the show away by telling her the real reason for his dining out so often until everything had been arranged, and he might have been successful, too, except that one morning, a fortnight after his emancipation, Mrs. Schulman received a visitor at her apartment. She was an elderly lady about sixty-five years of age with silvery-gray hair.

"Mrs. Schulman," she said, "I guess you don't remember me. I'm Hannah Silverman and you and afterwards your sister Becky were in my class at the old Chrystie Street school."

"Why, I remember you perfectly," Mrs. Schulman replied, "but of course you've changed a whole lot."

"Not any more than your sister Becky has in the last fortnight," Miss Silverman said, her lips tightening.

"I ain't seen her in a fortnight and I don't want to," Mrs. Schulman announced.

"Then you ought to," Miss Silverman declared, "because if you value your happiness, Mrs. Schulman, you won't let that woman break up your life, even if she is your sister."

"What do you mean?" Mrs. Schulman gasped, and Miss Silverman sighed and shook her head.

"It's always the wife that's the last to suspect," she said. "I understand that she's been living with you since her husband's death, and I wouldn't be surprised if this has been going on right under your nose for years already."

Mrs. Schulman stared hard at her old teacher for some evidence of senile dementia, but Miss Silverman seemed just as sane as she ever had been and if anything a little more spiteful.

"I don't know what you mean by this," Mrs. Schulman said at last, "but if you are accusing my sister of that, then all I can say is you've got her and me and Mr. Schulman all mixed up with some other people."

Miss Silverman drew herself up haughtily. She appeared to be about to send a pupil to the school principal for admonishment.

"Excuse me," she said, rising to her feet. "I'm sorry if I've interfered with your family affairs, but I meant it for the best, so I guess I'll say good afternoon."

"But Miss Silverman," Mrs. Schulman protested, "are you sure you know my sister? She's a medium-sized woman, quite thin, with gray hair done in a small knot behind and she's always dressed in black. Now that ain't the woman you're thinking of, is it?"

"It certainly is not," Miss Silverman replied. "Your sister was that kind of woman when I saw her three weeks ago before she came to live at my hotel, but she's changed now. She's bobbed her hair."

"What?" Mrs. Schulman cried.

"And she's dyed it too," Miss Silverman continued. "Furthermore she paints her face and she's got black on her eyelashes, and yesterday she was wearing the third new dinner dress she's had in two weeks."

"*Ai koris!*" Mrs. Schulman exclaimed, sinking into a chair.

"With the skirt practically up to her knees and the sheerest silk stockings," Miss Silverman went on, disregarding the interruption. "And sometimes she's there with your husband and other men, but most times she's there with your husband alone."

THIS time Miss Silverman really meant to leave.

"So I thought it was better to warn you before it's too late," she concluded, "if it isn't too late already."

For more than half an hour after Miss Silverman's departure Mrs. Schulman remained in her chair. She was too crushed to show her visitor out; she was even too crushed to think of such a sensible procedure as visiting her sister at the hotel and demanding an explanation.

Instead, her mind was filled with the recollections of other couples whose marital happiness

seemed to be as firmly established as her own, and then . . . a trip to Reno or even a jury trial in the New York Supreme Court had ended everything. But that was not going to happen to her.

Too late or not too late, she would never be divorced—never; she was going to do something about it, and quick too, because she never for one moment doubted that Miss Silverman was entirely correct in her observation of her husband's behavior. She herself had always known that he was capable of practically any brutality, and that it was only her control of him that had so far kept him straight.

She was going to exercise that control now. She knew how to deal with recalcitrant husbands, and she went immediately to the telephone and called up her friend Mrs. Jennie Dankowitz, once upon a time plaintiff in the action of Dankowitz *versus* Dankowitz, Raymond, Gunther, Jane Doe and Mary Roe.

"Listen, Jennie," she said, "a friend of mine wants to know the name of that detective which done such good work for you in that divorce case of yours."

Carefully she made a memorandum of the name and address, and within ten minutes she had her hat on and entered Ruth's room.

"Ruthie," she said, commanding her emotions with some effort, "your father phoned again that he ain't coming home to dinner tonight, and neither am I, so you should tell Lina to fix you a couple chops or something."

Ruth looked surprised, and then got up impulsively and kissed her mother. "But Mummy," she said, "I'm going out to dinner tonight too."

If she expected an argument about it, she was disappointed. Mrs. Schulman failed even to ask who was taking Ruth to dinner, and passed out of the apartment in a half-dazed condition.

She was, however, far from dazed when she entered the New Gallatin Hotel that night at ten o'clock. Instead, she was outraged, determined, furious and jealous, in equal proportions, but the man who accompanied her was quite calm and self-possessed, in spite of the fact that he wore a dinner jacket much too small for him and needed a shave badly.

He led Mrs. Schulman to the house detective, who was standing near the large cigar stand, attempting the impossible feat of appearing to be a guest of the hotel. The two men shook hands cordially. As a matter of fact, they had both been dismissed from the police department during the same legislative investigation and this formed a bond of friendship between them.

For a few moments they spoke together in low growls, and then the house detective said aloud: "Tain't possible. Not in this house."

"All right," the gentleman in the outgrown dinner coat said. "I'm telling you that I've had three of my best men onto him all the afternoon, and we was phoned to not five minutes ago that him and her are there now—Room 1227."

Without another word the house detective conducted them to the nearest elevator and a moment later they stood in front of Room 1227, where the hotel detective warned them not to make any trouble. Now it was a bit unfortunate for Mrs. Schulman that the New Gallatin Hotel had been constructed with every modern sound-proofing device, so that no noise of revelry escaped Room 1227, if revelry there were, for in addition to its outer door there was a small hallway leading to an inner door.

It was on the outer door, however, that the hotel detective knocked, and for a hotel detective, it was quite a discreet knock and practically inaudible to people in the lobby twelve floors below. The door was immediately opened by Mr. Schulman.

"Mommer!" he cried. "What brings you here?"

Mrs. Schulman was too overcome to speak. "Is this your husband?" the hotel detective asked and Mrs. Schulman nodded, whereupon the hotel detective, with a view—it must be

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supposed—to making no trouble, promptly hit Mr. Schulman over his right eye. In a further effort not to make any trouble, he also hit Eli Tichmann, who had opened the inner door a moment after Mr. Schulman had fallen unconscious with a tremendous crash.

After this, the hotel detective was seized with a perfect fury in his anxiety not to make trouble and he immediately attacked Monroe who ducked skilfully and countered with such telling effect that the hotel detective landed in a large pier-glass, indicating perhaps seven years' hard luck to Monroe but certainly seventy dollars' hard luck to the hotel management.

As for Mrs. Schulman's detective, as soon as Eli Tichmann opened the inner door, he concluded that his services as gatherer of evidence for a divorce were no longer necessary, and he successfully maintained the character of an innocent bystander, with about fifty other people who crowded the corridor, until he could slip away to a descending elevator.

Ten minutes later, the hotel doctor entered Number 1227 which, instead of being a ten-dollar-a-day room with bath in a first-class New York hotel, might have been the interior of a bombed house in a front-line village during the Saint-Mihiel drive.

Lying on the bed quite unconscious was Mr. Schulman, while his wife reclined half fainting in an easy chair. The bathroom was occupied by the hotel detective who with Monroe Feltman's aid was trying to stanch the hemorrhage from a nasty wound in the back of his head caused by broken glass. Only Eli Tichmann was in any condition to answer questions, and even he was somewhat handicapped by a cut lip and a missing incisor in the upper jaw.

"How did all this happen?" the doctor asked.

"I don't know any more about it than you do," Eli replied. "Maybe my fiancée Mrs. Rudinow and her niece will be able to tell you. They're downstairs at present, arranging a little celebration we're having on account of our engagement."

"Well, you'd better call it off," the doctor advised him as he looked at Eli's rapidly swelling lip. "You're not going to be able to eat anything anyway."

But it wasn't called off, for after Mr. and Mrs. Schulman had been restored to consciousness and the hotel detective had been well plastered externally with adhesive tape and internally with a bell-boy's emergency bottle, the hotel management felt that the least it could do in the circumstances was to provide

a private dining-room with extra floral decorations. The occasion was much dampened, however, by the uninvited guest, Mrs. Schulman, whose tears flowed continuously in spite of the fact that Mr. Schulman and Ruth did their best to comfort her.

"Nu, Mommer," he said, "what are you taking on so? The whole fault is mine. I should ought to have told you from the start what I was up to, but I only did it for the sake of your sister and your daughter. I wanted to make them happy and they are."

He beamed at Mrs. Rudinow and Ruth out of one eye. The other was bandaged.

"Why, certainly," Mrs. Rudinow added. "And it's my fault too. At my time of life to bob my hair and touch it up! I should ought to be ashamed of myself. From today on, I'm going to let it grow and leave it the way it was."

"You wouldn't do nothing of the kind," Eli Tichmann declared. "I like it the way it is, and that's the way it's going to stay."

"Monroe," Schulman said, "I want you to listen to Eli. He's got the right idea." He patted Mrs. Schulman's hand. "You've got to begin at the beginning to boss out a wife," he declared, "and after that you've got to keep right after them, otherwise they get quite beyond themselves."

Kiss Me Again! by Shirley Ward

(Continued from page 75)

no accounting for tastes, is there? But to me everyone seems at a disadvantage at a party. They're all mixed up with drinks and idle talk that goes in circles. Nobody is quite natural. I like parties well enough, but not too much of them. It's depressing to me to see my friends destroying themselves as fast as they can."

"You should be used to that by now—living in this liquid age." She hoped he wasn't going to turn out to be a tiresome prude.

"I suppose I should," he said. "But I'm a fool about my friends. I don't care what they do, but as long as I don't see them do it I can keep my illusions about them."

"Well, please don't have any illusions about me," Gay sighed. "I'm likely to do almost anything."

"I don't believe that. And I have lots of illusions about you—mighty nice ones." He leaned a shade closer and she liked the look in his eyes. It was flattering, a little exciting.

During dinner she baited him with questions about himself and his work. Everything she learned about him added to her liking.

By the time the play was over and they had selected a night club where they might dance, a very comfortable feeling of friendship had developed between them.

They danced and Gay was bewitched. She felt that she never before had known what dancing was. Surely she never had experienced this eager breathless desire to go on and on forever, to forget everything except that she was dancing—with Dean. And when they talked it seemed that what they said was more interesting than anything that ever had been said before.

It was after two when she sought to tear herself out of the enchantment by insisting that she absolutely must go home.

Dean, out of pity for his driver, had sent his car to the garage, so they took a taxicab. Only then did Gay realize that the strange spell had not been the music, the dancing, or the seductive atmosphere of the night club, but Dean himself. For the spell still hung over them within the unromantic confines of the car.

As the cab raced uptown words seemed to have slipped beyond their reach, or perhaps they both discarded them for a language far more eloquent—the silence that can fall between a man and a woman, a silence that vibrates with messages.

Dean captured her hand and it lay in his, comfortably, more than willingly. Pulsing finger-tips talked. The brush of a shoulder spoke volumes. Then suddenly she was in his

arms. When she was at last released, a wave of self-consciousness swept over her. It forced her to speak.

"I hope you didn't feel that a duty."

"A duty? What do you mean?"

"Well, I've heard men say that most girls are insulted if they're not kissed in a taxi. So I believe it's become almost a custom. I wondered if you felt you should conform."

"Do you think I did?"

"No, I don't—really. I hope not, anyway," she added in a hurried fervent whisper. Again that mysterious magnetic current drew her unresisting into his arms.

They reached Gay's house and in the hallway she turned and gave him her hand.

"Remember we have an engagement for tomorrow night," he said.

"I won't forget."

They stood there, hand in hand.

"Well—good night," Gay said at last.

"Good night." He would have kissed her once more but the elevator boy waited with a too expectant grin.

Gay undressed in an ecstatic trance, her heart beating out a triumphant declaration. She had found her man of men! She had at last found the man who could pierce her indifference. Bereft of power or inclination to think beyond this one exciting fact she finally fell asleep in rosy-hued contentment.

The morning sun shattered a dream and Gay opened her eyes to blink at the intruding light. She realized dully that she must have forgotten to close the curtains. With the half-waking effort to remember why she had been so careless, a memory of all that had happened the night before flooded her mind.

What had she done! But no—it hadn't been she, not the girl she had known for twenty-one years. Surely that girl would not have been so reckless and foolish. She jumped out of bed and rushed to a mirror.

Had Gay Emery kissed a man, wanted to and let him know that she did? And worst of all a man she had met only once before? The face in the mirror was scandalized.

What must Dean think of her! She remembered with a pang his talk of illusions, wanting to keep them about his friends, having beautiful ones about her. His thoughts of her would not be very beautiful this morning, she told herself bitterly. To him she could seem only a girl who would throw herself into the arms of a man and return his kisses on their first evening together. How could he know that his kiss had been the first she ever had wanted, that it had been sacred to her

because of that difference? He would think that she offered her lips lightly to any man.

She threw herself upon the bed in miserable disgust. Why hadn't she had more sense? Just an impetuous little fool, that's what she was! She, the cool collected girl who always had wondered what men saw in a kiss!

Finally, out of the unhappy chaos of her thoughts, a weak hope pushed up. Wasn't there some way that she could redeem herself? If she apologized, couldn't she make Dean know that she was not the sort of girl he must think her?

Clutching at any straw she decided to telephone him at his office without delay and try to explain herself.

A sigh of relief shuddered from her lips when Dean's office operator said that he was in. But the sound of his voice set her hands shaking. If only she could make him understand!

"This is Gay," she said. "I—I hope I haven't disturbed you. Are you too busy to talk now?"

"I should say not . . . But what are you doing up so early?" His tone was fully as friendly, even as ardent as it had been when they parted, but Gay was too flustered to notice it.

"I couldn't sleep. I woke up and began to think about last night. I simply had to call you up to tell you how upset I am, how ashamed."

"Ashamed? Of what?" He sounded both surprised and baffled.

"Of myself—my actions. I don't know what possessed me."

"Of your actions? When? Where?"

"I mean—in the—in the taxi."

"Oh!"

"It came to me this morning what an opinion you must have of me."

"It's a very good opinion. How could it be otherwise?"

"Oh, but it could. You could think terrible things of me and have every right to. I laid myself open to it. But I don't want you to think those things, because they're not true."

"I don't quite understand. What is it you think I could think about you?"

"That I'd kiss any man. And that isn't true. It was—it was different last night."

"Oh." Again that maddening lone word. Because she couldn't tell what it meant, Gay hurried on, a little frightened.

"I'm just sick about it. I've never done a thing like that before. It was awfully foolish of me, I know, but please don't think I'm really that sort of girl."

There was a brief pause. "You're upsetting

yourself about nothing," he said. "Never for a minute have I had any but the very nicest thoughts of you."

"Haven't you really? You don't know what a relief that is! You see I—well, I'll tell you more about myself when I see you tonight."

"Oh, yes, tonight," he echoed, a little vaguely, she thought.

"Had you forgotten?"

"No—of course not."

Gay hung up the receiver, satisfied that her fears had been groundless. But she was glad she had talked to him. Given more time to think it over he might have felt differently.

Then late in the afternoon Dean telephoned to say that he was frightfully sorry but he would have to break their engagement for the evening. Business called him to Washington. He would call her when he returned.

The light died out of Gay's eyes. She was helpless. There was nothing to do but accept the disappointment.

Five impatient days passed with no word from him. Then to Gay's surprise she learned that Laura Rand had seen him the night before. He was in New York, and he hadn't telephoned her! A terrifying thought brought an ache to her throat. Perhaps he hadn't believed her after all! Perhaps he really did think her a promiscuous little flirt! But she remembered his stanch denial of any such opinion. Maybe he'd just been very busy since he had been back. Probably he would call tomorrow.

But the tomorrow became yesterday. Three more days wound their way fretfully into the past, and still no message from Dean. Recklessly she decided that she would telephone him. She must learn the reason for his silence. Lacking the courage to approach him without some excuse she conceived the idea of giving a theater-party. She would invite Dean first and if he accepted she would ask the others.

When she reached him she thought he seemed genuinely glad to hear from her—glad for just a moment, then a peculiar strain crept into his manner.

"I've been meaning to call you," he said. "But I've been so tied up I haven't had a moment to see you."

"I thought possibly you'd been busy. Laura told me you were in town, but I've been terribly rushed myself. I telephoned to ask if you could come to a theater-party I'm giving on Monday night."

He hesitated for a second, then: "Monday night? I'm awfully sorry. I'd love to come but I have an engagement."

Gay's bright hope was tarnished but she was not daunted. "How about Tuesday night? I might be able to change it."

"I'm afraid Tuesday is full too. Two of our biggest clients are in town and the firm expects me to play around with them. So the whole week is just about booked up."

"That's too bad," she replied carelessly. "Well, some other time."

"I hope so. Thanks for thinking of me. As soon as I can get off this entertainment committee of one perhaps we can get together."

"Yes, perhaps. Well—got to rush. Sorry you can't come Monday. Good-by!"

With the click of the receiver on the hook all her feigned gaiety and indifference fell from her. Had his interest that first night been purely her imagination? No, he had really cared that night. A terrifying thought loomed before her. Could there be some other girl, someone he had met since then?

But the following day she learned by tactful questioning of Laura that Dean never had cared much for girls. He usually went about alone or with other men. Gay was greatly relieved. Laura was inquisitive as to how much Gay had seen of him but she gained only a cautious statement that he had telephoned (Gay added "several times" to appease her vanity), but they never had been able to strike an evening when both were free.

With her mind eased of the suspicion of a rival Gay began a desperate and diligent pursuit of Dean. She made it her business to go everywhere that he might be. She went out



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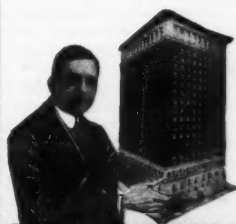
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of her way to cultivate everyone who had even a speaking acquaintance with him. She guardedly suggested him every time she found a friend puzzling over an invitation list.

Her strategy netted an encounter with him at least once a week. But, although at their meetings he was always very friendly, he offered not a word or a look that held any suggestion of his previous fervor.

SHE maneuvered minutes alone with him but they yielded nothing to console her, nothing but such pleasantries and attentions as he would have given anyone he liked well enough to call a friend.

He always claimed to have been rushed to death between their meetings, he always promised to call her up "soon." But his soon never came.

Gay was panic-stricken. With every sight of him she fell more helplessly in love with him, with every thought she grew more frantically puzzled. Why had he changed? Why did he undeniably like her and yet withhold everything that he had given so freely on their first evening?

Gradually her pursuit of him resolved itself into simply the pursuit of his kiss. If she could only make him kiss her again she felt that she could win him back.

Then Laura's house-party presented a new opportunity. She and Dean were among the friends invited to spend a weekend at Laura's summer retreat, a low rambling old house with shadowed grounds that sloped down to one of the loveliest of the New Jersey lakes.

Without difficulty Gay managed to entice Dean away from the bridge-tables and out to the broad veranda that overlooked the water. She stood leaning against the railing, her head thrown back, staring into the most bewitching night she ever had seen. It was almost as if it had been created just to aid her.

"The water looks like a pool of molten silver in that moonlight, doesn't it?" Dean asked as he sauntered towards her.

She seized the opportunity. "Let's go out in the boat. It will be wonderful."

Dean glanced at her, then his eyes shifted back to the lake below them and he frowned, as if pondering the advisability of accepting. "All right," he agreed slowly. "It should be nice and cool out there."

"We'd better take some cushions. Might as well be comfortable."

They raided the couch hammock. Dean searched the boat-house for the oars while Gay arranged the pillows in the boat so that she could sit on the floor and use the stern seat for a back-rest. All the while her thoughts were racing about, planning how she might bring about Dean's surrender.

As they moved quietly out across the water Gay leaned back, gazing upward. Overhead the stars faded before the moon as she rode across the sky to meet the dawn.

The air was drenched with the wafted sweetness of honeysuckle clambering over the branches of the trees on the shore.

Gay trailed her fingers in the chill of the shimmering water.

The sheer beauty of it tore at her heart. Surely Dean could not resist this night when romance cried out from every side.

Softly she began to hum. She rambled through "My One and Only," then suddenly her clear young voice rang out like a small sweet-toned bell:

"Sweet summer breeze, whispering trees—"

The famous Victor Herbert song must have been written on just such a night, or in memory of such a night, for it seemed to gather up all the loveliness that lay upon the little lake to pour it out again in words, trite words, but hung on a hauntingly plaintive melody.

Dean listened as he rowed. Gay came to the last bars of the song and there her courage failed. The words died in her throat. Only the melody trickled faintly from her lips.

And she hated herself for her cowardice. She had carefully planned to sing the song, planned it for the sake of that final plea, "Kiss

me! Kiss me again!" But she couldn't utter it. She was ashamed to strip away her pride, the only garment she had left to cover her longing.

Her eyes swept Dean and she saw that he was looking at her intently, a little expectantly. She averted her head in confusion.

A sepulchral gulp sounded from somewhere. "Ooh! What a frog-horn that was," Gay laughed affectedly, glad of anything to turn the tide of her embarrassment. As she spoke there was a thudding splash.

"There he goes," Dean said. Again a self-conscious silence dropped between them. It was as if the tongues of both strained against fetters that they could not break.

Finally Gay gathered her shattered composure for a new attack.

"You look as if you were working awfully hard. Why not let's drift awhile?"

"I'm not tired, but I don't know that I really need the exercise," he smiled as he shipped the oars. Then he reached for his cigarettes. He offered the case: "Have one?"

"Not now." She watched as the match flared in his face. Her heart beat faster, its ache intensified. Why couldn't he love her?

"You don't have to sit on that hard old seat," she purred. "I'll share my pillows with you. There's plenty of room." She wriggled to one side and the boat tilted.

He looked down at the space she had made. He could not deny that there was room for them both. After a minute's indecision he carefully eased into position beside her. "Umm, you have got a comfortable port down here," he mumbled.

"That's the saving grace of being a mere woman. We can sometimes be lazy while man labors." But that was small compensation for the drawbacks, she thought sadly.

"The saving grace? You women have the whole world in the palm of your hand. By the crook of your little finger you can make a fool out of any man alive."

"And out of ourselves." Her ghost of a laugh was harsh against the mellow stillness. She played with the water, watching the drops sparkle from her hand as she lifted it.

Dean regarded her speculatively. "What do you mean by that?"

"Too much to go into. Let's not talk. I want to drink in all this loveliness." She felt that silence was her only ally.

The water lapped rhythmically against the sides of the boat and the breeze seemed to have gained courage, for now it boldly whipped Gay's hair about her face.

She stirred and her hand touched Dean's. He grasped it and his fingers locked about her slender ones. She caught her breath and waited. The hand that clutched hers tensed. Her eyes were still on the water but she felt him lean towards her. She knew that his gaze was upon her face but she dared not lift her lashes. Slowly she turned her head so that he might find her lips.

A second passed that was centuries long. "Darn it! I won't kiss you!" His body leaped forward like a suddenly released spring. "What are you trying—"

There was an attempt at a scream from Gay but it was drowned by a mouthful of water and for a second all that was visible on the moonlit surface of the lake was an overturned boat and a great commotion in the water.

Then a head rose out of the flailed silver, a hand swept back dripping hair and Dean cast a terrified glance about him. There was no sign of Gay. He humped himself in the water as he prepared to dive for her but just then he saw a mass of weeds near by rise into the air like a small mountain, accompanied by much splashing and spluttering.

He made a lunge at it and under the weeds his arms grasped a struggling body. He pulled Gay to the surface, flung one of her arms about his neck and began thrashing through the thick growth of floating weeds and slime that entangled him with every movement.

Gay, who was an excellent swimmer, resented being hampered. She fought to free herself from his clutch.

"Keep still!" he spat at her through clenched teeth. Then, throwing back his head for a large gulp of air, he plunged towards the shore that seemed fairly close. And Gay relaxed because she saw it was useless to do anything else.

He had traveled less than two yards when his foot scraped through mud. He sighed with relief. He threw his body backward in an effort to touch that comforting solidity but found himself unexpectedly on his knees. The contact caught him off balance and before he could save himself he sprawled forward with a loud splash, dragging Gay with him.

He floundered wildly for a minute, found a footing and, hauling Gay upright, rose out of the water to find that it reached only to his knees and that they were in a small cove with the shore embarrassingly near.

What he said might not be printable but it was heartfelt.

He planted Gay's feet firmly in the soft lake bottom, then released her with as much tenderness as he might have shown a scorching ember.

She teetered for an instant, found her balance and, still coughing and spluttering, stood there, shaken and a little dazed.

There is nothing that maddens a man more than to be the victim of his own stupidity and Dean was mad clear through. He had been angry when he sprang up in the boat, his upsetting of it had been humiliating, but now to find that he had tried to make a heroic rescue in three feet of water was too much. He towered over Gay, his tall form shivering more from fury than from the lash of the breeze that was chilling through drenched clothes.

"What're you trying to do to me, I say?"

A spark of his anger seemed to have ignited in Gay, or perhaps the ducking had released hers, but her eyes flashed threateningly and she flared back at him: "What are you trying to do to me—drown me?"

WEEDES and slime clung to Gay's hair, slithered down her dress and were even smeared across her face, but she had much more important matters on her mind than appearance or discomfort.

"You women think you can get away with anything," he stormed, ignoring her interruption. "But you can't do it with me."

"Do what with you?"

"Oh, don't think I haven't seen all the plays you've been making. But your whole bag of tricks can't lure me into kissing you, because I don't want to kiss you."

Gay's mouth dropped open in astonishment but her eyes grew suddenly dark with smoldering pain.

"I wanted to that first night, all right, but I don't any more. I'll kiss lots of other girls—but never you."

Gay simply stared at him. Her body trembled with cold but she didn't seem aware of it.

"I've kissed plenty before this, but there never has been and never will be anyone like you. The first time I saw you something told me you were the girl I'd been waiting for." His voice grew softer. "The next night in that taxi it was the most natural thing in the world to take you in my arms and kiss you. And you came into them and gave me your lips as if you couldn't help yourself either. There was nothing vulgar, nothing cheap, nothing even physical about it. To me it seemed—well, just a meeting of two souls who had longed for each other. And I thought you felt the same about it."

Gay tried to assure him that she had, but her teeth were chattering so that before she could form the words his tirade had begun again.

"Then the next morning you called me up and told me you were ashamed. Ashamed! Of something that had been divine! You can't be ashamed of anything you really mean, no matter what it is. So I realized that you hadn't meant those kisses at all. And the bromide

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about not kissing other men helped convince me."

"B-b-b-but—" Gay chattered.

"Oh, it's all right. I don't hold it against you. It's not your fault that I was crazy about you—that I still am—that every time I see you I want to take you in my arms and love you to death. You can't help that. I'm just a fool, that's all. But you've got to stop tormenting me. I can't stand it and I'm not going to stand it. I won't kiss you again so you might as well give up trying to make me. I won't be a jumping-jack for any woman."

His rage had mounted again and he might have gone on but Gay held up her hands to silence him, at the same time doing the best she could to speak through the knocking of her teeth.

"But I was l-l-lying when I s-s-said I was as-sh-shamed. I w-w-was only af-f-fraid you'd th-th-think I was j-just flir-flir-t-t-ing,

and I c-couldn't b-b-b-bear to l-l-lose you. I've l-l-l-loved you f-from the st-t-tart and I sh-sh-should th-think you'd have had s-s-sense enough to s-see it." Big tears suddenly streaked their way through the muddy water that had dried on her face.

Dean stared at her agape. The cold seemed to have undermined even his brawny strength, for his lower jaw began to tremble and a clicking issued from his mouth.

Neither cared that the boat had drifted away and was peacefully rocking in the middle of the lake or that they still stood knee-deep in water.

Dean looked at her as if he couldn't believe what his ears had heard. Then something in her face must have told him that it was true, for his arms went out and drew her close.

"Oh, you d-d-darling!"

It was a cold, wet, clammy kiss but it satisfied them.

The Provençal Dancers (Continued from page 31)

though she guessed they were not so innocent as all that.

Some of these French boys in their dark blue *vests* were very good-looking, and she was aware that they were edging round in their seats to stare at her.

She smiled back at them in a friendly way. Prince or peasant, men's eyes went soft at the sight of her. That was her market value, and very nice too. Those dancers on the little stage weren't bad in a rustic sort of way. One of the girls especially was rather taking—as pretty as a milkmaid, with big dark eyes and an oval face. Demure and innocent like the others, but more graceful.

Queer little dances . . . A sort of pantomime of weaving and spinning and plucking fruits and flowers, and hay-making, and rustic love. But the music was rather strident. Wasn't that the right word? There were three young men dressed in white jackets and trousers with red sashes who played on long drums hung over their shoulders and little straight flutes or fifes with four notes, played with one hand. When they played softly it was like the twittering of birds, and when loudly it was shrill and ear-splitting.

One of them was a handsome young man—enormous shoulders—and he played the drum with a kind of passion. Rather thrilling too, at first, with a rhythm which set one's pulses beating. Still, it was all rather boring to Phyllis Wise after half an hour. She wished to goodness Harvey Moss would find some place where they could get something to drink.

She glanced sideways at him, irritably, prepared to go without him if he wouldn't budge. He was sitting forward with his arms on the back of the chair in front of him, watching that long-legged girl with the other dancers.

A good-looking devil, thought Phyllis Wise. Getting towards middle age now, with a touch of gray each side of his temples, but still flashy-looking and attractive, with his long profile and hard mouth. She had been attracted by him herself once—that was when he had put her on at the Forum, six years ago—and she had played up to him off stage. Now she had gone beyond him. Sixty pounds a week? Likely, wasn't it?

It was then that Harvey Moss had made that remark about the Provençal dancer.

"That girl has personality—and nice legs." He had kept his other thoughts to himself. This show had caught hold of him. It touched some chord in him—the artist in him.

These fellows played the life or whatever it was amazingly well. It was astonishing what variations they could get on four notes. Queer music, too! It seemed to take one back to the springtime of the world—nymphs and fauns and all that kind of thing.

And there was something stirring about the beat of those long drums—*tambours*, like those in old French pictures of Napoleon's soldiers. Not like jazz. Something more romantic, with

the passion of old peoples in Europe. That tall young fellow with shoulders like an ox handled his drumsticks like a master.

But it was the girl who interested him. She danced simply and gracefully, with real innocence. Tall and buxom for her age. Nineteen, he guessed, and as light as a feather. Innocence. Rustic simplicity. The Provençal dancers.

How would that note strike a London audience—his Forum crowd? It would be something new, after all the sophisticated stuff they had had for a long time.

A show like this straight from Provence might make a hit—bring a breath of fresh air to a public stifled with the stench of motor-cars. *Back to nature at the Forum.* That would make a good line on the busses. *The Provençal Dancers and the Music of Old France . . .* He could have a back-cloth painted like that view of St. Ambrose as one came upon it round a hairpin bend with the sun behind it and the long black shadows flung down the white rocks.

Supposing he made them an offer? He had a good mind to give them a tryout at the Forum.

"Coming," he said to Phyllis when her patience had expired.

He rose and carried her dust-coat for her before the show was over. The peasant audience was shouting and stamping feet. They kept shouting one name.

"Madeleine! Madeleine Vence!"

It was the girl he called "Miss Black-eyes." She was kissing her hands to them, blushing and dropping curtsies because of all this noise which rewarded her dancing.

So that was her name. Madeleine Vence. He made a mental note of it. On the way back he smoked furiously, and outside the Hôtel Magnifique in Nice, Phyllis Wise, who had been dozing, looked up and laughed.

"Silent Mr. Moss! Hipped because I won't sign that ridiculous contract?"

"I've other plans," he told her coldly. "One day you'll want to come back to me. See you later."

They were rather surprised in St. Ambrose the next day when a good-looking stranger—English or American—made inquiries as to the dwelling-place of Madeleine Vence, one of the Provençal dancers. And no one was more surprised than Madeleine herself to be sent for by her father when she was washing linen at the back of the farmhouse, this being Monday and washing-day.

It was her brother Jehan, a boy of eighteen and a scamp with the girls, who came through the olive trees in the farm that went down the steep hillside in terraces bounded by low stone walls. He looked mysterious and excited.

"There's a stranger asking for you, Madeleine. An American with a motor-car which he drives like Satan. Father says you'd better come."

"What does he want, this stranger?" asked



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Madeleine, wringing out one of Jehan's shirts. The boy smiled ironically. "I dare say he wants to buy you. The Americans buy everything they take a fancy to."

Madeleine blushed vividly and annoyed this scamp brother of hers by flicking a wet piece of linen at him, so that his face had a shower-bath.

"None of your wicked jokes, Jehan. Tell Father I'm busy washing."

To herself she said, "If it were a fairy prince come to see me it wouldn't matter. Since Guillaume kissed me I belong to him. If only his old aunt would die—poor soul—we'd be married as soon as the olives are gathered in."

Guillaume Riquier was the handsome young man who had played the drum to her dancing. It was perhaps because she had danced so well that he had kissed her last night under the shadow of one of the olive trees.

"Father says you're to come," said Jehan. "The stranger is going to make all our fortunes, and Father is drowned in debts since he bought this sacred farm at three times its proper price."

"I'm in my washing-day clothes!" Madeleine protested, but she turned down her sleeves to hide her pretty bare arms, which was foolish.

"He's either mad or a millionaire," explained Jehan. "He talks as though he had all the money in the world and wants to give it away."

"Perhaps he's the Devil, come to tempt us," said Madeleine, half seriously.

"Après tout, he may be an Englishman," suggested Jehan. "In any case he speaks the French of Paris. But you had better hurry up, my beauty. It's you he wants to see."

MADELEINE felt shy and embarrassed. She didn't mind dancing to her fellow villagers on a stage, but that was because she was properly dressed up and no longer felt like herself but caught up in the dancing which she loved so much. It was quite different to stand in front of a stranger in her workaday clothes, with a bodice open at the neck and sleeves that did not come below her elbows, and bare feet in wooden sabots.

She stood there like that, after a half-curtsy, in the big parlor of the farmhouse, where a stranger was talking to her father and mother. He was smoking a cigar, and his hat and gloves lay on the table, and her father was pouring out some glasses of white wine. That was what she noticed first, before she gave one quick timid glance at this mysterious visitor and saw Harvey Moss for the first time and was abashed by his smile and his white teeth and his handsome face.

"Madeleine," said her father, and she noticed that his voice trembled with excitement and that his eyes looked furtive and uneasy, "this gentleman was in the hall yesterday. He saw you dance and was pleased with your skill and style which, as I have told him, you owe to my teaching."

Madeleine smiled. It was true that her father had taught her the old dances, as he had taught Jehan and Paul, her two brothers. But he had bullied her because she had put her own spirit into them. He complained that she used her own fantasy and did not dance at all like his mother and grandmother according to the old tradition.

"I am glad, Father," she said.

"This gentleman," said her mother, "has come with an offer which is no doubt worth considering. But we must take our time to think of it. Money is not everything, as I tell you father and this gentleman."

Madeleine could see that her mother was excited. There was a red patch on each cheek and she tried to hide the trembling of her hands.

Harvey Moss explained his offer to Madeleine, smiling into her eyes, speaking French like a man from Paris.

"I watched your dancing yesterday. It was enchanting, Mademoiselle. You see, I am in the theatrical business in London—over in England—and I have an idea that the English people would be glad to see the old dances of Provence, and that they would be delighted by

your spirit and—"

He hesitated for a moment and then used the word "beauty" with that flashing smile of his.

"Oh, Monsieur!" said Madeleine, and a very deep wave of color swept into her face.

It was the first time she had heard herself called beautiful. Not even Guillaume had called her that when he had kissed her last night under the olive trees.

What was the handsome gentleman saying about London and England? How was it possible that she could dance before the English, with all her work for Father and Mother in this old farmhouse which her father had bought by getting into debt—all her washing of the family linen, and the baking on Wednesdays, and the gathering of the olives at harvest-time, which was soon arriving, and the mending and sewing every evening?

"Pas possible, tout ça!"

Not possible for a working girl of St. Ambrose.

"This gentleman," said her father, "mentions a sum of money which I do not say is enough, but which is perhaps not too bad. Three thousand five hundred francs a week for you and your brothers, with two girls of the village who danced with you yesterday. They would be Yvonne and Jeanne, who do not dance too badly and have well-shaped legs which would not disgrace St. Ambrose or injure our reputation. Three thousand five hundred francs a week. It is something, I admit, even when a part is given to these two girls. A small part to pay their expenses. It is worthy of consideration, perhaps."

He spoke as though such a sum had no stupendous meaning for him; as though he were inclined to haggle over a price like that.

Madeleine was stupefied. She felt herself going hot and cold. If Harvey Moss had not smiled at her in such a friendly way she would have thought that truly he was the Devil coming to tempt them. But he looked kind and honorable and charming. An English aristocrat, beyond doubt, interested in the theaters. Enormously rich, of course. But in any case the idea was fantastic—like a fairy-tale which would not come true.

"But Father," said Madeleine, "I have the washing and baking to do, and all the other things. And Paul is working hard on the farm. And Jehan has promised to work harder than he does. You ought to tell this gentleman that it is impossible."

"Hold your tongue, silly wench. Will you spoil everything?"

Harvey Moss became eloquent again.

London would give a great welcome to the Provençal dancers. It would be better than baking or sewing when she received bouquets of flowers on the stage at the Forum Theater. The English people were sympathetic to the French. They loved the old customs of France. They remembered the war. They admired innocence and beauty.

She would dance herself into their hearts. She might become like Yvette Guilbert, whom they adored. She and her brothers and the two other girls would be well looked after. He would see to that. Nothing to be frightened about, and the money would be useful.

He laughed and lighted another cigar and accepted a glass of wine from Madeleine's father.

"Good luck to the Provençal dancers!" he said. "To their triumph in London!"

"No, no, Monsieur!" cried Madeleine breathlessly. "All that is impossible!"

It seemed impossible to her for at least a week. It was like the remembrance of a nightmare when she rose at six o'clock each morning after a restless night, and after long arguments with her father and mother and her two brothers which lasted for hours in the evening. The decision had to be made by the following Monday. And she was torn and tortured by conflicting thoughts, by fears, and vanities, and temptations, and loyalties.

She had fear at the thought of crossing the Channel to England. Only four or five times had she gone as far away as Nice. How could

a Provençal peasant girl go to a strange country without speaking a word of its language?

Her vanity was stirred by the thought of dancing herself into the hearts of the English people, as the handsome Englishman had said.

She had been conscious of her own grace and loveliness when she danced, when all the boys of St. Ambrose shouted their applause at her. Perhaps she was born to be something better than a peasant girl. Perhaps God had given her a gift to bring joy into people's hearts.

Oh, it was a little tempting, this offer! And yet there were so many things against it. There was her love for Guillaume. It would mean leaving him, and he stormed, and wept even, at such a thought. Yes, one night when she had told him, he broke down and cried after getting into a rage. She felt his hot tears on his hands when she kissed them.

"If you go I shall lose you!" he groaned. "You will marry some pig-faced Englishman . . . I won't let you go. I'll murder that filthy villain who comes sneaking into St. Ambrose with his lies about making your fortune. O Dieu! Boudieu!"

He pronounced the name of God in the patois of Provence.

Then there was a scene with the *curé* who heard something of this story through Guillaume's old aunt and came to the farmhouse one evening to question Madeleine's father.

"What is this fantasy I hear?" he asked, placing his biretta on the linen chest and standing there with an ironical smile. "The village has gone mad with some story about an Englishman who has promised to pay our little Madeleine thousands of francs if she will dance for him in England. That is ridiculous! It is also abominable. It is some trap for the soul of an innocent girl."

"You talk in ignorance, *mon père*," said Madeleine's father sullenly. "It is not ridiculous and it is not abominable. On the contrary it is good business. Madeleine will dance us all out of debt. Is that not something, *per Dieu!* And she will go with her two brothers who will look after her soul and all the proprieties. There will be also Yvonne and Jeanne—the daughters of my old friend Jacquot, who are good girls, or at least as good as any girls in St. Ambrose."

"Permit me to discuss this affair," said the priest. "Who is this Englishman? What do we know of his morals or his money? What guarantee have you of his good faith?"

HE SPOKE calmly. Quite calmly and good-naturedly, until he saw the stubborn obstinacy of Madeleine's father and the covetousness of the mother who would risk her daughter's soul for money, and the excitement of young Jehan—one of his bad young men against whom he had to warn young girls, privately—and the ambition of the eldest son, Paul, to play his drum round the world, because he preferred drumming to honest work in the olive fields, and was puffed up with conceit because he could make young men half mad when he beat a march on his *tambour* and played the old Provençal music on a fife with four notes.

An artist certainly, this boy Paul. A dark-eyed young man, with the soul of a poet. Three times wounded for France in the war. Yet, poor boy, as the *curé* thought, still a simple peasant, ignorant of life and impatient of drudgery which is the law of life.

After an hour of this he became angry. They were all talking Provençal and his peasant upbringing overcame his training as a priest, so that he used coarse language and ancient oaths.

"By the Body of God I forbid you to let these young people risk their immortal souls on this adventure of folly. *Dieu di Dieu! Have you all gone mad? It is the Devil who is tempting you with his bestial filth.*"

The noise of the priest's voice, and the wailing of Madeleine's mother, and the shouts of Madeleine's father, and the ironical laughter of young Jehan, traveled out of the open windows and down the terraced fields to where

that lover, Guillaume Riquier, waited and listened by a gnarled old olive tree, with a deep line cut on his forehead between the eyes because of his distress. If Madeleine went to England he never would see her again. All the beauty would go from life.

He would go to the bad and get drunk all day long to forget her loveliness. Or he would strangle his aged aunt, as he was often tempted to do, because she was rich and mean and too old to live. The visit of Harvey Moss to St. Ambrose had caused a lot of trouble in simple hearts.

Harvey was in the Hôtel Magnifique at Nice when a little note reached him from Madeleine, who was the best writer in her family and knew French as well as Provençal, having been taught by the nuns in the convent next to the church. In her fine pointed script she announced the decision of her family to accept the gentleman's offer on behalf of her two brothers and herself and the two *jeunes filles*, Yvonne and Jeanne Barbier, whose parents were willing to let them go.

"We hope," wrote Madeleine, "that our old Provençal dances will be amusing to the people of England who were our Allies in the Great War."

Reading the letter in his bedroom at the hotel, Harvey Moss had a moment's repentance of his rashness in engaging these village dancers as a turn at the Forum. It was just a chance whether a London audience would appreciate such simplicity. Still, they would be something new.

The Provençal dancers traveled second class to England. In the train from Nice to Calais Madeleine wept a little at first because of her parting with her lover Guillaume, who was in despair. Her lips still seemed to burn with his kisses. She had seen an agony in his eyes which made her very sorry for him—that boy with great shoulders and yet so weak, with an old aunt who bullied him, and so shy with all the girls but herself.

He believed that he never would see her again and imagined that she would be taken from him by some rich Englishman. That was absurd! No Englishman or anyone in the world would make her forget Guillaume Riquier who was her dear lover.

She hid her tears from her two brothers and those girls Yvonne and Jeanne, who were frightened by this adventure and sat on each side of her with their hands tucked through her arms as though they relied on her for protection. For their sakes she made little jokes and tried to forget her own cowardice at the thought of England and this break with the old home life.

Her brother Paul sat with his drum between his knees, staring out of the carriage window with a smile about his lips, with secret thoughts. Jehan—that young scamp—was reckless and walked up and down the corridor staring at his fellow travelers and coming back to make remarks about them in his Provençal speech which none of them would understand.

She would have to keep a careful eye on this younger brother. Already he was making love to Yvonne, whose eyes were shy when he looked into them with his impudent amusement.

Paul, the eldest brother, but younger than herself, emerged from his secret thoughts and took an interest in the immediate situation.

"I'm as hungry as a dog. What about a little food, Madeleine?"

They all looked to Madeleine for the necessities of life, just as they had done at home.

Well, there was no trouble about food, and no need to spend a lot of money in the restaurant car. Before leaving St. Ambrose the neighbors had brought presents to show their affection for these young people who were going to make their village famous in the world.

"It is madness!" said old Widow Martin. But she brought around a big cheese.

"It's a devilish affair," said Louis Baux, the landlord of the Reine Jeanne, but he sent round a case of Nuits St. Georges, which was his very best wine.

10 minutes ago-

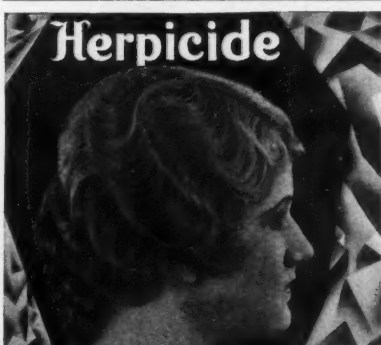


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"Beware of the wolves who lie in wait for innocent lambs," said Madame Fleuriot, who was the wife of the mayor of St. Ambrose, with a sharp nose for any scandal in the village. But she waddled up with a gift of chocolate which must have cost her many francs.

Paul and Jehan wore their white linen suits and red sashes, and used their drums as tables for the meal. Madeleine and her two friends wore their little lace caps and embroidered aprons over full petticoats. And Madeleine, with so much responsibility upon her, so many secret fears and hopes, and the remembrance of a lover who had wept at her parting, had thoughtful eyes in spite of her smile.

"What a beautiful girl!" said one of the Englishwomen in the corridor. "Like a picture of the Virgin by Titian or someone."

"Like Joan of Arc," said her friend. "Just as I imagine her, with a broad forehead and dark eyes."

IT WAS on the boat that they saw Harvey Moss. He was traveling first class but lifted a rail and came to speak to them.

It was to Madeleine he spoke, smiling at her in a friendly way, with a glance at her lace cap and embroidered apron as though pleased with her appearance.

"Happy, I hope? . . . You don't regret this adventure, eh?"

"I am a little frightened, Monsieur," said Madeleine, with her peasant candor. "It is a big thing to leave one's home, *n'est-ce pas?*"

He nodded. "You'll feel strange for a few days . . . You have the address I gave you? That boarding-house where they speak French?"

"It is here, Monsieur," said Madeleine, taking a little case out of her bodice.

It held his letter, and the contract he had made with them, and the money which her father had taken out of the bank. It would last them until they would be getting those great sums of money which they would earn from dancing.

Her brother Paul came forward and saluted Harvey Moss as a soldier salutes his colonel.

"We are looking forward to our first performance, Monsieur. Until then the days will seem long."

Harvey Moss nodded. "Yes. A week from today. I have arranged for two rehearsals, Friday and Saturday. Well, I look forward to a great success. I'm arranging to advertise you. Very costly, you understand."

"Beyond doubt," said Paul gravely. "But when the English people hear my drum they will be astonished. It is a wonderful instrument, the drum. It reveals all human passion, Monsieur. The spirit of valor. The call of the past. Love, war, the exaltation of the spirit. That is the drum, Monsieur."

He spoke as an artist, as perhaps one artist to another, not boastful, you understand, but with a sense of his own power.

Harvey Moss did not quite understand this speech because of its Provençal accent, but he nodded civilly.

"Good luck!" he said, and then, touching his hat, went through the lifted rail again to his own part of the deck.

He had his own problems to think out and couldn't bother too much about these Provençal folk. He had had a cable from London, from his business manager. There was a syndicate putting up an offer for the Forum as a picture palace. He would hate to let it go, but the figures for the last year were worse than he had guessed. He was in the soup all right, and his backers were getting frowning.

Perhaps he had better close with that offer. It would enable him to crawl out without disaster, except to his reputation. He would have to put it up to his directors, of course. Those swine who accused him of letting them down, and who jeered at his sense of art. Confound them!

"A very kind gentleman," said Madeleine to her brother Paul. "We need not be anxious about our money. He has a nobility of mind, I think."

"He knows that we are going to make a

fortune for him," said Paul, thinking of his power over the drum.

Jehan made a remark in his impudent way which brought a sudden flame of color to Madeleine's cheeks and made her angry.

"His eyes go soft when they look at you, Madeleine. One day perhaps he will ask you to be his wife or his mistress. That will be good for us. We shall share your good fortune."

"You are abominable, Jehan!" said Madeleine.

He laughed and pinched her arm, and then went to the side of the ship to see for the first time the white cliffs of England. It was a pity that the sky was so gray, and this sea so different from the Mediterranean.

It was a pity also that it was a wet evening in London when the Provençal dancers arrived at the boarding-house in Bloomsbury, so that when they looked out of the windows which had not been cleaned lately they saw nothing but blurred chimney-pots and wet smoke, and down in the street below bedraggled figures hastening through the lashing rain, and taxis splashing through the puddles by the curbstone.

"It is like Hell, this London," said Jehan, whose spirit had sunk low.

"We may perhaps see the sun tomorrow," said Madeleine, trying to speak cheerfully.

Across the Channel, and then across France, the sun would be shining still on the hill-top village of St. Ambrose, casting long shadows from the olive trees down the white rocks and the terraced fields, and far below, where Nice gleamed like a string of pearls—the Promenade des Anglais—the Mediterranean would be blue and gold in the setting sun . . . London was not beautiful after St. Ambrose.

Rather frightening too, to simple peasant folk, because of its world of hurrying people and its roaring tides of traffic and its endless streets. Jehan was lost next day when he went for a walk and came back late with a tragic story of wandering in dreadful places where there was no one who knew a word of French.

Paul kept indoors all day, playing his drum with a muffled baton and repeating old Provençal tunes on his fife with four notes, softly, so that he should not disturb other lodgers. Yet he disturbed them, and the landlady who was a Frenchwoman from the South—that was a great comfort anyhow—came up to say that one of her boarders threatened to leave if anyone played the drum over his head.

"The English have no soul for music," said the landlady, hating to hurt the sensibilities of her own folk. "They are a nation of shopkeepers, you understand. For twenty years I have put up with their lack of spirituality. They are in many ways good people, but not intelligent as in France."

Paul looked stupefied. "If they have no soul for music, then why have I come? If they are not thrilled by my drum—"

"In the theater it is different," said Madame Vouvray. "Certainly they will be pleased by the Provençal dances. Your charming sister and her friends will win their hearts which, *après tout*, are not too hard."

"The dances are child's play," said Paul. "It is the drum that stirs the heart. You may not know, Madame, that I am the best drummer in the South of France. It is I who tell you so."

Madeleine was surprised after three days that Harvey Moss did not call to see them. She had expected that he would pay them a friendly visit and perhaps invite them to luncheon in some great restaurant. That was one of the little dreams which disappeared in the damp mist of London which chilled her heart so that she had a sense of depression and anxiety.

That depression of spirits was increased on the day of rehearsal to which they had looked forward so eagerly. They had taken one of those taxis to the theater, repeating the word Forum several times very carefully, until the driver understood.

At the stage door they had the same

difficulty with a surly-looking man who did not seem willing to admit them and shook his head when they reiterated the name of Harvey Moss. Doubtless their pronunciation was not quite English.

After that they waited an hour or more on the stage while carpenters hammered at the scenery and an orchestra rehearsed some music which was very painful to Paul.

"It is like the howling of hyenas, that music," he said. "Sacred name of a dog!"

Madeleine sat very quiet on a wooden box with her hands in her lap. Yvonne giggled now and then at Jehan who flirted with her. Jeanne seemed to be saying her prayers—the rosary which she had been taught by the nuns at St. Ambrose.

Then at last Harvey Moss came on the stage. There were four other men with him, smoking cigars and looking ill-tempered. So ill-tempered that they stared at Madeleine and the others in a hard, hostile way, without any greeting, and then turned to Harvey Moss and spoke in English rather angrily.

Harvey Moss looked worried. There were dark lines under his eyes and he made nervous gestures as though ill at ease. So at least Madeleine thought, watching him anxiously.

He spoke to her pleasantly enough. "I want you to show these gentlemen your dances. Exactly as you did them at St. Ambrose. I have had a scene painted for you, and the orchestra will help out with your brothers' fifes and drums. As soon as you are ready—"

The four gentlemen who looked so ill-tempered took seats in the first line of stalls, still smoking cigars and not much interested, it seemed . . . And the rehearsal did not go very well. Paul began by playing his fife and drum with young Jehan, and to Madeleine it sounded magnificent, but the leader of the orchestra—a tall bald-headed man—kept talking to Harvey Moss and once put his fingers to his ears as though he could not bear more.

Some of the men in the orchestra seemed to be laughing as though amused by some joke among them. But they quieted down when Madeleine and the two girls began to dance, and two of them stood up to look at Madeleine, as though surprised and not displeased. Harvey Moss had some more conversation with the leader of the orchestra, and that impatient man tapped his baton and made his musicians pick up the old French tunes and improvise an orchestration, which made Paul groan as though in agony.

"No," said Harvey Moss. "All wrong, gentlemen. It's not jazz. You must get jazz out of your heads. This is old French. Simple stuff. Rustic. Haven't you ever been down to Surrey and heard the birds sing? These people aren't dancing in a night club. They're peasants from Provence."

"Dicky-bird stuff," said one of the gentlemen in the stalls. "Just like Harvey!"

BUT of course Madeleine and her company could not understand any of that. They just knew that things were not going well, that they were not pleasing Harvey Moss' friends and that the orchestra was playing the wrong notes in the wrong time.

"Sacred name of a dog!" said Paul again in his Provençal dialect. "This is driving me mad. They miss the beat. They are murdering my soul."

"We were fools to come," said Jehan. "It is Hell, this London, inhabited by devils."

Harvey Moss spoke to Madeleine in French. "The orchestra will get the idea. That leader is a genius. After an hour or two—"

It was after six hours that he let them go—six hours of repetition, grouping, lighting effects and prolonged arguments with the leader of the orchestra who scribbled lines of music on a block of writing-paper and then tore them up or thrust them all crumpled into his pocket.

Madeleine, after six hours, was half fainting with exhaustion and perhaps with hunger. Paul was white under the eyes, and Jehan was sulking. The two girls, Yvonne and Jeanne,

wept secretly. "That dreadful morning. He put on a smile and brought such dear. Yvonne."

"Oh, I'm afraid—Yvonne."

The no an orchestra at Paul even showed the stage of Jehan play or they were.

Carpenter them. S way. S them . . .

And in boarding to write . . .

"All go is the so been very strange, be anxious home lot and Jehan."

Paul v a strained sofa where it were sit under the had been washing they had to make . . .

On the Jehan ha drinking face be creased been sleep and silent . . .

It was to them red sash girls and Yvonne's weeping aging th be good into her stand a good suc . . .

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But sh by no passage bers of "turns," whom H girl half Man M still wor French a and a co hat, and to look actors w jested w . . .

It was dancers nine Yv struck w . . .

wept secretly, wiping their tears away furtively.

"That's fine," said Harvey Moss after this dreadful six hours. "Another rehearsal tomorrow. Better bring some food with you." He put one finger under Madeleine's chin and smiled at her. "It's your beauty that will bring success. Show your legs a bit more, my dear. You're too modest."

"Oh, Monsieur," said Madeleine, "I am afraid—" She too had tears in her eyes, like Yvonne and Jeanne.

The next day's rehearsal was even worse as an ordeal. The leader of the orchestra shouted at Paul when he played his drum too loudly, even shook two fists at him. He jumped onto the stage and went mad, it seemed, in front of Jehan, who was sulky again and refused to play or dance in time to the orchestra because they were not playing to the right beat.

Carpenters made hideous noises behind them. Scene-shifters pushed them out of the way. Strange and blinding lights played on them . . . It was all a nightmare.

And in a shabby room of the Bloomsbury boarding-house that night Madeleine sat down to write a letter home.

"All goes well," she wrote. "Monsieur Moss is the soul of kindness. Our rehearsals have been very useful. Of course it is all very strange, dear Father and Mother, but do not be anxious about us. Soon we shall be sending home lots of money to pay off the debt. Paul and Jehan send their love."

Paul was pacing up and down the room with a strained white face. Jehan was sleeping on a sofa stuffed with horsehair, as one could see where its cover was torn. Yvonne and Jeanne were sitting at the table with clasped hands under their chins, looking miserable. They had been happier at St. Ambrose after a day's washing and haymaking. Perhaps after all they had been foolish to come to this England to make their fortunes.

On the evening of their first performance Jehan had a nerve-storm, and had perhaps been drinking too much. He slapped Yvonne's face because she said his white jacket was creased and that he looked as though he had been sleeping in his clothes. Paul was strained and silent.

It was Madeleine who had to act the mother to them all, ironing Jehan's jacket, tying Paul's red sash round his waist, titivating the two girls and trying to get the trace of tears out of Yvonne's red-rimmed eyes after her burst of weeping because of Jehan's brutality, encouraging them, trying to make them laugh and be good-tempered. But she slipped away once into her little bedroom with its painted washstand and dirty curtains, to say a prayer for good success.

At the theater she was frightened by the bustle and activity behind the scenes. A scene-shifter jabbed her in the chest with his elbow when she stood in his way. She shared a dressing-room with the two girls, and Harvey Moss came with a sad-looking man who made up their faces with grease-paint.

"You would look like ghosts without some color on your faces," said Harvey Moss. He smiled at her and said, "They will like the look of you."

But she could see that he was nervous and by no means certain of success. Down the passage outside the dressing-rooms other members of the company kept passing—other "turns." There were a pair of Arab dancers whom Harvey Moss had brought from Nice, the girl half naked with a bare brown back, and the Man Monkey who had been a failure but was still working out his contract, and a troupe of French acrobats, and an American jazz band, and a comic lady in bloomers and a billycock hat, and an old-fashioned clown made up to look like Grock, and other fantastic characters who talked in different languages and jested with each other behind the scenes.

It was at nine o'clock that the Provençal dancers were to appear, and at ten minutes to nine Yvonne had a *crise de nerfs* and was struck with stage fright.

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BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

"I cannot dance!" she whimpered. "I'm stiff in every limb. It is useless, Madeleine. I am paralyzed with fear."

Madeleine chafed her cold hands, sent Jehan for some brandy, whispered words of courage and entreaty. Yvonne had almost to be dragged to the wings where Paul and Jehan were waiting with their drums and fifes.

"Get on," said the stage-manager. "*Allez! allez!*"

The curtain had gone down on the Arab dancers. They were a success. Madeleine could hear the clapping and applause like a noise of surf breaking on rocks. She could see the two dancers going on to take their call through the folds of the heavy curtain. They passed her, breathing loudly, exhausted, but with a look of triumph in their eyes.

The scene-shifters in their shirt-sleeves changed the set.

"Stand back, can't yer?" snarled one of them at Jehan. There was a new back-cloth. It was St. Ambrose as one sees it after passing the hairpin bend, with the sun shining on its walls and flinging long shadows down the white rocks and the terraced fields. The stage was like an orchard with orange trees bearing their golden fruit.

"Oh, Paul!" whispered Madeleine. "There is our dear village. It is wonderful!"

The orchestra was playing one of their old dance tunes with some instrument making the sound of singing birds. The curtains swung apart, revealing the audience, dimly, in rows of vague faces and white shirt-fronts.

"*Allez! allez!*" said an impatient voice.

Paul and Jehan marched on with their drums and fifes, and the orchestra blared at them. Madeleine seized Yvonne's hand and ran with her onto the stage.

It was not too frightening after the first few minutes. Madeleine tried to think that she was dancing again in the old barn behind the church of St. Ambrose to the people of her own village. By some miracle of spirit Yvonne had fought down her fright and was dancing prettily. Jeanne was perfectly cool and self-posessed.

Paul played one of his marches during an interval between the first and second dance while the girls pretended to be haymaking and listening to this drum beating across the hills. With one hand Paul played his drum and with the other that fife with four notes. He too had lost his melancholy. The artist stirred in him.

He stood there proudly with his splendid swagger—the best drummer in the South of France, he thought, looking very handsome in his white linen suit which Madeleine had ironed and the red sash she had tied for him.

But Madeleine had an idea that the audience did not like this wonderful drumming or the tunes on the four notes of the fife. Certainly some people were laughing. She even heard some women cry out as though they found this music unbearable. Only from the gallery came the noise of clapping as Paul flung up his drumsticks after a magnificent thunder.

Then there was the flower dance.

It was Madeleine's chief part—the dance she loved best. Every time she danced it in St. Ambrose the boys went mad about her. This English audience did not go mad about her. They were cold. She felt that. They did not rise in their seats or stamp their feet when she sprang high into the air with a sense of joyous ecstasy.

There was some applause after their turn. They were recalled twice. There was a touch of warmth in the greeting to Madeleine when she slipped between the folds of that long curtain and curtsied to this English audience.

But afterwards Harvey Moss looked worried again. He spoke to one of the men who had sat at the rehearsal chewing a cigar.

"A frost, I'm afraid."

"Didn't I tell you so?" asked the other man.

Madeleine did not hear those words spoken in English. But she was grateful to Harvey Moss when he patted her on the shoulder as she

passed to the dressing-room with Yvonne and Jeanne.

"Very good," he said in French. "Charming."

"You think so truly?" she asked. "They were not displeased with us, Monsieur?"

"It was quite good," he answered. "Quite good."

But he avoided her eyes, she thought, and looked ill at ease. Perhaps they had disappointed him. Perhaps they had made a failure. That would be terrible. So much depended on success. The debt on the farm, the happiness of her dear ones, the reputation of St. Ambrose, even perhaps the honor of France, a little.

"*Nous sommes fous!*" said Jehan coarsely and tragically on the way back to their boarding-house. "These sacred English are like toads. They mocked at us. I heard their laughter when Paul played his drum, superbly, as I admit. They haven't the soul, these English."

"It is true," said Paul. "They thought me ridiculous. I am humiliated. It would be better if I had not been born."

His pride was dreadfully hurt. He was in the depth of gloom.

"All that is untrue," said Madeleine bravely.

"They applauded us. The gallery was much stirred by your drumming, dear Paul. They liked our dances. Did you not hear them call us back? I felt their enthusiasm. It's their nature to be cold, but underneath they have sentiment. I am sure they liked us."

"Bah!" said Jehan. "Those mutton-faced young Englishmen liked your pretty legs, Madeleine. For the rest, nothing doing. It is not success but failure that meets us in this abominable nation of fog-bound islanders."

"Monsieur Moss will be true to his word," said Madeleine. "He will pay us our money. After many weeks of good success we shall go back to St. Ambrose with enough to pay off father's debt and make us very rich."

This confidence of hers—a little exaggerated perhaps because of secret doubts in her heart, yet sincere because of her own refusal to abandon her dreams—cheered them up wonderfully. After their first depression they recovered their spirits and Jehan kissed Yvonne that night after she had forgiven him for slapping her face, and Paul opened a bottle of that good wine which had been given by the landlord of the Reine Jeanne.

IT WAS NOT Harvey Moss' fault, perhaps, that he was not true to his word, or at least to the hopes he had held out to the Provençal dancers. The bottom had fallen out of this class of business. There were also the directors of the Forum and especially one of them who kept talking gloomily.

"Better to cut our losses. There's that offer to turn the old place into a movie palace. And anyhow you've got us into a nasty mess, Harvey, my boy. Can't even pay the salaries, let alone the rent. Nothing for it but to go into liquidation, and the sooner the better."

"What about Tuesday?" asked a fellow director.

"Why not? It would save money."

It was unfortunate that Tuesday was payday, and that there was no pay for the Provençal dancers, or for the Man Monkey, or for the Arabian couple, or the French acrobats, or the clown like Grock, or any of the others. When Madeleine and her companions went to the theater at midday to fetch some letters that might be waiting for them, they were astonished to see a crowd of scene-shifters outside the stage door, and some artists, all talking angrily and gesticulating in a way that was unusual to the English.

"*Qu'est-ce qu'il y a donc?*" asked Madeleine, astonished and even a little frightened.

It was difficult to find out. There were notices pasted across the playbills on which their names appeared:

THEATER CLOSED

But those words meant nothing to peasant

boys and girls from St. Ambrose who knew no English.

It was the Man Monkey who explained to them at last. He was a little sad-faced man who spoke good French.

"The Forum has gone bankrupt. It is closed. Personally I starve to death. And after all, why not?"

Madeleine put her hand to her heart. Paul had gone as white as death, and Yvonne had begun to weep again.

"But Monsieur," she asked, "surely they will pay our salaries? We are here under contract. The expenses of coming have been very heavy. And Monsieur Moss is a man of honor."

The Man Monkey scratched himself from force of habit. "Not a chance, Mademoiselle. You will never see even as much as a franc. Monsieur Moss is—like all the others, a *saligaud*. A bandit. A robber of human lives."

Madeleine stared incredulously, stupefied, not yet believing that the worst had happened.

"Oh, but I must talk to him. He is very kind. It is impossible that he should not pay what he promised. I will go to him at once."

But it was not easy to find Mr. Harvey Moss. The doorkeeper did not know his whereabouts. "Done a bunk, I expect," he said. "And my wife and kids will 'ave to go without the week's wages. 'Orrible, I call it, though not surprising. No money in the 'ouse. One failure after another. And the blasted movies—"

HE TALKED to Madeleine, not because he thought she understood, but because it relieved his feelings. And she didn't understand a word until one of the French acrobats explained.

"Monsieur Moss has gone away and left no address. Perhaps it is wise of him. I for one would squeeze his windpipe until he choked. It would be a great pleasure. I regret he has left no address."

That night there was a painful scene in the boarding-house at Bloomsbury, up in that little sitting-room which they shared in common.

"Did I not say this London is like Hell?" Jehan asked. "Are they not devils, these English?"

"We must go back," said Paul after a long silence. "We must go back to St. Ambrose. We were perhaps tempted by foolish vanity. I begin to see it. I believed that the great world would acknowledge me as a man who knows how it is to play the drum."

"But Paul," asked Madeleine timidly, "how can we go back? We have not enough money to pay those fares. And then there is the humiliation. And Father's debt—"

For the first time she wept, like Yvonne who was dissolved in tears. Then presently she raised her head bravely.

"Paul, my dear! There are other theaters in London. Now that they have heard about us they will give us an engagement. Certainly we must try to get another engagement. I will do my best if you will be a little patient."

But it needed a lot of patience and a lot of courage—especially for Madeleine, who took this upon her shoulders and was like a mother to the others. Day after day she went to the theaters in London, walking from one to another in the rain.

She was rebuffed by stage doorkeepers who could not understand her timid French. Once she was shown up to a manager who spoke French and seemed to have a little pity for her, but said he could do nothing for her as his theater was for serious drama.

"Try the Arena," he said. "They may be in want of a new turn. A pretty face like yours—"

She tried the Arena, but after waiting all day to see the manager he said, "I'm busy. There's nothing doing. *Rien à faire, vous savez.*"

It was dreadful to go home again those evenings where Paul and the others were waiting, expectant, or at least hopeful, of good news. Jehan was drinking too much red wine because of his despair. Paul was moody, with desperate eyes. The two girls worked at some embroidery and shed tears over it.

"Tomorrow," said Madeleine bravely. "Something will happen tomorrow. If you will have a little patience, my dears."

It was always "tomorrow," as Jehan reminded her angrily. And Madame Vouvray, the landlady, complained of the same word when she asked for her bill to be paid.

"But it is always tomorrow that you will pay, Mademoiselle. I must insist. It is with regret that I ask to be paid."

"Tomorrow, *chère madame*," pleaded Madeleine again. "I am expecting very good fortune tomorrow."

In the streets of London she was frightened sometimes because men followed her. They stared into her face with smiles that were not good. Evil smiles, she thought, and hurried on. One man, who looked like an English aristocrat, raised his hat and spoke to her in French.

"Are you looking for a friend, Mademoiselle?"

She hastened on without answering him. Yes, it was true that she was looking for a friend, but she was afraid of strangers like that. It would be terrible if there were to be nothing left but that way of friendship, for Paul's sake and Jehan's and the two young girls who were not eating enough because they wished to save the expense. . . . The *cure* of St. Ambrose had been right after all. Monsieur Moss had been the Devil in disguise. He had come to St. Ambrose to lay a trap for human souls.

It was as that thought came to her, somewhere close to Piccadilly, after one of her mornings of humiliation with stage doorkeepers, that she came face to face with Harvey Moss. For a moment he tried to avoid her, and then something in her face seemed to change his mind.

He stopped and smiled. "How does it go? I am sorry about the Forum. It was not my fault. Bad luck, you know."

His eyes were uneasy, but something in her face, some look in her eyes, her whiteness, made him grave and sympathetic.

"You look ill, Mademoiselle," he said.

"Oh, Monsieur!" cried Madeleine. "We trusted you. I believed in you as a man of honor. How is it possible that you do not pay our salaries? We are held here in London. We cannot go back because we have no money and are very much ashamed. In a little while we shall starve. It was your honor that we trusted."

His honor! Well, the world didn't give him much credit for honor. The third time he had gone bankrupt. Harvey Moss was rather touched by that reference to his honor.

"Look here," he said, "better come and have something to eat. You look as though you needed it, if I may say so."

His honor! Yes, rather a joke that. He thought of it in the little restaurant in Soho to which he took this Provençal girl, hoping that none of his friends would see him. They would suspect the worst, of course. Harvey Moss with a new lady! A peasant girl of Provence, this time. No stopping him with the girls. . . .

Well, they had a right to say so, perhaps. But there was something in the face of Madeleine that made that sort of thing impossible, even if he had felt like that. She was like a picture of the Madonna. She had eyes of innocence. And she had believed in his honor. . . .

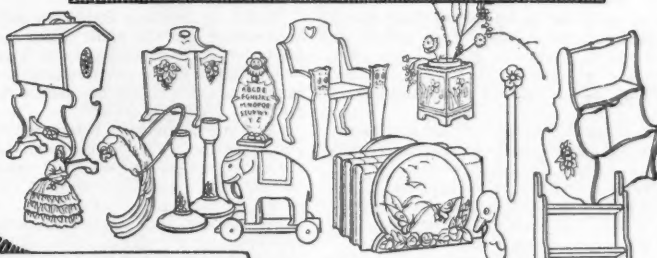
He ordered a simple meal for her and noticed that she had no appetite. Once or twice she wiped away a tear, furtively, but otherwise tried to be calm, and even a little gay.

"You will help us to another engagement?" she asked. "I believe you will help us to get good luck. If so we will forgive you for our broken dreams, Monsieur."

Harvey Moss was rather silent. He was thinking, with a little smile about his lips. He had just about forty pounds between him and the Devil, so to speak. It would be rather a joke if he gave them to this girl from a village in the Alpes-Maritimes. With nothing in return. The gesture of a man of honor. The sentiment of an artist who loved beauty. His tribute to innocence!

There were no men he knew who would

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believe him if he told them a story like that. They would shout with incredulous laughter. That was what would make it worth doing. That disbelief.

He paid the bill—five and sixpence for both of them—and then slipped over a little wad of notes to Madeleine as she sipped some wine.

"A debt of honor," he said. "That will get you back to St. Ambrose. It's all I can spare, as a matter of fact. A tribute to beauty, Mademoiselle." He smiled at her and showed his teeth.

For a moment she was startled and afraid. "You do not ask for my love?" she asked, with fear in her eyes. "That is impossible."

He reassured her and patted her hand. "No, no. Do not be frightened. A tribute to innocence. A miserable sinner to a little saint. Think of me sometimes in St. Ambrose."

She took the money. It was her due. The first week's salary which he had promised. She was a Provençal peasant, and practical.

He put her into a taxicab and gave the address of the boarding-house. Then he raised his hat and smiled and showed his teeth again, before striding away to Piccadilly.

He had made his good gesture. All he had in the world till something turned up. Perhaps it would bring him good luck. Rather a joke.

Nobody would believe it if he told his tale. Incredible! But there was that touch of the artist in him. It came out at unexpected times. It was the difference between him and those swine for whom he had worked.

Madeleine took her little company back to St. Ambrose, and the whole village came out to meet them with a brass band which was headed by Guillaume Riquier who flung his arms about Madeleine and kissed her before the whole crowd.

"We can be married before the olive harvest," he said. "My sacred aunt has kicked the bucket—God rest her soul!—and has left me the little farm, and the gray cow, and a packet of money in a bank at Paris."

She laid her face against his broad chest, laughing and weeping a little, while the *cure* began a speech to the crowd, welcoming back the Provençal dancers—their dear young people who had made a triumphant success in England—with their Allies in the late war. They had returned sooner than expected because of their love for St. Ambrose and because they could not breathe in the fogs of London.

"That is true," said Jehan, believing in its truth, now that he was back again. "We

gained a great victory in England. They deafened us with their applause. But it is a country in which a Provençal cannot live without choking. The climate of Hell, and always dark."

"They held their breath when I played the March of Turenne," said Paul gravely. "They were stupefied. . . . It is a good memory, but I am glad to be back. France is the only country for a man with a soul."

That night in the farmhouse there was a different kind of talk.

"We are ruined," said their father. "The debt has still to be paid. It was the Devil who tempted you to go to England. Did I not say so at the time? Did I not implore you to beware of that handsome Englishman—that *saligaud*—that bandit!"

"He was after all a man of honor," said Madeleine. "The Devil tempted us, that is true. But God was very good. We have come back safely after many perils to the soul. Now Guillaume will help us to pay off the debt."

It was Guillaume who paid off the debt, with that packet of money in a bank at Paris, and in St. Ambrose it is firmly believed that the Provençal dancers were a stupendous success in England. They like to believe it, and that is good enough.

The Flagrant Years by Samuel Hopkins Adams (Continued from page 25)

our expenses, but our goils send us business after they've graduated and that's how we keep going," rattled on the proprietress. As a matter of fact she cleared some fifteen thousand dollars a year on her shrewd venture. "You'll get practical work from the foist," she continued. "We waste no time on theories and scientific doodads. Foist two weeks the students work on each other. Next two weeks, free models. Last two weeks you give p.g. treatments, we charge the customer half price and you pull down a commission on what you sell."

"Can I get a position after six weeks?" asked the girl doubtfully.

"Sure. All our goils land. The trade is waiting for 'em. We place 'em in the classiest parlors. We'll start you on facial, I guess. What experience have you had?"

"None at all."

"Um-m-m. Better join your erls and erntments foist."

"I beg your pardon?" Consuelo was still unfamiliar with the New York accent.

"Erls and erntments. You know what erl is, don't you?"

"I know what an erl is," floundered poor Consuelo. "But—"

"Not an erl. Erl. Like Standard Erl," said the other, beginning to lose patience with this stupidity. "V' aren't deaf, are you?"

"Oh, I'm sorry. Do I take a course in oils and ointments?"

"I'll give you our litratchoor to take home with you. Ten dollars' registration fee, including foist week's tuition. Report tomorrow at eight-thirty. Your number is sixteen."

Poorer by that considerable sum and richer by a packet of the litratchoor which seemed to be mainly advertising matter for a long list of wonder-working preparations, the applicant returned to her hot box of a room. The night brought little sleep and less counsel. In the morning it took all her will-power to force her into the southbound subway.

Arrived at Union Square with twenty minutes' grace, she sat on a park bench and tried to make herself think that it wasn't so bad as she knew it to be. An early shower had refreshed the air. The verdure had shaken off its dust and was exhaling vague fragrances. To go from there into the atmosphere of rank perfumes and frizzled hair and all the greasy aroma of "erls and erntments" was too much for her failing spirit. Nausea swept her and on that wave she was borne, not into the noisome parlor but straight uptown, with fugitive speed. The ten dollars was left behind,

a sacrifice to the unrelenting gods of error.

Serious mathematics were now in order. The first result of the calculations was a rigid curtailment of the daily menu. The diet of policy, advised by Miss Roberts, had become a diet of financial necessity.

Somewhere she had heard that there were beauty marts where one was admitted apprentice with pay enough to support life until the training period was finished. In one of the beauty trade-papers she got a clue and followed it to the Fifth Avenue salon of Persephone Warden.

Here was another abode of low-voiced peace, like that in which Miss Roberts operated. The angel at the desk welcomed her with sweet suavity. No sooner was her errand declared, however, than a brisk hardness came into her manner. No; they were not taking on any more pupil-operators. Still, she might wait if she wanted to see the manager.

Consuelo waited. While she waited she watched, with eager, observing eyes. She saw haggard women, nerve-stretched, flaccid, seamed, edgy, slip into one or another of the quiet apartments, and other women, fresh, bright-eyed, comforted, smiling, soft of skin and assuaged in spirit, emerge and return to the clamorous world of every-day, and she knew that the last women had been as the first when they entered. It was like watching the action of some wonder-working drug.

The manager summoned her at length and made short work of her.

"Take off your hat." Consuelo did so.

"Too young for us," the older woman pronounced. "Come back in five years."

"That's a long time to go without eating."

"Can't help that. Our clients are middle-aged or getting there. They don't want their lost youth standing beside the mirror when they look into it. You might try Cordelia Carmichael," she added more kindly. "She is starting a branch place, I hear."

Three visits comprising a total wait of seven hours was the test of patience precedent to an interview with the fashionable Cordelia. Off came the hat.

"Too pretty," was the quick verdict.

Consuelo wondered, with a mixture of pleasurable vanity and dismay, what her two months in the mountains could have done to her. Everyone she encountered in New York seemed to consider her a beauty. She murmured some self-disparagement. Cordelia's face was sympathetic but firm.

"A girl with your looks makes a homely woman hate herself. And if it weren't for the

self-deception of homely women, how would we pay the rent? Try the movies."

Another proprietress found her too slight. By another she was judged not strong enough. But mainly, as she trudged from disappointment to disappointment, it was her youthfulness and prettiness that stood in her way.

Lines began to sharpen the soft contour of Consuelo's face. She was becoming what the French call "*fausse maigre*," her face growing wistful as that of a lovely but unhappy child. An illustrator, whom she ran across by luck, used her in several sittings as model for a spirit-girl, and on the six dollars' windfall she went on a debauch of heavy food, the result being an upset digestion.

This took her off the job-trail for two days. The pilgrimage being resumed, she made a terrifying discovery: the soles of her best shoes were wearing thin. Also her *chic* little hat had been damaged by a rain-storm. No longer did she look like a patron of the high-priced salons, all of which she had essayed unsuccessfully. She now declined upon the less smart emporia of beauty. It was in one of these that she heard the name of Gerstel Corss cited by one idle operator to another.

"Is that the Mr. Corss that keeps a beauty place?" she asked eagerly.

"I'll say he does," the girl replied.

"And anything else he takes a shine to," added her companion, whereat they both laughed.

Though this did not sound very encouraging, the job-hunter persevered. "Can you tell me where it is?"

"Where is his new joint, Idar?" inquired the first speaker idly.

"Somewheres up on the West Side. Seventy-fourth Street, ain't it?"

"I thought it was Seventy-ninth."

"Maybe it is. Somewheres up there."

They turned their attention to another topic. Consuelo felt illogically heartened. Even without the blithe Mr. Smith's letter, she had retained a dim faith that her luck lay in the line of his kindly advice. It was this that had kept her following the pursuit of commercial beauty through so many discouragements.

She spent a nickel in car-fare to Seventy-ninth Street. Having no number to go by, she traversed the street from the Park to West End Avenue. No Gerstel Corss. Well, the other girl's guess might be better; she tried Seventy-fourth with no more success. Doggedly she set herself to cover all the West Seventies and then, if necessary, the rest of the West Side. It was not necessary. On a corner

of Seventy-seventh Street a huge and garishly new hotel rewarded her resolution with a sign in flourishing gilt which told the world that Gerstel Corss' celebrated rejuvenations for hair, face and figure were to be obtained within.

Consuelo entered and asked for Mr. Corss. The gaudy youngish person at the desk sized her up at once.

"Are you looking for employment?"

"Yes."

"Full up."

"Could I see Mr. Corss?"

"Somebody askig for me?" inquired a musical and unctuous voice from inside.

A pendulously fat little man of middle age tripped out on absurdly small and delicately shod feet. He had ill-matched eyes, a loose, easy mouth, an intelligent forehead, warm, dark olive skin, and a slight thickening of the palate which made the participial *ing* unattainable to his speech. He was quite superbly dressed in an Oxford-mixture morning coat with exaggeratedly long tails and an orchid in the lapel. Consuelo could not even guess at his nationality. Later she found out that the main racial strain was Roumanian with a dash of Swiss. He gave the visitor an appraising, approving look.

"Did you wish to see me, Mademoiselle?"

She replied in the affirmative and stated her errand.

"Come in." She followed him into an inner office. "You're looking for employment, huh?"

"Yes."

"Stand there, please, and take off your hat."

Obviously her youth and attractiveness were no detriment in the eyes of this expert. He made little clucking sounds of approval.

"Any experience?" he asked at length.

"No. None. I had a letter—"

"Letter is nothing," he broke in. "Experience, even, is not essential. Appearance, that is what counts, and aptitude." He set a hand on her shoulder and turned her toward the light, then kissed her. It was a mere peck at her lips, after which he immediately walked to his desk and sat down. "How would you like we should take a little motor ride this evening? We could talk it over at supper."

"I don't want supper," said Consuelo desperately. "I just want a job."

"No?" He sighed. "Ah, well; suppose you come back some day next week. Maybe you'll feel different then. Or maybe I'll feel different. No tellig about these things," said Mr. Corss philosophically.

Out went Consuelo abandoning a hope that had sickened and died. Only too plainly, that was no place for her. Why had the gay and debonair Mr. Smith sent her to such a creature? Then, in mitigation, she remembered in the lost letter a warning to the addressee as to his behavior. She wished that she had pressed the point of the letter. Oh, what was the use, anyway . . .

The desk-girl was speaking to her, asking for her name and address. Apathetically she gave it. She felt very miserable and hollow.

She made a bolt for the street, tripped and rammed an innocent bystander in the chest with her head. Nothing intentional; just a sudden dizziness. This she explained apologetically and became aware that she had not only assaulted but also profoundly alarmed the most princely-looking youth that she ever had set eyes on. He was well over six feet, of superb proportions, with heavy black hair, limpid eyes under stern brows, a square chin and an expression of helpless embarrassment.

"I'm so sorry," she said.

"So'm I," he mumbled and backed away.

"Don't be afraid. I'm not going to butt you again," she told him encouragingly. She laughed, but the laugh ended in a gurgle and she began to blink her eyes rapidly.

"Oh, gosh! What's the matter? I mean, is there anything I can do?"

"Yes. Go in and kill a human worm for me. You look big enough." He was so obviously appalled that she became contrite. "I was only joking."

"That's all right," he muttered.

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"Dumb-bell!" said Consuelo to herself and walked away, stepping (so she hoped) like a duchess. At the corner she turned to look. He was standing gazing not after her but at the beauty-shop front and his pose betokened an extreme dejection. She diagnosed his case as puppy love for some gaudy siren within and went so far as to be sorry for him.

At home she took wretched counsel with herself. This could not go on. Something had to be done, and promptly. She thought of Miss Roberts and her offhand good-will; she must be back from her vacation. But if she went to a stranger now for help, it would be in the rôle of a beggar. And if the help were refused, she hated to think to what lengths shame might drive her.

The next morning she found a letter under her door. It must be from the friendly operator; nobody else knew her address except Smith; it might be from him. It was neither. It was from Gerstel Corss. He had noticed her name in the desk-book and had identified it as the friend of his young friend who had written him about her, and why hadn't she told him, and would she kindly report at once for training duty, and he was yours (yes; actually!) respectfully, Gerstel Corss.

Ham and eggs for breakfast. Consuelo, in her relief, was as reckless as that. Moreover, she needed the color and vivacity that only food could now give her. And she took a street-car to her destination.

A beaming and cordial Gerstel Corss welcomed her in the inner office.

"Why'n't you tell me about the letter?"

"I tried to. You said—"

"Nemmind. Your credentials are A 1 with me. When can you start?"

"Now."

"Good! No experience, you said; huh?"

"None at all."

"I'll give you a trainig course and pay you twelve a week while you're learnig. Maybe you'll think that ain't much, huh? But—"

"Probably I won't be worth even that at first, Mr. Corss. I'm not asking for any favors."

"It ain't a special favor to you. It's a special favor to Smith. If you'd told me you was his girl," he pursued, "I'd never have made no cracks at you."

"I'm not his girl."

Mr. Corss consulted the letter with its strange terminal flourish. "He says here you're his aunt. You couldn't be his aunt, huh?"

"Anyways, I'm not."

"Then what does he mean? He must mean something; huh?"

"Must he?" she smiled.

"I get you. He's nutty, huh? Maybe he is. Makes no odds to me. I like the lad."

"So do I."

"He done me a swell turn once."

Consuelo reflected that Mr. Smith seemed to have a penchant for doing people swell turns. "And me," she said.

"You, you're different. He's probably batty about you. He'd be nutty if he wasn't, huh?" asserted Mr. Corss with perfect genuineness.

"What am I going to begin on, Mr. Corss?"

"All business, huh? That's good." He became businesslike himself. "You're goig to learn everything. Every little thigg about this beauty business. Face. Hands. All the kinds of wavgg. Depilation. Science of the skin. Science of the hair. Science of the nails. The chemical side, too. In a week we'll have you practisig on the other girls, huh? In a month you'll be givigg p.g.'s at half price, though we don't run much to that trade.

"In six weeks you'll be a regular operator, drawigg down your twenty-five per, and as much more on the side. Now, which specialty are you goig to aim at, huh?"

"Anything but manicuring," she decided. "What would you suggest?"

"The best mechanicians run to the wavgg. A good permanent-waver makes a swell thigg out of it in tips. But you gotta be strogg, or the one-sided pressure will brigg on a curvachoor, specially marcelligg. Facial's best for

you, I guess, huh? You got the nice personality for it. Come out and I'll show you around the shop, huh?"

First she was introduced to the girl on the appointment desk, a pale, quiet Jewess with sleepy eyes. As opportunity offered she met the operators, ten in all. None looked under thirty and at least three were over forty. But whatever the apparent age, they possessed the same characteristics, delicacy and smooth softness of skin, glossy perfection of hair and a carefully fostered mildness of speech. Mr. Corss was a clever picker. Two of the women spoke with an attractive accent.

"Russians," he explained. "Swell operators they make."

"Cleverer than Americans?"

"Got more side. More personality. The clients like their tony ways and the accent. Wish I could get more of 'em."

"Can't you?"

"Oh, there's plenty of the baronesses around—that's what we call 'em in the trade. But so many of 'em are goosy."

"Goosy?" repeated the girl, puzzled. "Do you mean stupid?"

"No. Goosy. The jumps. The fidgets. You know, huh? Speak to 'em quick or touch 'em when they ain't lookigg and they throw a little fit and maybe drop a hot iron on a client's face, and then where are you, huh? With a lawsuit on your hands."

"I never knew Russians were specially nervous."

"These kind are. They got cause. Escaped after the revolution. Some of their stories—don't ever let 'em tell you about it. You're too young." He abandoned the distasteful subject to inquire, "How'd you like to take today off and get your outfit, huh?" She thanked him. "And when you write to Ipsy-doodle, tell him I say you're goig to go big."

"Who?"

"Ipsydoodle Smith, of course." He waved the sprangly signature.

"Oh! Yes. Of course. Yes; I will when I write." Departing, she reflected that so odd a person naturally would have a queer name. But—Ipsydoodle!

The apprenticeship Consuelo found unexpectedly easy. A good grounding in physiology made the theoretical part simple and an inborn deftness of hand stood her in good stead in the practise. She had "the touch." More difficulty beset her with the "erls and erntments." She had to learn by heart the names, properties and special applicability of a long list of Gerstel Corss preparations whereof he had invented only the labels. By virtue of a ready memory she soon learned the seductive names. That she could ever acquire the knack of making women purchase them, she felt doubtful.

What had seemed gross optimism on the part of the proprietor as to her progress soon proved to be justified. Within a week she was practising with confidence upon her coworkers. In three weeks she had given her first p.g. Consuelo pocketed her tip, half a dollar, without a qualm. It was all part of the game. Moreover it marked her début as a full-fledged professional. She wanted to go and exult to somebody and the thought of the helpful Roberts came into her mind. At closing time she called up and was bidden to come right over to West Fifty-fifth Street.

Four flights up she was warned with a silencing finger and drawn into the kitchen.

"Varvara's asleep in the front room," explained Miss Roberts.

"Who's Varvara?"

"One of the Russians in our place. She's sleeping off a nervous headache. Mind sitting out here for a while?"

"Of course not." In the bright light, Consuelo's impression of the other was modified. Her simple dark frock made her look younger, and prettier than at the beauty parlor.

"Well, kid, how goes it? You're thin."

"I've got a job."

"Worthy wench! Where at?"

"Gerstel Corss'. Hotel Lavinia."

"Corss? That must be the bird that used to



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be head hair-dresser at the Cosmopolis. Like it there?"

"I've got to like it."

"Atta-girl! What's the inducement?"

"The salary? Twenty-five when I get going."

"And ten percent on sales?"

"It wasn't mentioned."

"Mention it, then. And be sure about double-your-work."

"What's that?"

"You are a hick! After you've taken in twice your salary on treatments you get twenty percent commish instead of ten on all sales."

"No help to me. I'll never be any good at selling."

"You gotta be. That's where the money is. That and the tips. I made sixty-seven dollars last week and nearly twenty-five of it was commissions."

"But you're in a smart Fifth Avenue place."

"Your location may not be so classy, but there's plenty of mazuma on the West Side, too. They can buy if you can sell." The expert gave to the problem its due of dispassionate consideration. "If you simply ain't a saleswoman there's another way to make good," she pronounced. "An operative can get her personality across so the clients will keep coming back to the place and asking for her. That builds up a steady patronage. Wouldn't wonder but what you had that trick. You'd better have, or as soon as he finds out you can't sell, Gersty'll can you."

"He's been very nice to me. I had a letter from a friend to him."

"Boy-friend?" The brown eyes grew lively with interest.

"A friend of M'. Corss." A sharp knock at the front door followed by a knuckle fantasia saved further explanation.

"Darn!" said the hostess, jumping up.

Something thudded against a wall in the other room. A chair toppled. The inner door between the two rooms gave way before a figure that burst in, darted blindly across before them and stood at bay, taut as a fury, with eyes inhuman from terror and a weaving little hand in which steel flickered.

"Varv!" cried the Roberts girl sharply.

"Cut it out. It's all right."

The other spat out something in Russian. Then her face cleared toward reason. She slipped the small dagger out of sight and said gently: "I am so very sorry. A bad dream."

"Meet Miss Barrett. My friend, Madame Pravdina." Miss Roberts, having attended thus to the formalities, passed into the hallway where she could be heard expressing herself intensively to the person who had knocked.

When she returned she said to the Russian, "I was just going to call you."

"Yes. It is time I should go. I will be back before late. Good night, Miss Barrett."

"Before late means anything up to sunrise with a Russian," commented the other as her roommate left.

"What a lovely, tragic face!"

"It's had enough to make it tragic. She was waked up once by a pistol-shot and her husband's blood spattering over her. After that it was three years of Siberia. It's dangerous for her to be scared that way."

Consuelo shuddered. "I shouldn't like to room with her."

"Oh, she's all right. Easy to get along with. I don't see much of her. She's got her own friends."

"Russians?"

"Yep. They hang pretty much together. The women are mostly in the beauty line or restaurants. The men—well, one's a taxi-driver and one's a head waiter and one's a laundry agent. Anything to make a living."

"She doesn't fly very high in her associations, does she?"

"Depends on how you look at it. The taxi man used to command a battle-ship. The head waiter had a hundred miles of estate and a title. The laundry chaser was something at court."

Consuelo got up. "You've been awfully kind, Miss Roberts."

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"My pals call me Bob. You and I are different kinds of birds, I guess, but now we're in the same line—well, why not sit in when you feel like it?"

"I expect I need a friend much more than you do, Bob," smiled the girl.

"I dunno about the needing. You said you had a boy-friend, didn't you?"

"Did I? I don't think so."

"Well, haven't you? Sock me in the eye if I ask too many questions," invited the other.

"No. I haven't."

"Not off the lads, are you?"

"Oh, no! I just don't know anyone here."

"I like to?"

"I'd rather wait till I get settled in my job."

"Right! Sound your horn when you reach the turn. One more tip; keep your ears open in the shop."

"For what?"

"Anything. There's more dirt going in a beauty parlor than anywhere else on earth, and some of it is pay-dirt."

"How come?"

"I dunno. It's something in the air. Women just naturally give up their insides when they're having a facial. Say, some of the things they tell you about home and fireside would put a sunburn on a marble statue."

"Couldn't it be a sort of hypnotism from the massage?"

"Search me. But they sure spill their private lives. I've heard stuff talked in our shop that would hang some folks if it got out."

"What did you mean by pay-dirt?"

"Oh, you're liable to pick up market tips. Or political stuff worth knowing. Or a line on some big real estate deal."

"I don't believe I'd care for that side of it." "Well, I don't handle it myself," admitted Miss Roberts. "Not for cash like some of 'em do. But I've passed some along in my time. You know, Connie, you ain't going to stick with old Corss forever. It'll do all right till something classier turns up."

It did very well, Consuelo considered. Within a month after her initiation she gave her first full-price treatment to a discontented fat woman with a nice skin, beautiful hair and a neck-load of pearls. She listened with foreboding to the appointment desk's polite formula, "I hope you found the operator satisfactory, Madame."

"She's all right." Connie breathed easier. "She don't try to sell you the paper off the wall, and she don't handle you like you was a bale of goods. I'll take her again any time."

Her elation carried the tyro through the ensuing hour with a vitrified old maid who did nothing but wince and whimper and complain on the ground that her nerves were "so sensitive," but gave her a dollar tip; and through the next session with an all-too-obviously married woman who regaled her with an extremely frank and technical recital of symptoms. More to protect herself against the inundating confidences than with any commercial expectations, the operator countered with a discourse upon the virtues of certain Corss preparations designed for just such conditions and was cheered by a sale of more than ten dollars.

But she soon found that she did better on tips than on sales. If the patrons liked her at all, they liked her very much and wanted to come back to her. At the close of her initial week at full wages she made an accounting.

Salary.....	\$25.00
Tips.....	18.75
Commissions.....	4.00

Not bad, a total of \$48.65. Consuelo was pleased with herself. She considered that she was now fairly launched upon a career.

IT APPEARED that Mr. Gerstel Corss was almost as well pleased with Connie as she was with herself. After reading the week's reports he summoned her to the office.

"You made a hit with our clients."

"I'm glad of that, Mr. Corss."

"Tell me I can't pick 'em, huh? You got a swell line of talk, they say."

"I don't have to do much but listen."

"You listen right. You make 'em think you're interested in 'em."

"I'm not. To me they're just skin and hair."

Mr. Corss appeared taken aback. "Being too honest has cost girls their job before now."

"I'm not so honest with them."

"Sall right, then, I guess. Your sales ain't so good. But you give a tone to the salon. I'll say that." He lighted a cigaret. "Are you game to take on a man? Huh?"

"I'm not sure I know what you mean."

"For a treatment. A client. A hairy ape."

She shuddered. "It sounds revolting."

"It don't mean much. That's what the girls call any man that comes to a beauty shop. The newest operator always draws him. Treat him as rough as you like. We ain't looking for that line of trade here."

"Who is he?"

"Dunno. There's an appointment entry on the book for two-thirty tomorrow with a picture of a monkey drawn opposite. Humorists, some of these girls think they are!"

From noon onward, next day, Consuelo listened to every entrance with a qualm of apprehensive disgust. The clock crept on to two-forty-five, two-fifty, three, three-fifteen, and the newest operator's hopes rose correspondingly when, at three-twenty-two, there was a heavy stumble outside and a deep mutter.

"Miss Barrett," gently summoned the desk manager and, as the girl emerged, delivered to the late arrival the usual formula, "I'm sure you will find this operator satisfactory."

"Oh, pickles!" said the man in dismay.

Connie looked up into the perspiring face of him whom, some weeks before, she had inadvertently butted in the chest.

"Will you step in here?" she invited blandly.

Hypnotized, he responded to her gentle shepherding, passed between the curtains and stood staring at the extension chair as might a condemned murderer at the scaffold. Consuelo assumed her most eclectic tone.

"Which treatment did you wish?"

He regarded her with the eyes of a trapped animal. "I don't know," he mumbled.

"Hair? Face? Hands?" she suggested.

"Yes."

"Well, which?"

"Shave," he said in a perishing whisper.

"This isn't a barber shop," she informed him with severity. What did it all mean? Why did he come there if it caused him such acute misery? Or was it something mysterious about herself that so discomposed him?

"All right. Anything you say I'll take."

"You're the one to say."

"Shampoo?" he ventured tremulously.

"That goes with the hair treatment." She began to take a malicious pleasure in his discomfort. "I suppose you want a wave."

"Y-y-yes."

"What kind?"

"What have you?"

"Did you wish a permanent wave?"

"My Lord, no!"

"Finger-wave, comb-wave, water-wave, marcelle," recited Consuelo, the glib expert.

"All right. Any of 'em. All of 'em."

Crazy! Just plain cuckoo. It couldn't be anything else. Well, orders were orders. She was there to carry out the client's directions. She decided to begin with a facial.

Anointing his face, she proceeded to rub in the preparations with vigor. He lay silent, his eyes closed, palpably suffering. Here was opportunity for a bit of useful practise.

"You have a nice skin," she began, "but have you noticed a tendency to wrinkles at the corners of the eyes?"

"Huh?" said the subject.

"Undeveloped as yet," pursued the ambitious saleswoman, "but should be looked after before it is too late."

"Too late for what?"

"Too late for—er—why, I mean—"

Connie was startled and disconcerted by this unexpected rejoinder. "There's nothing more, fatal to beauty than wrinkles," she resumed. "Many a woman regrets having neglected the early signs of relaxing skin."

The eyes opened and blinked up at her. "What of it?" said their owner.

At that she went to pieces, began to babble. "It's only four dollars. I mean, this skin invigorative, night and morning will—no harmful ingredients—every woman owes it to herself—specially recommended for troubles like yours."

"I don't know what it's all about but I'll bite. Gimme a bottle."

"They'll deliver it at the desk outside," said Consuelo, beginning to recover her poise. "After the application there is nothing better than the Gerstel Corss Tonic. Wash—"

"I'll take a gallon."

She perceived that she had him going, whether from terror, shyness, or sheer mental incapacity mattered not. Ruthlessly she sold him an astringent, a restorative, a lip-stick, two jars of skin-food, an overnight face mask, a hair tint, three varieties of rouge and a vanity box and all the time she felt as if she were in a comic opera.

The manicuring operations and sales added six dollars more to an account already growing monstrous, and she now faced the hair-wave problem.

"Which wave will you have first?" she inquired.

"I'll leave it to you." (He would! No help there.) "Does it take long?"

Consuelo set down her implements and walked around to face him. "You don't seem to be enjoying this," she commented.

"Enjoying it! Oh, my Lord!"

"Then what are you doing it for?"

SILENCE. His eyes refused to meet hers, but his jaw was set good and hard. She decided that not only was the face handsome but it was likable and, just now, rather absurdly pitiable. She yielded to a quickening interest. "Ever had a treatment before?"

"No."

"Are you going in for a course of it?"

"I should say not!"

"Then what is the idea? Is it a bet?"

"No." But a flicker in his expression told her that she was not far afield.

"A college initiation?"

"Do I look like that much of a kid?"

"I'm sure it's some kind of stunt," she persisted.

Suddenly he lamented, "I must seem like an awful fool to you."

"You do."

As encouragement this might have seemed insufficient, but it stimulated him to revelation. "There are no strings on my telling, so far as I know. Ever hear of the Quiddles?"

"No. Are they a family or a nervous ailment?"

"It's a club. The nuttiest club in New York. You can't get in unless you're some kind of nut and after you're elected they put you through an asinine test before you can qualify. This is mine."

"I think it's perfectly childish."

"I know it." A side-thought seemed to strike him. "I'm talking my fool head off," he observed with an air of being quite favorably impressed with himself. "Is this what you'd call sprightly conversation?"

"Not if you ask me. But it doesn't matter. I'm not here for sprightly conversation."

"But I am. It's in my instructions. I was to take all the treatments to be had and indulge in sprightly conversation with the girl. I've been three weeks nerving myself up to it."

"Why was this particular stunt picked for you?"

"Because I'm girl-shy," he mumbled.

"You're the easiest one to talk to I ever met."

"Thank you," said Consuelo demurely.

"What put it into the committee's head, darn 'em," pursued the sufferer, "is that somebody's been spreading a rumor around town that the old man has been seen sneaking into a beauty parlor. They said I might as well follow in the family footsteps."

"Your father?"

"I should say not! My uncle and guardian."

Waller Daniels. He's an old hellion, if I do say it as shouldn't."

The name seemed vaguely familiar to Consuelo, but she felt no interest in following it up. "I'd hate to draw an old man. A young one is bad enough," she remarked maliciously, whereat he squirmed and retorted:

"I'm not doing this because I like it."

"If I thought you were, I'd accidentally mark you with this curling-iron."

"Wha-at?" he wailed. "You're not going to curl it!"

"You asked for all the treatments." Melted by his obvious dismay, she offered a kindly suggestion. "If you do have to take the whole thing, then I could put in the waves very light and wash them out again."

"You're a peach!" affirmed the client.

"I'm soft-hearted with dumb animals," she admitted, working in a terrace effect with combs. Operating busily, she fluffed him and puffed him, shampooed him as fast as possible, removed the rouge and most of the lip-stick and bade him look in the mirror.

"It might be worse," he admitted. "What does it come to?"

"I'm ashamed to tell you," she confessed. "For treatments it's twenty-four dollars."

"Is that all? I wouldn't repeat for twenty-four hundred."

"Well! I was going to let you off on the sales, but if that's the way—"

"Don't want to be let off. I'll keep 'em to remember you by."

"The woman-hater grows gallant. It will cost you just thirty-three dollars. Pay at the desk, please," she directed as he took out a thinnish roll of important-looking bills.

He stood, contemplating her uncertainly. "Isn't there anything else?"

"Haven't you had enough?"

"But can't I—wouldn't you—don't they tip at these places?"

"How else would a poor girl live?" she retorted demurely.

He slipped off a twenty-dollar bill and laid it on the cabinet.

"Oh, no!" said Consuelo.

"Why not? You said—"

"Yes; but that's not a tip. It's a bribe."

"A bribe? What for?" His jaw dropped. He became a picture of consternation. "You don't think for a minute—"

"I don't think anything." Her color rose higher than his. "It was a perfectly dumb thing to say. But I can't take that. You can give me five dollars if you want to be lavish."

He was profuse of thanks for making the ordeal so easy for him. "It would have been terrible with any other girl," he asserted fervidly. "You aren't like a girl, though. You're just a good guy." Which she took to be a compliment of intention. Nevertheless it piqued her. It was a challenge to her femininity.

The next moment he had atoned for his error by blunderingly trying to make her understand that he wanted to see her again.

"This is my place of business."

His look was as that of the Christian martyr watching the approach of the imminent lion. "Do I have to do it again to see you?"

She evaded this. "What's your next step?"

"I report to the committee."

"Do give the shop a recommendation," she pleaded.

"I don't think you'll get much trade out of the Barn," he answered, easing up enough to grin for the first time.

"What barn?"

"That's our club-house. It's the only frame barn left on Manhattan Island. We've bought it and fitted out the haymow as a dining-room. I'm giving a dinner there this evening to the directors."

With intent to get a rise out of him she suggested, "Take me."

An incredulous, awed voice returned, "Would you go?"

Reckless, now, she said, "Yes."

"Oh, gee!" he ejaculated. And again, "Oh, gee! What price the silly committee now?"

When'll you be ready? Where'll I call for you? You won't back out on me, will you?"

Recalling that she had a cocktail date with Bob Roberts she gave him her address.

"Eight o'clock. I'll be there with bells and stars on," he stated ecstatically.

Miss Roberts received the news of the projected evening's entertainment with a dubious expression, but at the mention of the Barn she sat up. "You are hitting the high spots."

"Why?"

"Don't you know what the Barn is?"

"The haunt of a lot of harmless lunatics who do stunts and call themselves Quiddles."

"The snappiest club in New York. Waiting-list a mile long. They only take a hundred members. Who's the boy-friend?"

Consuelo looked blank. "Haven't an idea."

"And he's a pick-up from the shop?" For Consuelo had given a mere outline of the encounter. "Smells fishy to me. It isn't likely a hairy ape would ever make the Barn."

"He isn't a hairy ape," returned Consuelo with a heat which a little surprised herself.

"Well, don't get septic about it. I'd find out about him before I took a chance."

"He did mention having an uncle named Daniels who is something big in Wall Street."

Symptoms of excitement burned in the lively eye of Miss Roberts. "Not Waller Daniels! What's your lad look like? Huge and handsome and scared to death? Yeh? You have picked an orchid! That's Rowdy Pontefract."

"Don't believe it. He isn't a bit rowdy."

"Then he wasn't drunk."

"I shouldn't think so. He was just rattled."

"You'd know it if he was drunk. The whole world would know it. When he's sober he's one of the crack speed-boat drivers in the country and he'd be one of the crack all-round athletes if he'd leave booze alone. It's going to cost him fifty million in inher tance if he don't."

"How do you know so much about him?"

"Didn't I tell you that all the up-and-up about everything and everybody drifts into a beauty salon? Besides, Rowdy is front-page stuff. Gee! I'd like to trade places with you."

"All right. It doesn't sound so good to me."

"You're crazy, kid. Don't see how you ever landed him. He's got the rep of being gun-shy on the whole w.k. sex. You'd better come back here and sleep, by the way, for it sounds like a late party."

Consuelo accepted and went down to join her escort in the largest and quietest car she had ever seen.

"It's all fixed," he informed her. "All but one point. Who shall I tell 'em you are?"

"Say I'm your favorite manicure. I am, aren't I?" she asked impudently.

"I'll say you are! But what'll they think?"

"What does it matter?"

He made a discovery. "Why, you're in your uniform!"

"Why not? I thought it would be more in character if I went this way."

"Grand! Let's go get a little drink."

"All right."

He took her to a somberly elegant and respectable-appearing place where they had an excellent cocktail. "Woof! I needed that," he informed her. He regarded her speculatively.

"You know, I don't get you at all."

"Is there any reason why you should?"

"There might be, at that. I don't even know what to call you."

"You can call me Connie, if you like."

"I'll say I like! Don't you think we rate another little drink, Connie?"

"Not for me."

"I guess it's up to me to lay off it tonight," he sighed.

"I expect it is."

"Somebody's been telling you things about me."

"Yes."

"What?"

"Who you are. Your nickname. A few other things."

"Do you care?"

"No."

He drew a deep breath. "You're the swellest



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thing I've ever come across. Let's go. We'll be a little late, as it is. Let 'em wait."

"Who'll be there?"

"Just the directors now; a dozen or so. Later there'll be a couple of special guests in."

"Girls?"

"No. You'll be the first girl that's ever been in the club." He chuckled. "And maybe the last. There are two of the fellows from the All Western polo team in town and—What's the matter?"

"Nothing. My hat nearly blew off. Go on." "They'll come in late. Probably pickled. Here we are."

The car now turned into what might once have been a lumber-yard. Lighted by one high, swinging lantern, a frame edifice loomed dimly. For a moment Connie felt some trepidation. The whole venture seemed suddenly reckless. A door opened. Rowdy Pontefract's hand beneath her arm piloted her gently. She followed him up narrow stairs and found herself in a haymow. Eleven men sat about in the hay, smoking.

"Reporting present for self and companion," said her escort.

Connie was conscious of a movement of surprise through the group. Everyone rose and a place was made for her in the hay. Two servants dressed as farm-hands circulated with magnums of champagne in a devout silence. Amused at the ritualistic and childish solemnity, the guest glanced around the circle.

None of the men was beyond middle age; most of them were in their thirties; all seemed older than her companion. Some were in evening dress, others in business garb. Two sported a uniform which she took to represent the trappings of firemen, and these sat beside a keg.

AGREEABLE to what was evidently expected of her, Connie drank her glass of champagne to the new member. The man on her left who seemed to be master of ceremonies asked courteously:

"Will you have a cigaret?"

She looked at the hay, billowing up around her. "Isn't it dangerous?"

"Yes."

"Is that why you ask me to smoke?"

"No more dangerous for you than the rest of us," he pointed out.

"Doesn't it ever catch fire?"

"Frequently."

"Then you're all burned to death, I suppose."

"It's the only way openings are made for new members," he returned gravely. Connie felt that liking for him which is inspired by those who play up to one's little attempts at humor. "However, some of us are saved by the heroic firemen and their barrel."

"What's in the barrel?"

"Canada ale."

"And you put out the fires with that?"

"If there are any. If there aren't—"

"You drink the ale."

"Precisely. You seem to be a perspicacious young person. I shall have a long and serious talk with you later."

"Why not now?" asked Connie.

"Because now we eat."

They ate such food as she had never before put between her teeth, for perfection of cookery. They also drank. Rowdy, looking rather peevish at having been shut off from her companionship during the feast, was nevertheless quite sober. So was the master of ceremonies. After coffee he announced that he and the special guest would go into conference, which they did.

"Are you standing sponsor for Rowdy?" he began portentously.

"Sponsor?" she repeated. "As how?"

"He brought you here as witness. Otherwise you would not have got beyond the entrance. We are, so to speak, non-coeducational."

"I see. Yes; I'm his witness."

"Did he go through with the program all right?"

"Bravely and beautifully." She was going to be loyal to her man!

"Was he afraid?"

"Terrified."

"But he took it all? No slacking?"

"Absolutely everything."

"Details, please."

He listened with an intent face while she sketched the painful events of the afternoon. "You ought to have the Congressional medal," he pronounced. "I like gameness, in man, woman or beast." Without change of expression he inquired, "Do you have to go home tonight?"

"What?" She was a little startled.

"I asked if a weeping family were waiting anxiously at the window, or is your time and the disposition thereof your own? Again, do you have to go home tonight?"

"Do you ask that question of every girl you meet, the first time you meet her?"

"Giving me hope for the second?" he countered, quite unmoved.

"Not a gleam."

"My mistake, evidently. Home being assumed as the end and aim of a perfect evening, who is going to take you there?"

"The one who brought me here, I suppose."

"One ventures to doubt it."

"Whom would you suggest?"

"Myself, as officially representing the club."

"What would he say to that?"

"Rowdy? Nothing, I judge. He'll probably be too soused to speak."

"Do you see any signs of it?"

"Wonderful to say, I don't. One must inquire into this phenomenon. What-ho, Rowdy!"

The new member scrambled through the hay. "When are you coming back to the party?" he asked Connie.

"Presently," her companion answered for her. "The question before the house is: Are you pickled?"

"No."

"When do you expect to arrive at that pleasing, not to say normal condition?"

"Not at all," was the curt reply.

"You wish one to understand that you intend to leave here, sober?"

"That's it."

"This is grave. Extremely grave. Am I to gather this is a case of love at first sight?"

"You're to mind your own business if you don't want your head punched."

"It has been tried," replied the other, unruffled, "but seldom with success." He happened to be one of the best amateur middleweight boxers of his day. "I trust," said he to Connie, "that your intentions toward our young friend are honorable. This is his first attack and the outcome may be serious."

"Easy come, easy go," laughed the girl.

"He's big enough to take care of himself."

They returned to the circle for the opening round of high-balls. Connie now found herself the focus of a constant shifting of personalities and of wits as man after man took his turn at her side. Just short of midnight there was a stir at the stairway. Two men in full evening dress entered and were saluted with popping corks. One sat down peacefully, but the other was not so easily to be contented.

"I wanna meet the lady," Connie heard him say. "I yearn to gaze soulfully upon the bee-yewtiful manicure maid."

He made uncertain footing through the shifty hay, though aided by a sponsoring member who presented him. "Mr. Barton Huson Palgrove of the All Western polo team."

Consuelo had turned, her face a little white but composed. "Hello, Barty."

There ensued a familiar phenomenon of intoxication in a certain stage. Stricken by surprise the sportsman recovered temporary control of his mental faculties while remaining emotionally alcoholized.

"Connie Barrett!" he gasped. Then, indignantly, "Who brought you here? What kind of a game is this?"

"It's all right, Barty," soothed the girl.

At that he dissolved in sentimental tears. "Li'l Connie Barrett a manicure girl," he wept.

"I can't bear it! I ca—"

"Take him away!"

"Throw a bucket of water over him."

"Chuck him—"

"Lemme alone," protested the newcomer, passionately addressing his fellow guest. "I heard that rotten story, Connie, and I wouldn't believe it, not if every judge on the bench—"

"Fire!"

There was a rush to the spot where the master of ceremonies had tactfully dropped a lighted match in the hay. The ale-keg was rolled across by the attendant firemen, a hissing, foamy stream was directed upon the danger spot. When the rescue force returned to their places, the too-emotional Barty had been spirited away. The other polo man rose and lifted his glass.

"Greetings from Ipsydoodle Smith," said he. "I ran across him last month in the Mohave Desert and he sent love and kisses to one and all." They drank, solemnly.

"Is Mr. Smith a member?" asked Connie.

"Who, Ipsydoodle? I should say so. He's a founder. It's mainly his idea, this club. Nobody else would have had such a nutty idea. Know him?"

"I've met him. Where is he now?"

"Oh, Alaska, or Pango-Pango, or La Guayra, or Bloomingdale. You never know, with Ipsy."

"I think I'll have one more drink and go," decided Connie. Rowdy had joined her.

All rose as she got up. She and Rowdy were at the stair-head when a call from the master of ceremonies stopped them.

"Miss Johnson!"

"Meaning me?" He had followed after them. She looked up into his face which had taken on character and gravity.

"Will you take what I am about to say to you as dependable truth?"

"Yes, if you tell me to."

There was a silence through which his words cut crisply: "I want to assure Miss Johnson that not a man here present will be able tomorrow to recall any name that may have been mentioned or to remember any event of this evening except the pleasure and honor of having had so gracious a guest."

A MURMUR of assent passed through the group. The master raised her hand to his lips.

"Thank you," said Connie. "Thank you all for a delightful evening. Good night."

The chorused response wafted them downstairs. Pontefract drove slowly uptown in silence. At the door he said:

"Gee! You made a ten-strike."

"I loved it."

"I'm going away tomorrow for—for three weeks or so. When shall I see you?"

"Let's call it an event, dear boy. It's been wonderful, but I don't want to repeat."

"Because of what that drunken fool said?"

"No. Not a bit. That doesn't matter."

"Because you don't like me?" he persisted.

"No, idiot! I do like you. But this isn't my game."

"Then I'm going to find you again when I get back."

"Oh, all right," she yielded, "if you want to."

He had followed her to the door of the apartment, making effortful conversation. Connie was moved to a compassionate mirth.

"If you feel that you positively cannot exist without kissing me good night," she murmured, "go ahead and do it, but don't make a protocol about it."

He seized her in an awkward bear-hug and put his lips to hers so gently that she felt neither revulsion nor response within herself. But an incongruous thought came to her as she pushed herself gently free. She had experienced no such inclination to push herself free from Mr. James I. Smith that night after Coney Island.

Poor Rowdy!

A sudden turn of fate that puts a dramatic termination to her work with Corss is to make Connie long even more eagerly for a sight of Ipsydoodle's enheartening smile—in the February Instalment of S. H. Adams' Novel

Pat and Mike (Continued from page 81)

transferred to Washington Heights. It's quiet and healthy up there."

"I'm not yellow," flashed Pat McGlone.

"I know that. That's why I'm warning you. You're just the kind of chump they'll get to do the dirty work. When the fun begins, I can't protect you."

"I'm not asking you to, Mike. I'm asking you to get out from under yourself. You've been lucky—so far. They haven't caught you with the goods. I could get you on the cops."

Mike McGlone's laugh was short, dry.

"Me a flat-foot? You're raving, Pat. Me pound the pavements at forty a week, with less time off than a Marathon dancer? Do I look foolish? Listen. Here's an idea with some brains in it: You turn in your night-stick and I'll show you how to make some real money—quick."

"Yeah, so I can spend it furnishing a cell."

"Cell, nothing! Cells are for half-wits. This is a legitimate business I'm telling you about. It's protecting a high-grade champagne racket that Beefy Biscove is running for some high-up guys in a big steamship company."

"You and me have different ideas about what's legitimate. That's out, Mike."

"I suppose you don't care a thing about jack," said Mike. "Say, this would be soft pickings—ten or twelve grand a year, easy."

"I like jack, all right," Pat said. "I want to marry and settle down. But me, I never did crave the high life like you, Mike. My idea of a good time is to have a little bungalow of my own out near a beach, with a wife and a bunch of kids, and maybe even a flivver—and that reminds me—there's something else I want to talk to you about."

"Uncork it."

"It's about Katie Dean."

"What about her?"

"I'd like to know something," said Pat. "I'd like to know how you and she stand."

"I'd like to know that, too," answered Mike. "But what's it to you?"

"It's a lot to me. A deuce of a lot," said Pat. "I've been sweet on Katie ever since we were kids together down on Hudson Street. But I'm no hand at talking to girls—especially Katie. I get all sort of choked-up, like. Still, I'm saving every nickel I can, which ain't much, hoping some day I can ask her if she'll marry me. She's one fine girl, Mike, as sweet and straight as they make 'em."

"You don't have to tell me that, Pat. Since you ask me, I'll tell you: I'm crazy over the kid myself."

"You mean it? On the level, I mean."

"That's how I mean it. There's plenty of the other sort. I'm sick of them, with their 'Papa, buy me this' and 'Papa, gimme that.' I want a real girl, and a wife."

"Guess I'm out of luck," Pat said. "You always had the inside track when it came to girls. You've got the nerve and you've got the coin, and you know how to show 'em a good time. Been going out to Astoria a lot lately, ain't you, Mike?"

"Well, you've been seeing Katie a bit yourself."

"Whenever I can. Which ain't often."

"Thank heaven, I'm not a cop," said Mike.

"It might be better if you were," said Pat slowly—"for Katie's sake. Mike, you may think I'm saying this because I'm jealous. Well, perhaps I am—some. But I'm thinking of Katie when I say she ain't the sort of girl you ought to marry."

"Why not?"

"You know. Katie's on the up-and-up. Always has been. Some girls don't mind what their husbands do so long as they bring home the heavy sugar, but Katie Dean ain't like that. Tell me this, Mike—what sort of life would she have, married to you? Chances are that if you stick to your graft, the cops will get you if some gun from another mob doesn't. For her sake, as well as your own, I'm telling you, Mike, cut loose from the Hawks and get

into some business that ain't in the penal code."

"I don't see it," said Mike. "When a guy marries he's got to be able to kick in regular with the rent and sausage money. Love ain't so hot when there's no beans in the kitchen. Get yours, and to the devil with everybody else. That's the way I see it. This town is jack-mad. Coin is the answer to everything. Gyp or get gyped. Name one business that is run strictly on the level. After all, the Hawks ain't no worse than a lot of these big bankers. We get ours; they get theirs. The only difference is they get more of it. What would there be in it for me if I quit the Hawks? Look at you and me. You're an honest cop—one of the few."

"Why, you don't even take it from the speak-easies. You work like a mule and draw two grand a year. As a reward for being good, they hand you the sweet job of busting up a couple of dozen of hard eggs with itchy trigger-fingers. Me, I'm sitting pretty. Look at this swell dump. Catch this silk shirt. I work when I feel like it and I make more than the commissioner himself. Risks? Sure. I get a kick out of 'em. And there's risks in every business. Yours, for example. So, Pat, who's the chump, you or me?"

"Both of us, maybe," said Pat McGlone.

"Still and all—"

"Another thing," cut in Mike: "I can't drop out of the Hawks. Not that I want to. They need me, and they know it. If I quit 'em now, they'd get me before I had time to order my coffin."

"Scared, eh?"

"You know blamed well I'm no more yel'ow than you are, Pat. No. I'm not scared, but I'm prudent. I'm sticking with the Hawks because it's wise—and because I like it. Now let's get back to Katie Dean. You made the crack, 'What sort of life would she have with me?' Right back at you, Pat. What sort of life would she have with you?"

"A decent one—" began Pat McGlone.

"A decent one! On forty a week? I'll tell you what that'll mean to Katie. A rotten little flat, where she'll broil her strength away doing the work in the hot summer; a raft of kids that'll have to play in the streets; stew five times a week; no pretty clothes; no shows; just getting by, that's all. I can beat that, Pat. I can set her up in a dandy big apartment, with a dinge to wrestle the pans and a car and shows and dances and trips to Atlantic City—"

"And you sleeping with a gat under your pillow and your heart in your throat every time there's a ring on the doorbell."

"What about yourself, Pat McGlone? You and me are on opposite sides of the law, but when it comes to resting easy at night, what's the difference between us? Ever since you clubbed Skipper Clancy and had him thrown in the can, you've slept with your rod handy, and not a car passes you slow but your heart hops up. And there's more trouble ahead for you, too, Pat. There's been talk that you've been getting too fresh, lately. Some of the boys was saying the other night that you need a lesson, and the lesson is apt to end in the morgue. I'm putting you next to something, Pat. Keep out of Hudson Street."

"That's my beat," said Pat. "I'll walk it so long as I'm assigned to it. You can tell your yeggs that."

"Walk it, then. But it won't be healthy. And that goes for that big stiff, Nick Cuneo, too."

"Thanks. I'll tell Nick. Now I've got to push off. I'm late. But remember, Mike; take it easy. Stay indoors awhile."

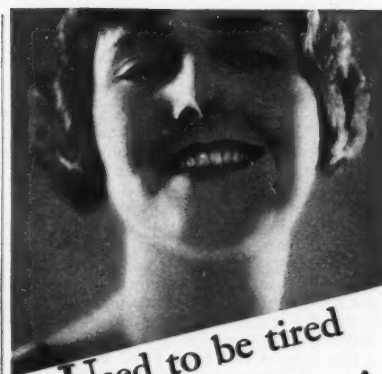
Mike grinned. "Not me. Tonight I got a date over in Astoria. Well, good night, Pat."

"Good night, Mike."

In the small parlor of a small, tidy house in Astoria Mike McGlone sat with Katie Dean.

"Did you have a hard day, Katie?"

"Pretty hard. Sixty kids in my room. Some of them bigger than me. I was trying to



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pump the multiplication table into their heads."

"You oughtn't to be wearing yourself out teaching, Katie. You're not so strong."

"I'm strong enough. And I like it."

"Katie."

"Yes, Mike?"

"It's time you and me stopped kidding around," he said. "You must know the way I feel about you. I'm just up to my ears in love with you, Katie, honest to gosh I am."

"Now, Mike—"

"Let me speak my piece. I want you to love me like I love you. I want you to marry me. I can take care of you, Katie. I've got dough saved, and I'm making plenty. There's a nifty five-room apartment on Columbia Heights I got my eye on. Maybe, some day, we'll take a trip to Paris, and get you clothes and rings and anything you say. I'd be good to you, Katie, as good as I know how. What do you say, honey? Is it a bet?"

She took both his hands in hers and looked at him steadily with her blue eyes.

"Mike," she said, "I'm mighty fond of you. Now—wait—you mustn't kiss me—listen, please, Mike."

"It's bad news," said Mike. "I can see it coming."

"I'm sorry, Mike," Katie Dean said. "I'm not going to marry you. I can't."

"I know why," he broke out. "It's because I run with a tough gang."

"No, Mike. That isn't it. If I loved you—enough—it wouldn't make much difference to me what you did, or what you've been. I'd marry you, anyhow, and make the best of it. There's another reason."

"What?"

"I'm in love with somebody else."

"Pat?"

"Yes."

A pause.

"Well, Pat's a good man," Mike said. "He's a cop, but it's not me that'll knock him. Do you love him a lot, Katie?"

"A terrible lot, Mike. It almost frightens me, sometimes, I love him so much."

"I don't think he knows it, Katie."

"Maybe not. It's funny—about Pat. He's afraid of no man, and yet he sits here, saying nothing, just looking at me, with his eyes so gentle and wistful. I sometimes wonder—"

"What, Katie?"

"I wonder if Pat thinks you're the one."

Mike's smile was sad.

"That's it, maybe," he said. "Poor old Pat. A sap with girls. I ain't got a thing to say against him, though. But Katie, I'm not giving you up. You're worth fighting for, darling, and I'm going to fight for you. There's nothing you get in this world without battling for it."

"Please, Mike," she pleaded. "Please don't. It's no use, I'm telling you."

"But if it wasn't for Pat you might—"

"Might what?"

"Love me."

"I might. How can I tell? But there is Pat, and he's filling my mind and my heart."

Mike rose suddenly. "I'll be saying good night to you now, Katie," he said. "And I'm not giving up hope. I love you too much."

She held out her hand. "Good night, Mike. Please forgive me."

"Good night, Katie, darling."

Once in the street he whistled sharply, and a cruising taxi swooped to the curb.

"Hawks' Social Club, Hudson Street," he snapped. "And step on the gas, Mac."

Two conferences were in progress, midnight conferences behind closed doors, and one was in a red brick house in Hudson Street, and the other in a police station, a few blocks away.

"Hell's loose," announced Police Lieutenant Hoyt. His totem-pole face was grave. "The war's on. We're short of men, too. It's a pity our bright new commissioner never did a trick in uniform down this way. He'd know, then, what we're up against. But no matter. The fight's on, and we're in it. They got Officer Cuneo tonight."

"Bad?" asked Sergeant Rose.

"Might be worse. He'll pull through. They ganged him. Black-jacks. Stripped him to his underwear and left him in the gutter. Not a bump-off. Just a pleasant little warning that the next cop they decide to pick on will get a hearse ride."

"The Hawks?"

"Looks that way. It's their bailiwick. But we've got no evidence, as usual. They'll have alibis, you can bet on that, and the honest citizens won't dare squeal. Who's going out on the late trick?"

"Officer McGlone."

Lieutenant Hoyt frowned.

"He wouldn't get many votes in a popularity contest down that way," he said. "But we can't let them bluff us. That beat has to be covered—as usual."

"It will be," said Sergeant Rose. "Pat McGlone would be the last man to sidestep."

Is it wrong to kill a man to prevent murder?

With striking originality this problem is presented by

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE in

"The Disintegration Machine"

NEXT MONTH

Anyhow, things will be quiet for a day or two, I'm thinking."

"Maybe," said the lieutenant. "But tell McGlone to keep his hand on his gun."

"Don't worry," said Sergeant Rose. "Pat knows his danger; and he knows his stuff."

Beefy Biscoe, his seamed and mottled countenance a scarred map of battle, was addressing his cohorts, a dozen men, fierce of face, with the eyes of wolves.

"We've give 'em the office to lay off," he said. "They know what the Cuneo job means. They got some sense, even if they are cops. Once they get it inside their skulls that the cop that bears down on us will end up a cripple or a stiff, they'll decide that live and let live is the best policy, orders or no orders."

"I see Pat McGlone just before I came in," said Turtle-neck Anderson. "On Christopher Street. He was moping along, whirling his night-stick like he hadn't a care in the world."

Beefy Biscoe scowled. "Is he?" he said. "Well, is he going to get away with it?"

A weedy young man, with the face of a pallid fox, spoke up.

"He tried to fan me with his hickory last night," he said. "I beat it."

"You ought to have plugged him, Hoppy," said the leader.

"I will yet," Hoppy declared.

"And there's Skipper Clancy, doing six years up the river on account of him," said Turtle-neck Anderson.

"Well," said Beefy Biscoe, "it looks to me like tonight's the night."

There was a growling mumble of assent.

"What'll it be?" asked the leader.

"The works."

"The big ride."

"Croak 'im."

"What do you say, Mike?" asked Beefy Biscoe. "He's my brother—"

Mike began.

"He's a cop," rasped Turtle-neck Anderson. "Poison to us. Mike, come clean. Are you with us or against us?"

"I'm with you," said Mike McGlone. "I'm with the gang. But—I'm human. I don't want to be in on this job."

There was a buzz of debate.

"Aw, Mike's turning soft!"

"Give him credit, stupid—it's his own brother!"

"Make him go."

Beefy Biscoe said, "Suit yourself, Mike. You stay here. We'll see him."

Rapid plans were made.

"He'll be passing the lumber-yard in twenty minutes," said Biscoe. "We'll be waiting for him. When I give the signal, let him have it. Hoppy, you man the sub-machine gun."

"And how," said Hoppy gleefully.

"I'll stay here and play the phonograph," said Mike McGlone.

The others filed out, in one's and two's, their caps pulled down over their eyes.

Four blocks away from the lumber-yard stood the skeleton of a new garage and filling-station. Officer Patrick McGlone shot wary eyes at it, and continued on his way down Hudson Street.

From out the shapeless shadows a figure slid, so silently that the cocked ears of the policeman did not hear it. Officer Patrick McGlone felt the pressure of something hard and cold on the nape of his neck, and he heard the words, "Stick 'em up. No false moves."

He stopped. "Mike—you!" he exclaimed. "I'd know your voice in a million."

"Cut the talk, Pat. I'm not kidding."

"So they picked you for the job!" Pat said in a low voice. "My own brother! Well, it doesn't matter. I'm beyond minding. But Mike, make it a clean one—for Katie's sake."

"Step in there," commanded Mike McGlone. It was but a few feet into the unfinished garage.

"Good-by, Mike," said Pat McGlone. "I forgive you. Be good to Katie."

He whirled sharply, his night-stick cleaving the air. Mike McGlone hit out, putting all the power of his muscular right arm in the blow, and the policeman crumpled to the floor, lost in the black fog of unconsciousness.

Behind piles of lumber, men crouched, waiting.

"He's late," whispered Turtle-neck Anderson. "Do you think Mike tipped him off?"

"Not Mike," said Beefy Biscoe. "Mike's regular. Besides, he wouldn't dare. Sush! There comes Pat now! See those brass buttons—"

Down the street came the figure of a policeman, walking slowly but firmly, looking to the right and left, twirling his yellow night-stick.

"Now!" muttered Beefy Biscoe.

A crisp rattle of shots—and the deeper voice of the sub-machine gun. The blue-coated figure went down, clawing at his hip.

"Finish him," shouted Biscoe.

Half dragging, half hurling himself, the officer pitched into the lumber-yard, and his revolver was in his hand. Turtle-neck Anderson went down, gurgling, a bullet through his lungs. Beefy Biscoe, with an oath, clapped his hand on his side and crumpled over a pile of two-by-fours. Men scurried away across the lumber piles. The night, for a moment, was quiet again. Then it was lanced by the shrill blasts of a police-whistle. Presently, a car spluttered down Hudson Street and policemen swarmed into the lumber-yard.

They did not pay much attention to the two men who lay staring up at the moon behind the piles of lumber. But the man in uniform they picked up with reverent care, and carried out to the sidewalk.

The face of Lieutenant Hoyt was working with a white rage.

"The rats!" he cried. "The dirty yellow rats! They'll pay for killing the gamest cop that ever wore a shield—" He stopped abruptly, and bent over, his eyes wide. "Say," he gasped. "Look at this! This ain't Pat McGlone."

Sergeant Rose stared, too.

"Well, can you beat it?" he breathed. "It ain't Pat. It's Mike. Now how the devil, and what the devil, and why the devil, was Mike in a uniform?"

"Some filthy decoy trick, probably," said Lieutenant Hoyt. "But no matter. He's through. A bad lot, Mike McGlone. Good riddance."

Unknown Lands (Continued from page 62)

in person, the same harsh, insolent, sneering Garduña, with the usual sword clanking at his belt, with the usual roll of warrants and summonses. Garduña appeared at the convent of La Rábida in company with the Lord Governor of Palos and demanded an interview with Don Cristobal.

Lucero was present at the meeting. The sheriff had papers for the arrest of one Alonso de Ojeda, whose body he was to present to the Lord Governor of Cordoba at the instance of the jurist Herboso. Garduña had not forgotten the fright he had received and the sorry figure he had made that night in front of Herboso's house. He was taking a personal interest in the case.

His investigations had shown that the spirited *hidalgo* was not in Cordoba. There Ojeda had dwelt for some weeks, frequently changing abode, either lurking about various churches where he could not be taken or hiding in the houses of friends. On a few occasions he had been bold enough to appear openly in public to the extent of seeking new interviews with his lady.

This descent on Palos was an inspiration of Garduña's own. He had learned of the youth's friendship with the sometime "Don Out-at-Elbows," and suspected his intention of joining the voyage of discovery.

Don Cristobal was in a position to tell the exact truth. He knew and highly esteemed Don Alonso de Ojeda, but he had not yet been honored with a visit from him in Palos. The sheriff waited for some days in the town, nevertheless, investigating all strangers in sight and especially new arrivals, believing that every sailor's garb might harbor the fugitive warrior. This situation could only be dangerous for the lovers.

In reality neither Garduña nor Pero Gonzalez had learned anything in Cordoba that gave them reason to believe that the two servants attending Don Cristobal had anything in common with the fugitives from Andujar.

Though Garduña had seen Cuevas and knew that name, he did not dream of the boy's presence in Palos and never happened to catch sight of him. Fernando kept in virtual hiding for some days, meantime in the greatest anxiety from not being able to see Lucero, but keeping himself informed through Cabezudo as to the sheriff's movements.

One morning the farmer brought him a most disquieting piece of news.

"It seems 'the Weasel' is now interested in your brother who is with Don Cristobal at the convent. He is threatening to take him back to Cordoba as a prisoner. He says that both of you are Jews, and that you have run away from home to escape moving to Morocco, as the Monarchs have ordered."

Fernando made his way at top speed to the convent of La Rábida, taking out-of-the-way roads to avoid Palos. He lay in hiding about the monastery for some time, hoping to catch sight of Lucero without revealing his presence. By good fortune the girl eventually appeared at the door of the building in the course of performing an errand for Don Cristobal and on hearing the familiar signal which often had warned her of Fernando's visits, she went, without more ado, to their usual trysting-place.

Lucero laughed with a certain superiority on learning the cause of Fernando's terror. No, that danger was past! Already she had been questioned on repeated occasions by the terrible officer of the law, but she had insisted firmly that she was the son of a poor soldier of Andujar who had died in the service of their Highnesses. Some of the friars at the convent had found her a modest obedient servant and took her side against the sheriff, ridiculing, with Don Cristobal also, the idea that she might be a Jew. Her devotion at services in the convent church had been the subject of favorable comment on all sides.

The following day the sheriff, to the great relief of the lovers, took a hasty departure from

Palos in response to a summons from Cordoba. Don Alonso de Ojeda never had gone to the coast of Niebla, as the lawyer Herboso could now testify on very good grounds.

What these grounds were the sheriff explained to various people in Palos before he left. A week before, that devil of a Don Alonso suddenly had come forth from his hiding-place in Cordoba, to appear at Herboso's house, break the grating of one of the lower windows and carry off the beautiful Isabel with the young Moorish slave girl who attended her.

Cuevas and Lucero could sleep once more on learning of Garduña's departure. This much more important matter would distract him from his suspicions as to the race of the valet who was attending the Genoese adventurer and of the second page whom he had not been able to set eyes on. Don Alonso had saved them a second time!

The days following were a time of great happiness for the lovers. One morning a wave of excitement thrilled over the Port of Palos and its neighborhood. The Pinzon caravel had been sighted off the estuary and soon would be moored in the basin! Now at last the question of Don Cristobal's expedition would be settled! Cuevas had again returned to the sacristan of Saint George's, after his "visit" with Cabezudo, and their sole topic of conversation was the famous pilot who was known all along the coast of Niebla as "Señor Martin Alonso."

"No wonder he's the most beloved man along shore," the sacristan would say. "He always says 'señor' to every man on his ship, even to the cook and the deck-scrubbers. He is god-father to half the population of the district. And what courage! When we were at war with Portugal, he fitted out his own ship and took prize after prize along the coasts to the northward."

"He is a little man, but with a great deep voice. What a tan on his face! And eyes that catch and hold your attention, now laughing good-naturedly and now softening with a thoughtful expression! He must be about fifty, with those five fine boys of his, every one of them as good a seaman as he is! He is well off too. From sailor he became owner and outfitter; and from that he went into trade, buying in the Canaries or in Guinea and selling about the Mediterranean, as far away as Italy."

"He has long had a notion as crazy as this one of Don Cristobal's. Once when he was in Rome, a friend of his there, the librarian to the Pope, showed him a map with two big islands beyond the Canaries, one called Antilia, the other the Isle of the Seven Cities. Señor Martin Alonso says people are all wrong. The islands in question are really Cipango. And he has long been saying that when he has time and money enough, he's going to get into his caravel and go out there and prove it."

On Señor Martin Alonso's arrival, Father Juan Perez of La Rábida bestirred himself, and the following day the captain, pilot and outfitter of Palos presented himself at the convent. The so-called Warden's Hall, with its famous ceiling of wood fashioned to represent an overturned boat, was the scene of the conference. Pinzon was returning from Rome flushed with a new enthusiasm for his idea. He was going out to find Cipango!

The well-intentioned maneuvers of the warden helped to establish a kind of tacit partnership between the future discoverers. Don Cristobal could summon marvelous self-control at times, and on this occasion showed himself modest, conciliatory, even humble before the courageous navigator of Andalusia. Why not go together? He, Don Cristobal, had papers from the Monarchs, and the money they had given him. Under his command the voyage would have status as a royal expedition. Pinzon could contribute his experience as a pilot, his own boats, the boats of his friends—and best of all a personal prestige which would



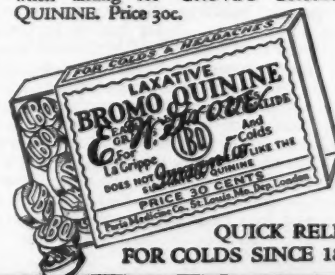
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Through the ports of Palos, Moguer and Huelva, on the following morning, the news went abroad that Señor Martin Alonso had come to an understanding with "the foreigner," and that the two were going off together to discover new lands. Excited groups of sailors could be seen standing about the boats drawn high on the strand to discuss the new prospect. For that matter, already, in front of the church of Saint George, Pinzon had set table on his own responsibility, with the further announcement that crews would be easy to find.

And now, when everything seemed so rosy for Don Cristobal, the prospects of the lovers were suddenly disturbed, even more menacing dangers gathering about them. Among the various individuals who were beginning to linger about Don Cristobal, assuming importance to themselves through association with the captain-general of the fleet, there was one in particular who attracted attention by his pompous demeanor toward the more humble members of the expedition and his craven adulation of the leader, always referring to the latter, quite prematurely, as "My lord the Admiral." The man had a soft unctuous manner of speaking; but this affected benevolence vanished the moment he chanced to be alone with a subordinate.

His name was Pedro de Terreros. He had come on from Cordoba with a request from Pero Gonzalez that he be made Don Cristobal's personal valet during the voyage. Terreros at once had assumed the title of "*maestre-sala*"—"master-at-table," or "waiter on the lord's person"—an important post in the feudal hierarchy.

Fernando Cuevas and Lucero were the particular marks of the man's hostility. The fact that they had arrived before him in the master's personal service was an unpardonable fault in his eyes, and he lost no occasion to speak ill of them, representing the slightest of their oversights as ruinous errors which made them unfit for the "Admiral's" favor.

However, Don Cristobal was preoccupied, at the moment, with the many problems of the voyage and paid no particular attention to the man's complaints. As for Salcedo, he thought he would keep him as a cabin steward aft—he had grown accustomed to his services, and it would be a nuisance to break another boy in. Besides, little Diego had grown very fond of this young man of such gentle manners, a fact which raised the page in Don Cristobal's esteem and inclined him to be kind to the boy. On the other hand, it might be better to let the other page, Diego Alcañices, go. He had not reported for work for a long time, and there was no particular reason to bother further with him.

TERREROS made haste to dismiss Cuevas at once, ordering him to keep away from the convent. It was all the master-at-table could do to stand the other young fellow, who would be sailing quite against his, Terreros', will. It did little good for Fernando to loiter about the approaches to La Rábida during several days' time. Terreros was always in evidence somewhere, able to prevent any interview between the lovers. Fernando, nevertheless, could not dream of letting the young girl sail with the fleet, leaving him ashore. That would mean losing her forever! It would be necessary rather for them both to set out again on the wanderings they had begun, facing the same dangers they already had encountered.

Cuevas was thinking of all these things when something happened which made him decide to put the voyage and Don Cristobal out of his mind and to get away as soon as he could with Lucero. He was sitting one afternoon on the beach of the basin at Palos when he saw at a distance an impressively dressed individual, walking pompously along, a hand resting on the hilt of a sword to throw up the cape behind, while the other weighed heavily on a cane, as

though the man were a convalescent recovering from a recent illness. With the gentleman were, on the one side, Don Cristobal and on the other, Señor Martin Alonso.

Fernando's heart came into his throat. It was none other than the royal butler, Gonzalez, friend to Don Cristobal, and patron of the man Terreros! For a moment he was tempted to hide inside the boat; but then he decided he ought to follow the party of three to see what was happening. The people of the water-front were quick to learn the names and qualifications of anyone connected with the exciting voyage; and Cuevas did not have to wait long before he found someone to tell him all about the new arrival.

"He is a very powerful person," said a sailor to him, knowingly—"a man from court who is here helping the captain-general to sail as soon as possible. It seems there's some hitch over bills and equipment. Señor Martin Alonso is putting up seven thousand of his own; and this man will put in as much as twenty."

This was enough for Cuevas. He took to his heels and fled from the neighborhood of the port. Here was the one person, now in close proximity to Don Cristobal, who could recognize him, and still worse, recognize Lucero!

He hurried as fast as he could to the convent at La Rábida, arriving there about midnight and as usual finding the inevitable Terreros on watch outside the gate. The new master-at-table saw from the expression of Fernando's face that something serious had occurred and that it would be unwise to prevent him from seeing his brother, Salcedo. In fact he offered to go and tell Lucero himself when Cuevas asked to see Don Cristobal's page.

Lucero appeared, and the lovers walked away from the convent to be able to talk more freely. Cuevas told her that she must get together the few little articles which she had acquired in Cordoba and Seville, thanks to the generosity of Don Cristobal, and have them packed that very night.

It was already daylight when Cuevas set out from the house of the sacristan, hurrying at quickened pace since Lucero doubtless would be awaiting him at the designated spot in the neighborhood of La Rábida. As he passed the basin he looked out over the water toward the ships that lay at anchor there reflecting the first faint rose of dawn on their sails. The evening before he hardly could wait to be free of this place called Palos. Now his heart was filled with bitterness that the presence of one hateful individual should be able to cheat him of the voyage to the marvelous lands of Asia. Again all the thrill of the adventure came home to him. Could he miss the chance of winning all that honor and wealth which perhaps was within his grasp in the realms of the Grand Khan?

The streets of Palos were deserted. Only on the water could a few sounds of life be heard—sailors calling, as they awoke, from one ship to another. But suddenly a voice came from behind him, a deep voice modulated to the soft accent of Andalusia:

"And where are we going so early in the morning, Mister Man?"

Cuevas turned and could hardly believe his eyes: Señor Martin Alonso Pinzon, bidding him good morning with a cheery familiarity which that distinguished captain might have had for an equal! Doubtless the man whom everybody called "Pinzon the Elder" must have recognized Fernando's face from having seen him about the water-front, though he could not have known his name. But on noticing the canvas sack, in which the young man had stowed his things, and the stick which he was using as a cane, he could not restrain his surprise.

"What, deserting the voyage? Shame on you! A boy with your muscle and your stout heart—don't you want to come to Cipango and the Indies and get rich with the rest of us?"

Pinzon's words were an echo of thoughts that had been stirring in Fernando's mind, and they gave him courage to explain to the famous

shipmaster who he was and what had happened to him: Don Cristobal had dismissed him as his valet because of Terreros, the master-at-table, who did not like him. He was indeed eager to join the expedition, but now there was nothing to do but go away with his little brother—they could not say where, except that they must not be separated!

"You will do in the forecabin of any of the ships," replied Pinzon. "You are a sturdy lad. You may not know much about the sea, but you can begin as a green hand, helping the able seamen at their work. They will kick you around a bit, but they are good fellows at heart."

Cuevas answered that he would be glad to enlist in any capacity, provided he could go with his brother, who would be with Don Cristobal; but it would not be easy to join. Diego de Arana was presiding at the table and to justify his new charge was requiring no end of passports, references and bonds before accepting any of the volunteers who presented themselves. Furthermore it was the custom for men shipping at sea, whether as able or ordinary seamen or just as green hands, to find someone to go surety for their good conduct and for the advance in wages that was paid them on enrolment. He knew no one of importance in Palos who would vouch for him.

PINZON looked him over for a moment from head to foot; then he said in the tone that he used on the quarter-deck: "Go back to your lodgings, boy; jettison your bag and that stick; and when the table opens in the square come and speak to me. You will find me somewhere around. Just now I am on my way to my brother's, Vicente Yañez. A friend of mine came to Palos yesterday. He is leaving again just after breakfast. After that I shall be free."

And with this excuse, made as from one equal to another, he walked away, his face darkening, it seemed, with a sudden worry as he thought of this early-morning traveler.

After returning his belongings to his quarters with the sacristan, Fernando ran all the way to La Rábida to find Lucero and tell her of his admission to the fleet, this time as seaman's apprentice, since they would not have him aft. The lovers enjoyed for a moment the happy hopefulness of earlier days—they would embark together after all! But then the image of the ex-royal butler came again to cloud their thoughts. If their persecutor stayed on in Palos, even the protection of Pinzon the Elder would be of little avail. Gonzalez would denounce Cuevas to the authorities the moment he set eyes on him, and it would be impossible to avoid such a meeting in such a small town, especially if Fernando had to attend to his duties. There was still one hope—the chance that Pinzon's last words had referred to the once royal butler.

On returning to the port, Fernando had to halt at a street corner to avoid passing in front of a white house where he caught sight of the man Terreros. The master-at-table to the captain-general was conversing in a manner of great deference with the royal butler, the latter dressed in his riding-clothes and already mounted on a horse. In the doorway of the house stood the Younger Pinzon, Vicente Yañez, bidding Gonzalez good-by.

As Cuevas went from group to group about the town, he found Don Cristobal's financial difficulties the sole topic of conversation, especially among the friends and relatives of Pinzon: the eleven hundred and forty thousand *maravedis* Santangel had paid over to the expedition in the name of the sovereigns were falling far short of actual needs. That money had gone into repairs, remodeling, equipment and advances to the crews. There were many bills outstanding, and food supplies had not yet been put aboard for a voyage that was figured as for a year at least. A half-million more was necessary; and without that amount, Don Cristobal's creditors would not allow his vessels to clear the port!

There was a worried look on Martin Alonso's face. He had seen, during the interviews of

the day before, that Gonzalez, Don Cristobal's "friend at court," was a grasping, boastful person, on whose aid little reliance could be placed. Though the butler had gone away promising to return with funds a-plenty, Pinzon guessed that he might bring a few thousand *maravedis* at the most. But soon the shipmaster of Palos was going about as good-humored, as enthusiastic, as confident as ever. If it took another half-million to get at those gold-roofed houses in Cipango, he was going to find it!

And to be sure, within a few days he had his money. The report was that he had taken his own savings, borrowing the rest from the more well-to-do members of his family. When some of the Pinzons asked Martin Alonso about the conditions of his partnership with the foreigner they were surprised to learn that there existed no written contract; but the Andalusian captain replied:

"I have his word, and that's enough for me! We are two sailors going as brothers on an expedition together, in the face of death. What more do you want? A man's word is worth more on the sea than it is on land. We leave mortgages and contracts to the landlubbers."

Pinzon forgot his troubles for a moment on catching sight of Cuevas in the square; and taking the boy by the ear in jocular arrest he haled him to the enrolment table.

"Put this young fellow down as a green hand. He will sail on the *Marigalante* with Señor Juan de la Cosa. I go bond for him."

And the pretended Diego Alcañices saw his name at once included on the lists of the crews. His advance in pay was more coin than he could hold in his two hands—a sum such as he had never dreamed of owning in his life!

At the same time Señor Martin Alonso also went bond for an Englishman and an Irishman who for some months had been wandering as vagabonds about the water-fronts of Palos and Huelva. Perhaps they had been put ashore from ships of their own country because of their unruliness; or they may have been deserters.

They were popular fellows, this Englishman and this Irishman, welcome in the haunts of the native sailors all along the coast. Attracted by the heaps of gold on the enrolment table and inspired by the applause which greeted each enlistment as an act of courage, they repeatedly had volunteered their services; but each time Diego de Arana, exercising his functions as censor of morals among the crews, had driven them off with flourishes of his sword. It seemed presumptuous to him that two homeless drunks should try to join an enterprise of honest people.

Señor Martin Alonso, always inclined to sympathize with the under dog, finally accepted them because of their insistence at the table. He signed as bondsman for them both, and became responsible for their advance. As seamen they were known to be as good as any along the shore. He would trust them not to desert before the fleet weighed anchor! So the Englishman and the Irishman both figured on the rolls, but under names much Hispanized: the Irishman as "Guillermo Ires de Garvey," and the Englishman as "Tallarte de Lages."

Martin Alonso was taking the lead in everything, whether in assembling the crews or in fitting the ships. The two caravels which Don Cristobal had conscripted did not seem to him just the ones for the journey, and he released them, to choose strongly built ones more to his own liking. His preference fell on the most seaworthy and best-built caravels on the two rivers—the Pinta and the Niña, so named after their owners, respectively a Pinto and a Niño.

The caravel was the fastest sailer of that day. Of Portuguese design originally, all nations had adopted it after the voyages down the coasts of Africa had demonstrated its merits. The logs of caravels of this period show runs of three hundred miles and upward for a twenty-four-hour day. Martin Alonso favored the caravel for exploration especially—it was a speedier boat, and its sails could be worked

easily under difficulties. If its lightness of timber was gained at the expense of seaworthiness, that seemed of little moment to a master as expert as he.

Not so Don Cristobal. He wanted a real ship. As captain-general of the fleet he should have a larger craft than the others. The *Marigalante*, a *nao*, or full-rigger, the only vessel of two hundred tons in port, was just the thing! It was an easy matter to come to an understanding with her skipper, Juan de la Cosa. The moment the associate discoverers mentioned Antilia and Cipango, that sturdy Basque was ready. They could have his boat, and his own services therewith—though owner and captain in his own right, he would be perfectly willing to go as mate. The money for the ship? There was no hurry about that. He would get his money from their Highnesses after he got back!

On reporting aboard the flag-ship, Cuevas was directed first to the new mate, Señor Juan de la Cosa, a heavy, smiling-faced man, sparing of words, who won his confidence at once. It was as though Cuevas could sense in this rough sailor of the Bay of Biscay the man who was to prove the most expert pilot of the New World and the tutor of Amerigo Vespucci! Señor Juan de la Cosa at once introduced the new green hand to the warden, or chief steward, who was in immediate charge of deck-scrubbers and apprentices. Cuevas discovered that his official title was to be "broom-boy," a grade below the sailors' assistants, or apprentices proper.

The warden was a talkative old-timer named Gil Perez, and he at once began lecturing the newly arrived greenhorn on the peculiarities of his ship.

"She won't be named *Marigalante* any more. The captain-general is a pious man and wishes to scrape the last trace of irreverence from this voyage. Many girls about the water-fronts are called *Marigalante*. He has changed our name to *Santa Maria*."

Thereupon Gil Perez, in a tone that was harsh and kindly at the same time, explained the duties that devolved upon Fernando as broom-boy. The "brooms" kept the decks cleaned, trimmed the lanterns about the binnacle and on the quarter-deck, and learned by heart and chanted in tune certain rigmaroles that marked the principal divisions of the day and night and called for answers from the men on watch forward or at the helm.

Going their rounds of the ship, Cuevas and Gil Perez came to a chain stretched across decks amidships, dividing the space forward of the mainmast from the rest of the vessel.

"This chain," explained the warden, "is a chain of freedom, not of servitude, separating those who command from those who obey. Anyone in command can beat a sailor if he disobeys or does his work badly, but only so long as the sailor is aft of the chain. The officer can pursue his man thither, and the man may not strike back; but if the officer, on his part, passes this chain, the sailor is in his castle and may defend himself."

There was still one very important piece of business which Don Cristobal had to attend to in Seville. Unable to go himself, he decided to entrust it to Terreros, who in his turn applied to Señor Martin Alonso for a sturdy, active, intelligent young man to assist him. That Pinzon's choice should fall upon the "broom" named Diego Alcañices was at first a marked annoyance to the henchman of Gonzalez; though Terreros did not dare go counter to the famous master's designation. Shortly it occurred to him that with Fernando under his personal orders he could more easily vent the spite he harbored against the two brothers.

But this bad-will could not stand the test of the lonely journey to the metropolis, which Terreros and Cuevas made side by side on the mules which Don Cristobal had bought in Cordoba and then sold to Cabezero in Moguer. The long hours of riding gave the master-at-table an inclination for friendly intercourse; nor could he escape a certain forceful something in Fernando's character that commanded respect as well as trust and affection.



Plain facts for those below physical par

What is wrong when you feel that you have reached the end of your rope . . . and are depressed . . . weak . . . resentful of fate? Perhaps a diet deficient in "chemical foods," or an inability to retain the vital mineral salts required by the body. For thousands upon thousands of such below-par patients, physicians in 58 countries have prescribed FELLOWS' Syrup, the famous tonic. Miracles have never been promised for it, yet time after time, this scientifically-compounded and tried tonic, by supplying the needed "chemical foods," has stimulated the appetite, aided digestion, and increased vitality and nerve force.

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

"We are going to Seville," the man confided to Cuevas, "to call on Giannotto Berardi, one of the richest Genoese merchants at present doing business in Spain. However, we shall probably deal mostly with his factotum, a Florentine named Amerigo Vespucci. Don Cristobal placed several orders with Vespucci some time ago, but since the things have not been delivered we are going after them."

A hope which the master-at-table kept voicing was a source of great uneasiness to Cuevas: Terreros wondered whether he would be so fortunate as to meet his friend and patron, the former royal butler, Pero Gonzalez, in Seville. Good luck had time after time saved Fernando from meeting his persecutor, yet a sort of fatality seemed constantly to be bringing their paths together. The present situation would be worse than any of the preceding. This time he would have to save himself by flight, leaving Lucero on the Santa Maria! Hitherto they had been able to face all their dangers together!

SO THE three days in Seville were a memory of continuous terror to Cuevas. They saw Vespucci and then Giannotto Berardi, the famous banker, and the former finally delivered to them a number of very fragrant packages. There was no need for Vespucci to urge most attentive care in handling them. Each was worth its weight in gold! The packages contained samples in bulk of the best Asiatic spices Berardi's stores could supply. Don Cristobal was to take them with him for comparison in judging the goods that probably would be offered him in the lands of eastern Asia whither he would arrive.

Terreros further took charge of a suit of clothes which Vespucci had ordered for Don Cristobal from one of the most fashionable tailors in Seville. Everything about it was scarlet—the trousers, the cloak, and even the fur-lined cap! Since the time of Alfonso the Wise, the uniform of a Spanish Admiral had been of a dark red color. The sovereign provided in his famous "Articles" that the Admiral, "the man of experience who sails ships by his cunning, regardless of the winds, and is captain-general over all things pertaining to the sea" should don a uniform of scarlet, and after taking oath of fealty to the sovereign, be escorted aboard his galley with trumpets.

Fernando stowed the packages carefully in the panniers of his donkey, and, to his great relief, set out with Terreros on the return to Palos. They had seen nothing of Gonzalez!

Of Don Alonso de Ojeda, Fernando had learned, on the other hand, quite unexpected news. The town was still talking about the exciting end to which his love story had come a week before. He had been living secretly in the city with the daughter of the lawyer Herboso. Their presence there had been discovered, however, and a squad of soldiers under Garduña suddenly had descended upon them. The two women had been captured—Doña Isabel was now in prison in a convent at Cordoba, while the little Moorish girl was in a cell of the Inquisition; but the invincible Don Alonso had beaten his way to freedom, cutting down the sheriff's men to left and right and putting the others to rout. Now he was again a fugitive, wandering about from place to place, to the great worry and wrath of Herboso.

It was evident to Fernando that his hero, Don Alonso, would not be his companion on the dangerous voyage.

Just outside the walls of Seville Cuevas and his companion came upon a marching crowd so thick that they could not make their way through it and had to turn off into a side road till the highway had cleared. It was not difficult to identify the character of the throng. It was an army of Jewish exiles on their way to embark at the basin of Santa Maria. There twenty-five ships, seven of them full-riggers, were waiting to carry them away. Commander of the fleet was Pero Cabron, a captain famous

for his voyages as corsair and his many trips through the Portuguese blockade off the coasts of Guinea.

Terreros looked with a gesture of contempt upon this ragged procession of human beings which flowed slowly by in an unending line like a river of misery. "Good for their Highnesses! They are well rid of such people." Fernando could think only of Lucero as he saw gliding past the head of his horse now boys and girls, now men and women, some on foot, others on donkeys or horses which they had bought for a house or a farm that represented the earnings of a lifetime.

Whole families could be seen huddled into one cart and overflowing the edges like human grape-vines. "Thus," says a chronicler of the time, the curate de los Palacios, "thus they departed, in great hardship and with great heaviness of heart, along the highways, across the fields, some falling, others rising to their feet, some dying, others coming into the world, the sick and the well alike, till there was no Christian man or woman whose heart was not wrenched thereat."

When Cuevas arrived back in Palos, the fleet was ready to set sail. The two caravels and the full-rigger were lying at anchor outside the basin on the so-called Flats of Domingo Rubio, with the convent of La Rábida close at hand on a point. Provisions for a year were being taken aboard. Long lines of pack-animals were coming down the highway into town, bringing bags of dried vegetables, dried meats, and other foodstuffs.

Close to the water-front, at the foot of the hill on which the village of Palos itself lay, the crews were busily filling their water-casks at a well covered by a brick structure of four pillars and a roof, that the water might lie open to the air and still be sheltered from the sun. Sailors and deck-scrubbers were rolling the barrels down to the shore and putting them aboard the tenders of their respective ships. Others were helping unload the pack-animals and the carts, gazing with satisfaction and uneasiness at the same time upon such unusual quantities of victuals.

On the second of August fell the traditional festival of Our Lady of La Rábida; but this year it was celebrated with greater solemnity than ever, because the flotilla was to weigh anchor the next day. Most of the crew walked to the convent to attend mass, and many of them confessed and took communion, along with the captain-general. Cuevas and Lucero, like the other common sailors of the fleet, were thereafter confined to their ship. As the hour for sailing approached the three captains, Don Cristobal, Martin Alonso and Vicente Yañez Pinzon, thought it best that their crews should not be in contact with people ashore.

Late that afternoon the lovers, standing at the rail, saw several trunks come aboard, to be deposited in the cabin aft. They were the baggage of various civilians, among them Diego de Arana, and two royal commissioners who were joining the expedition as personal representatives of the sovereigns.

On the following morning, the third of August, a half-hour before sunrise, the three vessels hoisted their boats aboard, cutting off the last ties with land. The hundred and twenty men who made up the expedition, only ninety of them mariners, were already at their posts on the two caravels and on the Santa Maria.

On the shore beyond the flats on which the flotilla lay at anchor, a crowd had gathered.

Some of the women were shedding their tears in silence; but others were screaming and wailing with true Andalusian expansiveness, lifting their voices like professional mourners at a funeral. Supplies for a year! To India! Across the ocean! Who would ever come back from such a voyage?

The sun came up, sprinkling with fiery fishes the muddy waters of the Tinto and the green

flood that was rippling over the Saltes bar beyond the confluence of the two streams. The freshly pitched hulls of the three ships gleamed like burnished metal.

Don Cristobal had been waiting for years for this moment. As though in greeting to the sun, he slowly doffed his cap, bowed his head, and then, lifting his eyes to the rigging of his ship, called in a solemn voice:

"In the name of God—let go!"

Across the water, as in double echo, came the voices of the two Pinzons:

"Let go! In the name of God—let go!"

The sheets slackened. The sails fell and unfurled. Each of the square sails had a great cross, red and black, painted in its center. They flapped noisily about till the wind caught them full and belled them outward.

A favorable wind had risen with the dawn, and the three vessels, now in line, nosed through the chop, gracefully pitching but cutting the roughened surface of the Tinto with increasing speed. Upright on the shore, an arm raised on high, stood Father Juan Perez, cutting the air with signs of the cross in parting benediction. Some of those about him had fallen to their knees.

On board, some sailors had begun to chant the "Salve Regina" as was the custom on Spanish craft, but usually in the evening. In faint response came the wails of the women, making their way back to Palos.

The Squadron of Discovery—two caravels and a ship, with the cross painted on their sails and with flags flying at each masthead and from the staffs on the poops—headed away toward the Canaries—the Fortunate Isles of the ancients.

Thence it would veer out into the ocean on the track of Gold, Lord of the Earth, of spices that tickled the palates of men like ambrosia from the gods, of palaces inlaid with pearls and fiery gems, of isles and continents swarming with elephants, monkeys, men without heads and giants with one eye—lands of miracle governed by the Grand Khan of Tartary.

AT NOON the deck boys of the flag-ship received their order to sing the call to the midday meal. Cuevas could hardly restrain a laugh as he heard the shrill girlish voice of Lucero summoning the captain-general and his company to be seated at their tables aft.

Terreros stood at Don Cristobal's elbow supervising the personal service of my lord the Admiral. It was Lucero's duty to bring the great platters to the table and to go the rounds with the wine. As she helped the men, one by one, she looked around the company studying the different faces. Some she already had seen at Palos; others had arrived the evening before the departure. But in the chair next to the captain-general sat an individual conspicuous among the others for the splendor of his attire and his many ornaments of gold. He ate for the most part with lowered head and paid no attention to the pages who were serving. But just as Lucero's eyes fell on him, he raised his head and looked back, indifferently, at her.

But the two gazes became more insistent and intense. Lucero had to make an effort of will to keep from dropping the great platter from which she had been helping the various gentlemen.

She had recognized Pero Gonzalez and he had seen in her the fugitive Jewess of Andujar!

He had sought her everywhere, but in vain! Now he was meeting her here, quite unexpectedly, on board this little ship sailing out into the Unknown!

However, one thing was certain: the girl could not escape for a long while! And this reflection brought a smile of cruel satisfaction to the royal butler's lips! No, he would not speak. Gonzalez now had time on his side, and time would enable him to have his way with her!

A fight aboard the Santa Maria, with Fernando temporarily at the mercy of his enemy, and the unexpected discovery of a new friend for the harassed lovers occur in the February instalment of Blasco Ibañez' Novel

\$10,000 and One Year to Live (Continued from page 27)

bombardment of the alpha rays emanating from the salts eventually breaks down the blood-forming centers. Anemia develops and the diseased condition spreads throughout the skeleton. Bones upon which there is constant weight or pressure are most susceptible to this destructive action."

Yet, in the face of this, Miss Fryer clings to hope. She takes an intense interest in the cases of the other afflicted girls and acts as a means of contact between them and the physicians and specialists.

There is no doubt that Miss Fryer's surroundings in the trust company have had much to do with her habits of thrift. Money does not represent luxuries to her way of thinking. It means security. Environment has expressed itself in her reactions to the \$10,000 as it has in other ways to Miss Schaub and Mrs. Hussman.

The two remaining doomed women are sisters. To one, Mrs. Larice, the money has brought almost priceless happiness. She purchased a comfortable car and with her husband took a vacation in Canada. Little extravagances that she had longed for all her life are now hers for the asking. Simple people, the sudden wealth took away much of the cruelty of approaching death.

To the other sister, Mrs. McDonald, the

money only added to the tragedy of her life. Immediately the check for \$10,000 arrived her husband quit his job and proceeded to enjoy this sudden affluence. When the poor woman protested there were quarrels, even fights, so that in the end there was a separation.

But despite all this Mrs. McDonald was able to invest a part of her money in a trust fund that is to be used to educate her two children. In the certain knowledge that they will receive good educations and have some little start in life, she gains comfort and peace of mind. The shadow of poverty and want is dissipated. Only death that will bring surcease from pain and suffering awaits her.

So it is with the other four. For three or four years each has suffered terribly. Death will be only a long and beautiful sleep. They have been able to bring bits of happiness to their families. They have been granted tiny vanities and dreams of their own.

I am almost inclined to believe that deep down in their souls they almost believe that the \$10,000 they received for their lives was a good bargain for them.

They face death calmly. These months of grace have brought them much joy and happiness. And then there is always a little hope; someone, somewhere may find a cure before the final summons is served.

Learn to Fly (Continued from page 57)

less success, that of Harvard being one of the foremost.

The student pilot should realize that he has to keep at his flying regularly, following the first solo flight, if he really intends to become, and keep, proficient. In fact it is not wise for even an experienced pilot to take up a plane alone after a few weeks' or months' absence from flying. The Department of Commerce recognizes that practise is necessary; it requires at least fifty hours of flying a year for renewal of the annual license.

I have flown a little over 500 hours—some 50,000 miles—during the last eight years. One year I was kept from any actual flying through sickness but I have averaged between fifty to eighty hours of flying during the other seven years.

As to the type of plane, it is desirable that those for instruction should have a fairly low landing speed and be not too sensitive. It should be a modern type, with modern motor. A beginner in any line always over-controls, so a medium type in size and performance is best. Automobile analogy again. One doesn't learn to drive a racer first, or a truck, although they are similar in principle to the smaller car.

There are on the market new type planes using old war-time motors. They are, of course, vastly superior to the original planes and are fairly satisfactory. These planes usually are cheaper than those equipped with modern motors and are tempting to a beginner for that reason.

Aircraft are more expensive than automobiles to purchase and operate. Twenty-five hundred dollars is very reasonable and most of the satisfactory types range from three thousand to forty or fifty thousand dollars for huge passenger planes. The small one I have just now sells for six hundred and fifty pounds in England, or about three thousand two hundred dollars. However, import duty makes the price much higher in this country. There is so much hand-work on airplanes in most cases that their cost necessarily is fairly high.

I should like to warn beginners against trying to fly very light small planes, which may be turned out by enthusiastic experimenters who will sell them unlicensed products at a low price. Not only are some of these machines unsafe, but most of them require an experienced pilot to handle them.

As to the point whether there is any reason

why women can't fly as well as men, it seems reasonable to suppose that the only difference is in the degree of their respective strength. Naturally women are more independent in a small plane than in a heavy one, though handling in the air is not so difficult as on the ground. *Not enough women have tried flying to make comparisons of any value*, and not enough have had the chance for much time in the air. For women, no army or navy training is available.

With a small sport model the average woman will have no trouble in handling it on the ground as well as in the air. I can push my plane out of the hangar, "swing the prop"—that is, start the engine—and do all the ground work myself. It is quite as easy for a woman to handle her own plane as to handle her sport car.

I hope women will play a large part in developing the popularity of small planes for sport. The social possibilities of this sort of flying in connection with country clubs are especially attractive to the feminine mind; while just playing about in the air in one's own plane ranks with yachting as a sport.

After all, the best measure of what interests people is what they talk about. And it is no exaggeration to say "they" are talking, thinking—and acting!—aviation as never before.

"Is flying always safe?" they invariably ask.

Certainly not.

All flying is not safe. Much flying is.

There is safe flying, just as there is safe automobiling or safe sailing.

With tested airworthy ships and skilled licensed pilots, the risks of routine flying, between adequate air-ports with proper weather conditions, are small.

But there are always possibilities of the most careful plans going "hay wire." Several times I have been forced down through engine trouble and compelled to pick a landing-spot when there was little to choose from. On my last transcontinental trip I was forced down in a plowed field near Tintic, Utah, and "turned up on my nose." And once near Long Beach, California, I made a forced landing in a field of five-foot grass and turned completely over.

But all these minor difficulties are merely the "flat tires" of automobiling—little more dangerous or exasperating.

The secret of safe flying lies in the progress that is being made, even from month to month, in developing safety devices for planes and

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generally outwitting the attractions of gravitation.

I have just been reading the record of a "business plane" owned by the A. W. Shaw Company, a publishing firm of Chicago, now absorbed by the McGraw-Hill Company of New York. This plane was operated "on the road" for a full year. Its accomplishment, even in this comparatively pioneering period of aeronautics, is intensely interesting. Landing-fields, weather information and much else pertaining to practical flying are still in their infancy, yet in this ship a busy executive and his companions made 211 flights covering over 44,000 miles. Only three minor accidents marred the record and the cost, reckoned on an extraordinarily conservative basis, came to fifty-eight cents a mile—to be divided between three or four people.

It seems to me that business traveling in privately owned planes will come rapidly during the next two years. For executives and salesmen to whom time is of great value, the speed of air travel must have a particular appeal. More firms, I hope, will keep careful record of what they do and don't do, in air pioneering of this character. The results of such study will be of economic importance and interest. Flying of this kind will supplement the development of passenger air-lines, mail and express service and the flying-for-pleasure of the lighter planes.

The development of all these fields means bigger markets for the manufacturers and the resulting lower price of quantity production. And the more planes there are in the air, the better place the air will become for planes to be—the air over a country little by little being equipped with landing-fields, beacons, service stations and weather-information facilities.

To give an idea of what is being done on passenger lines, let me quote the figures of just one company—the National Air Transport: 3,306,207 miles flown without injury to a passenger or loss of an ounce of mail is their record. The planes flew through all kinds of weather over regular airways and maintained a regular schedule.

Of course aviation accidents are very much in the public eye. Flying is still novel enough so that, as I have said before, its misfortunes sometimes are played up disproportionately in the press. But aviation rapidly is becoming

If you have any questions about aviation, write to Miss Amelia Earhart, Cosmopolitan Magazine, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City

I Don't Want to Be a Mother *(Continued from page 41)*

bear children!" Not, dear elders, that you may have plenteous cannon fodder for your next war! We have learned something, we women of that generation whose life's very beginning was clouded by the hideous shadow of war. We are not, as our mothers were, to be persuaded that mere youth, health and womanhood are sufficiently good reasons for the bearing of children for the race that, up to date, has shown so little care for the children born to serve its ruthless will!

The women of my day, in increasing numbers, say firmly, "No! I will not bear children simply because you say I ought to do this. I must have better reason than that parrotlike cry that has gone up for so long . . . 'Now is your time for child-bearing, woman! Go, shoulder your burden as your mother did before you!'"

We want better reasons than that, we women of today. I want the only reason of all—that reason that has not yet come to me; that may never come, but for which I prefer to wait, deeming lesser reasons inadequate—that awesome, compelling call from the Other Side, from the unborn soul that needs me for a mother, that needs me, and me only, out of all the women on earth! The cry that will arouse in me—instant, unmistakable, imperious—that desire for motherhood without which motherhood has no right to be!

commonplace, and it will be interesting to see how long the disproportionate news value of air casualties will last.

I am told that the kick from Missouri mules causes more accidents in that state than all its fliers put together can contrive—but the mule gets no credit in the papers!

Curiously, insurance companies' statistics show more accidents occur in the home, which is supposedly the safest place in the world, than anywhere else. And speaking of insurance, a correspondent inquires: "If flying is not dangerous, why is it that insurance companies will not insure pilots?"

My correspondent is misinformed. Pilots and air passengers may take out insurance, both accident and life. It is true the rates for such policies are somewhat higher than for more common risks. They differ in respect to the type of flying engaged in; what kind of license the pilots hold; and Department of Commerce rating of the plane.

It would be well for you who fly, or who intend to fly, to have your policies examined expertly. Generally speaking, if your flying as a passenger is only incidental to your other activities, and you employ a licensed pilot and a licensed ship, you will find yourself protected.

Professional airmen are insurable but usually at higher rates than men in other occupations. Naturally those whose work it is to maintain regular schedules are considered greater hazards than those who go aloft only under favorable conditions.

At present there is impatience on the part of some fliers who feel the \$25 or \$50 per \$1000 per year—the usual increase—is excessive. However, air travel is coming so fast that it seems likely that the adjustments spoken of will occur very soon. Recently one of the largest concerns reduced its rates, and others doubtless will follow.

In California I rode from Los Angeles to San Francisco on the Maddux Air Lines. One can get a ticket accident insurance on this, as well as on other established routes, just as with railroad fares. I got a thousand dollars' worth for a few cents; also for \$1.87 I was issued four policies of \$2500 each, in force while a passenger on these lines. There were some restrictions, as that of daylight flying, but none to interfere with ordinary service.

"Do I refuse motherhood because I fear pain?" Oh, ancient jee! I do not fear pain—I have suffered, as have most women, and know that pain is a price that one must pay for most of the finest experiences in life. No, I do not fear pain!

"Do I dread the loss of liberty?" I do not. I can make sufficient money to pay for a child to be looked after adequately without giving up my personal liberty to look after it myself.

"Do I dislike children?" Far from it—I love them, and they love me, but I do not feel that urge to possess one; that yearning that, I contend, is the sole justification for the office of motherhood—an office too high to accept casually, reluctantly, or with smug complacency.

I refuse motherhood, not because I fear it, or despise it—I refuse it because I have too deep a sense of its vastness, because I regard it as a vocation in the greatest sense, the gravest, and therefore, like those who devote themselves to that other vocational life—the religious—unless the "call" comes to me, I will not take upon myself this great responsibility . . .

Unless the call comes, I shall pass through this incarnation without the experience of motherhood, and conclude that those who have the reins of Life in their hands know what is best for me.

Common Sense (Continued from page 45)

had meant to Ridgely and lamented the plucking of a flower before its time.

Fast upon its issue came the news outlined above—namely, Fenton's auto-rescue—but for some reason which we shall never know (even Sammy Hard doesn't know), the editor decided to ignore it. Perhaps he felt there was too much for retraction. An editor may, with dignity, if not grace, withdraw the import of one article or even two, but he cannot, without impugning his whole editorial judgment and veracity, repudiate an entire edition, even the advertisements, for many of the business concerns had paid for large blocks of Sympathy and Condolence to the bereaved family.

Or perhaps he felt the matter was being sufficiently covered by the metropolitan papers and very sensibly figured he would not reduplicate their news. At any rate the following issues—and this, mind you, while the whole country was raging—were given over to amazing accounts of snakes in India, colonization in Africa, the exports and imports of South America with particular attention to Chile and the Argentine, rainfall in the Canal Zone, and the population of New Zealand; and his editorials dealt magnificently with challenging questions on the tariff, though election was two years off, and a demand for investigation of conditions on Ellis Island. Altogether, it was as masterly a demonstration of playing ostrich as I ever have been privileged to see.

For different reasons, though the results were astoundingly similar, the Westminster Church had gone ahead with the memorial window. Miss Emma, in the exuberance of grief and belief of heritage, had thoughtlessly written a check, the church treasurer had deposited it, the glazier had been commissioned, the existent window removed and the work of lettering well under way before they learned such haste was not only unnecessary but unseemly. The glazier had obstinately called a contract a contract, there was no money in the treasury to pay for a third window and the old one had been broken in removal, and Miss Emma was in no humor to lay out an additional sum from her own pocket, as events decreed, instead of from the estate.

From no motives of penury or policy, however, did Millicent Farris follow a course that led in the same direction. The day after Ridgely's laconic explanation she had come out with a signed statement, released by the Associated Press.

In response to the many queries that have come to me from various sources, let me say: I am the granddaughter of a Gloucester sea-captain who went down with his ship—suicide on the bridge when he saw there was no hope, not for himself, as rescue-boats were at hand, but for his vessel. So far as I am concerned Fenton Ridgely was lost at sea.

(Signed) MILLICENT FARRIS

And with that she went into heavy mourning, extremely becoming to her fragile blond beauty, and wore it until two weeks before her marriage to a visiting French nobleman, who had been attracted, I understand, by the exquisite portraits in the rotogravure sections.

Lost at sea!

With three separate skinny fingers Fate so pointed the way. A newspaper record undisputed by its files, a memorial window in the town's most conservative church and a beautiful fiancée swathed in filmy black—who could doubt that Fenton Ridgely was, for us, "no more"?

But that still didn't solve our problem. Psychologically he might be dead, but how should he be greeted in the flesh?

"A good trip, old man?"

"Smooth passage?"

"Well, well, you're looking fine! Nothing like a sea-voyage to put you on your feet. Let's see, what line did you take?"

Or, "That's all right, my boy, we all make mistakes. Live and learn, I always say."

"Let me know when you're sailing again, old chap, and my mother-in-law will go with you."

"After all, mental courage is a lot more than physical—why, I know dozens of great big men who are scared to death of a dentist!"

You can see for yourself the possibilities.

The first meeting was what everyone dreaded, and the afternoon he arrived (some ten days after the disaster) the circulating population reached the low mark of twenty years. The Ridgely girls were called to the death-bed of a relative in Pennsylvania—a doubly fortuitous stroke as it enabled them later to use the mourning-garments ordered for Fenton. The manager of the foundry promptly took to bed with a slight attack of mumps—or maybe it was hives. The mill-superintendent decided it was an excellent time to attend to a long-delayed operation of minor importance. And so general was the epidemic of colds and grippé among those in precarious position, that the Sick List, printed by our editor with thoughtful charity or equally thoughtful malice, looked like that of congressmen when a dangerous measure is up for the vote.

But our precautions were needless, for they brought him home too worn and exhausted to care, or even know, that we had scurried like rats; and for a month Doc Fleming, called in as family physician by the specialist from the city, crisply forbade all visitors before there was time to show there would be none.

So it was Easter Sunday before Fenton knew.

I'll never forget that morning. The choir, having taken their halleluiahs like firemen going up a ladder, resealed themselves in a relieved surprise at no fatalities, the congregation gave that little flurry of gratified movement which substitutes for applause in church, then gave themselves over to their own thoughts as Doctor Manson rose to read the story of the Resurrection as told by Mark.

His voice droned on, punctuated by the last-called tolling of a rival church down the street: "But go your way, tell His disciples and Peter that He goeth—"

Suddenly his voice broke. He stared and his eyes grew wider and wider in a sort of hypnotized frenzy.

Every neck in the church turned: down the aisle stumbled Miss Mattie, the meeker sister, flustered and hot in purple bengaline, and with her, Fenton, gay and debonair, with rosebud boutonniere. Some swiftly averted their eyes as if from light that dazzled, others stared on, fascinated, blinded. The air was electric, the silence shrieked. Doctor Manson found not his voice but a voice, strange and far-away and gasping: "Let us pray."

Thankfully we slipped to our knees, and there followed a gentle trickling of words, words, words, till our nerves were soothed and a semblance of peace returned.

Doggedly he plunged into his discourse on "If a Man Die, Shall He Live Again?" At least that was the subject announced, though he might very easily have repeated the multiplication table or alphabet, as our thoughts were riveted to that ghastly moment that must follow the service, when friends clustered for a word of greeting. . . . We had dodged our fate when we might have met it like men, and now were trapped, like mice, in the house of God.

Suddenly toward the close of the sermon—at any rate it ended the sermon—Fenton's eyes wandered from the preacher's desperate gaze and fell on the memorial window: Christ walking on the waters. He stared, blinked in unbelief, looked again—his name and the date of the wreck and the words "Lost at Sea"—turned toward poor Cousin Mattie, then began mental reconstruction.

His mouth twitched—he quickly pulled it to shape; his eyes crinkled; the lips twitched again; his face grew scarlet; his chest heaved

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It may not be his fault that he is dull and stupid in his classes, indifferent in his play. Septic children are *all* thus handicapped and frequently have unpleasant breath or body odors as well. Septic children are badly outclassed!

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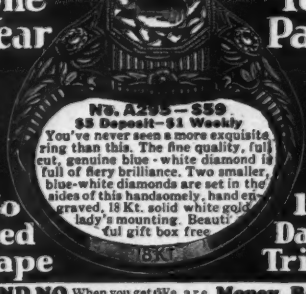
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convulsively—I recognized the symptoms from his school-days, and it came—a startling combination of giggle and snort that unmistakably had its origin in mirth, possibly derision. He hastily gave an empty cough but it was too late; Fenton Ridgely had laughed—in church—and they didn't know why . . .

That settled it.

Not a hand was held toward him, not a word spoken, every back was conspicuously turned, as they passed down the aisle after the service.

He held his head high, his lips fixed in a smile, and eyes fastened just six inches above and beyond any glance that might meet his, and carefully steered Miss Mattie, now little more than pulp encased in silk, through the crowd which had gathered from neighboring congregations as well as our own.

A faint hiss, hardly more than a whisper . . .

We never saw him again.

That sounds incredible when you consider he lived on in our midst for another year. It was done quietly, without gesture; seemingly by accident he was always busy or resting and couldn't be disturbed, and it is only in looking back, deliberately searching, that I find he never again set foot off the pleasant farm at the edge of town, which he had walled in; nor did he permit any one of us to get beyond the grilled-iron door. Except Doc Fleming, who saw him regularly twice each week.

This was more than Sammy could bear.

"What's the matter with him?"

Fleming grunted. "Nothing."

"How does he pass the time, there all alone with those two hens?"

Fleming reflected. "Reads."

That startled me—Fenton Ridgely reading!—and it left Sammy agast.

"Reads? Do you mean to tell me he sits there hour after hour, day after day, week after week, reading?"

"Would you mind telling me *what* he is reading?" I asked.

Fleming considered. "Books."

I gave up, but Sammy pursued, "Don't you think it would be a good idea, doc, for a bunch of us to drop in some evening for a game and sorta cheer him up? Wouldn't it do him good?"

Fleming's acid glance ate through Sammy's altruism as he answered drily, "He doesn't need to be 'done good.' The boy's well and happy."

"Happy!" This was from all of us.

"The happiest person I've ever known."

"My Lord!"

"After all," he went on, "there's a great freedom in being dead: it permits you to live your own life."

Sammy rallied. "He's losing his mind, that's what it is, living there a'one and—"

"Shut up." Doc's eyes flashed and he started to flare, then changed his mind and gave a laugh. "Yes. Yes, I guess that's what a gossip, cackling old woman like you *would* think."

Sammy flinched and he went on kindly, "But I wouldn't mention it to anyone if I were you, for it doesn't do you credit and might get you into trouble. And I'd hate to see you in trouble, Sammy—horsewhipped, for instance, or anything like that."

Van'ty and physical fear. He had struck them both, and Sammy mumbled a retraction. "Forget it," said doc, "and I mean just that: forget that a word has been said," and he swung around to include the judge and me. "Is that perfectly clear?"

It was, and we went on with our game.

We understood why a year or so later when Fenton died of heart-strain after a slight attack of flu, and his will was filed for probate: meticulous bequests of one hundred dollars each to every possible claimant as heir and the residue to charity. Not in a lump sum as is usually done, passing on to administrators the problem of what to do and how, but budgeted with careful, almost loving thought, and with all the minute details of financing worked out for each project.

Fleming was radiant. "It's a fine job and he did it all himself. Yes, sir, read every book he

could get on philanthropy, studied economic and social reports—why, he even read speeches by congressmen!—then laid out his program."

An outright sum for research in childbirth. Another to be left at interest till sufficient to build and endow a children's hospital. Insurance for all employees and a trusteeship for their widows and orphans. A trust fund to maintain a home for working girls at rates they could afford to pay. A free nursery for working mothers . . .

Women and children, women and children . . .

"Conscience!"

"Remorse!"

"You can't get away from a thing like that."

"Trying to make amends . . ."

"Blood money . . ."

"Too late!"

Fleming endured it as long as he could, then one night exploded: "Amends, nothing! You fools make me sick. This was all thought out and planned that night at sea—"

He broke off, then after a few puffs and chews at his cigar resumed, "Now that I've said that much I may as well go on. He wouldn't let me while he lived, but now . . .

"When the word came that night and they knew it was only a question of hours, maybe minutes, he noticed this girl, Rachel Epstein, off in the corner alone, like a sick kitten, crying, and he got to talking to her, to take her mind off of what was going to happen. He'd never known a girl like her—he tried golf, tennis, Paris, the theater, dancing, and she couldn't talk on any of them. All they had in common was physical life which would soon be over. So just to keep the words going and thoughts out they started to trade earliest recollections."

"This kid from an East Side tenement, with eight others born as fast as the stork could bring them . . . The death of her father, who'd owned a push-cart for a while, then been an old-clothes man . . . Summers when heat stifled and rain turned to steam on the pavements; winters without coal when they'd huddle together in one room. Never enough to wear, never enough to eat . . . This trip, third class, was the finest thing she'd ever known."

"For the first time in his life, he said, he saw what money could mean; and in the same breath he realized that *his* would mean nothing, just be passed on to relatives, who'd spend it awhile, as he had, then in turn pass it on."

"And all the time this kid was crying, not for herself but her family, what they'd do without the money she was to send them . . .

Then the women drew for places and she was lucky. And they tried to figure out some way she could see his family, take a letter maybe, telling them how he'd like to see the money used—a sort of last testament if not will. But there wasn't time for a letter, besides—"

"A fat chance of their believin' it, even if I got to see them!" she said—the kid had been around, you see, and learned all about Santa Claus."

"Or doing it if they did," he thought to himself, for while he hadn't seen so much of the world he knew his own flesh and blood."

"It's a shame," she said, "either I ain't got your money or you my ticket."

"The thought came to them at the same time and the girl put it into words. At best they gave her less than a year to live, a year of sweating and slaving, and she wasn't sure the job she was shipping to was only waiting on table . . . And after that her family would be destitute, *nothing* . . . Whereas if he were saved—not that his life meant more than hers but what he could do with it."

"And that's what he meant," Fleming concluded, "when he said it seemed to him the part of common sense. And he did it, and the kid was right, you can see. There's only one thing I'm afraid of . . ."

It happened, of course. The relatives, all thirty-three of them, brought suit on the grounds their beloved kinsman was mentally unbalanced—he'd proved it on both land and sea . . .

And the will was set aside.

The Scarlet Nemesis (Continued from page 55)

Hôpital Beaujon; but, as her wound healed quickly, a few days later she was transferred to the famous Saint-Lazare prison and placed in the cell where Madame Caillaux had awaited trial in 1914—a distinction of which she was not a little proud. Her ceaseless energy and personal charm did not fail her in prison; and soon she was surrounded by an admiring circle of nurses, nuns and matrons.

One of the nuns, a Sister Claudia, was delegated to bring her back to the religious fold which she had deserted years before; and the result of this attempted reclamation revealed the strange power of the girl who had sacrificed everything to a political ideal. It was the reformer who was eventually reformed. One morning Sister Claudia fled the prison, renounced her sacred sisterhood and joined the group of young fanatics whose priestess was in jail awaiting trial for murder! . . .

And now there occurred a somber and mysterious event that lifted the Berton-Daudet case into the realm of true Shakespearean tragedy. To this day it has not been satisfactorily solved; but its influence, both psychological and material, was destined to play an important and romantic part in the life of the girl who had enacted the rôle of the scourge of God.

On the afternoon of November 24th—ten months after Germaine's incarceration—Philippe Daudet, Léon Daudet's son, was found dead in a taxicab, shot through the head.

At first the identity of the body could not be established; and the following day there appeared merely the formal notice of the suicide of an unknown young man. But on Tuesday, the twenty-seventh, the press of Paris carried the following announcement:

We learn with regret of the death of young Philippe Daudet, son of our colleague, M. Léon Daudet, director of L'Action Française, deputy of Paris . . .

Five days later there appeared in Le Libérateur, the radical paper, an article signed by Georges Vidal, the well-known communist; and straightway the "death" of Philippe Daudet took on the aspect of a national scandal and became an intimate part of the Berton murder. Vidal stated that on Thursday, two days before young Daudet's death, a youth of eighteen or twenty had called on him, declaring himself to be an ardent anarchist. He had confessed that he loved Germaine Berton, and had stated that he wished to avenge her and sacrifice himself for the cause.

Vidal had spent the evening with him and attempted to calm him, but without success; and the next day the young man, who had given his name merely as Philippe, had called again.

This time he had left several manuscripts and letters in Vidal's keeping, as well as two hundred francs, although he had retained sixteen hundred francs in his own possession. This was the last Vidal had seen of him.

Immediately after the announcement of Philippe Daudet's death Vidal sent to Léon Daudet a letter addressed to Madame Daudet, which had been among the papers left with him by his unknown visitor. In the letter Philippe begged his mother's forgiveness for the pain he was about to cause her, and explained that his duty demanded that he take his life.

The police investigation into Philippe's death established the following facts:

Philippe left his home in Paris on the twentieth, four days before he was found dead, and went to Havre, where he registered under a false name. The object of the trip was never ascertained. He returned to Paris two days later and paid his first visit to Vidal. That night he sought shelter with a young anarchist, Jean Gruffy, to whom he confided that he had come from Havre for the purpose of killing Léon Daudet.

At four P. M. Saturday afternoon, November 24th, he took a taxicab on the Boulevard Magenta near the Gare du Nord. A few

minutes later the driver, named Bajot, heard a shot and found the youth slumped in a corner of the seat.

A policeman was called, and the taxicab was driven to the Lariboisière Hospital; but the victim died without regaining consciousness. The bullet had traversed the front of the skull from the right to left; and, in the opinion of the hospital authorities, it was a case of suicide. Several witnesses declared that they were near the taxicab when the shot was fired, but that no one had been seen to enter or leave the car.

No papers were found on the body; and the pockets of the clothes yielded only two cartridge-clips and eighty-three francs. The driver stated that the young man had been shabbily dressed and without an overcoat; but the hospital's inventory of the patient's possessions included an overcoat which was later identified as having belonged to Philippe Daudet.

Other facts, some of them curiously contradictory, were brought out. The police reported that Philippe had gone to a cabaret on the night preceding his death; had borrowed ten francs from one of the porters; and had returned the next morning to ask where he could sell or pawn his overcoat.

The porter had lent him twenty-five francs more, and Philippe had written to Vidal asking him to repay the thirty-five francs from the two hundred deposited with him. (One wonders what became of the sixteen hundred francs during the few hours between his second visit to Vidal and the time he borrowed ten francs from a cabaret porter. And one also wonders whence came the eighty-three francs found on him after death.)

Another mystery centers about the bullet by which Philippe died. The taxicab driver found the exploded shell of the fatal bullet; but the bullet itself, which, after traversing the skull, should have lodged in the cab, was never discovered.

The police reports did not satisfy Léon Daudet. At first he had asserted that an autopsy was superfluous and that no suspicious circumstances surrounded his son's death.

But on December 4th—ten days after the tragedy—he declared that the case was clearly one of murder, and made a formal demand that an immediate investigation be held by the attorney-general. Monsieur Barnaud was appointed examining magistrate, and a thorough inquiry was instituted. But though the young man's body was exhumed and a post-mortem performed, no evidence of murder could be found.

A curious new fact, however, came to light. L'Action Française published a statement that, after a more careful inspection of Philippe's clothing, a small slip of paper had been discovered in one of the pockets, containing several names and addresses in an unidentified handwriting. One of the names was that of Henry Torrès, the attorney of Germaine Berton.

Thus the girl in prison was again connected with the mysterious death of Léon Daudet's son. Monsieur Torrès naturally issued a vehement protest, denouncing the implied accusations against his client and her political associates.

One other episode is worth recording here. The police during their second investigation unearthed a witness who swore he had seen the taxi-driver, Bajot, outside of the offices of Le Libérateur two days prior to Philippe's death; and L'Action Française at once hailed the fact as clear proof that Bajot had been in league with Daudet's enemies.

On cross-examination, however, the witness admitted that his testimony was wholly imaginary, and that he had been hired to give this false evidence by Léon Daudet himself. Whereupon L'Action Française characteristically accused the police of aiding and abetting the radicals.



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The investigation by both the police and Monsieur Barnaud proved, practically beyond doubt, that Philippe had committed suicide after having planned to murder his father.

This conclusion was strengthened by Vidal who, having talked with the boy without suspecting his identity, asserted there could be no question that Philippe, who had been in a state of fanatical exultation, had first decided to kill his father, but after a tragic inner conflict had chosen suicide.

Even, however, in the face of overwhelming official and unofficial proof Léon Daudet was not content to let the matter drop. He proclaimed in several articles that his anarchistic foes had lured his son to death and had taken advantage of the nervous spell under which he was laboring to force suicide upon him. He also declared that Philippe's letter to his mother had been dictated to him.

We may better understand this tragedy of young Philippe if we know something of his nature and his mental struggles. The descriptive record of him at the hospital gave him as between eighteen and twenty, with blue eyes and a regular nose and mouth. He had always been an abnormal, sickly child, and his poems and other writings, posthumously published by *Le Libéraire*, revealed an astonishing morbidity of temperament and a precociousness almost unique in one of his age.

According to an article in *L'Action Française* he had, since his eleventh year, been suffering from a *tendance morbide à la fugue*—a morbid tendency toward flight—the attacks of which lasted from twelve to forty-eight hours. Under the influence of these spells he had several times run away from home. He was unable to resist these flight impulses, and often begged his father to keep him under strict observation.

It is said that his trip to Havre just before his death was due to one of these attacks. That he hated his father we know; and it is in keeping with his abnormal psychology that, when Germaine was imprisoned for what amounted to an aborted murder of Daudet, he should have committed suicide to save himself from an overpowering instinct toward patricide.

But whatever the explanation of the workings of his tortured, unbalanced mind, his act of self-renunciation was fated to rebound to the advantage of the imprisoned girl for whom he had declared his love. Perhaps he had felt some such premonition during those last black hours.

In any event, his death gave glamor and extenuation to the murder she had committed through hatred for Daudet, Senior. And it enshrined Philippe forever in her heart.

He became for Germaine a saint and martyr. She believed herself to be his bride. His picture was her constant companion during the last days of her imprisonment . . .

Then came the final scene when this embittered girl was brought before the tribunal of justice to face her accusers. Among the many *causes célèbres* of modern times the trial of Germaine Berton takes a unique place. For melodrama, for spectacularism, for emotional appeal, it has few equals in the whole history of jurisprudence. The presiding judge was Councilor Georges Pressard, a jurist of wide repute. The prosecutor was Attorney-General Joseph Sens-Olive; and César Campinchi acted as attorney for the mother of Plateau, the murdered man. Henry Torrès, one of the greatest criminal lawyers of France, represented Germaine.

At the very outset of the trial it was evident that far more was at stake than the conviction or acquittal of the defendant. French politics was to have its day in court, and Germaine was to be made a symbol of vengeance. Monsieur Torrès not only defended his client; he launched an impassioned attack upon the party against which Germaine had fought in the battle of the political factions. His fervor spread beyond the court and its spectators: it was taken up by all Paris; it was felt in the distant cities of the Republic.

In vain the attorney-general objected. There was no stemming the avalanche of Torrès' venom and denunciation. It swept on and on, converting the murder trial of a mechanic's daughter into a political tribunal of national and even international importance.

The girl in the prisoners' dock was soon forgotten; but withal she was a picture worth studying.

She sat very erect, her shoulders noticeably narrow, her oval face, of the true *gamine* type, lifted defiantly toward the array of counsel. In her little gray dress with its white Eton collar and tie, her red cheeks almost hidden beneath a bell-shaped hat, she looked more like a schoolgirl than a militant Nihilist.

When she was called on to testify her expression was calm and untroubled. Her voice had a metallic ring, and her statements were terse and to the point. She exhibited no sentiment. She made no appeal to the sympathies of the court; nor did she seek to arouse the pity of the jurors. She said frankly that she had nothing to regret, and even gloried in her act. Bravely and resolutely she stood by her ideals.

She admitted her previous sentence of three months for striking a police officer and her arrest for carrying weapons. She told—not without pride—that she had once received a saber-cut in a street riot. She boasted of her revolutionary activities and acknowledged her various incendiary articles in radical publications. But, above all, she voiced her hatred of war and of all those who preached war . . .

Then came her peroration, magnificent and tragic, futile and sublime—the courageous *morturi-te-salutant* of a lost cause. Yes! She had killed a Royalist, a defender of militarism, a hater of the common people. She had avenged the many victims of L'Action Française who had suffered imprisonment for their anti-war activities. She had dipped her banner in the blood of the enemy.

Her deed had been dictated by her conscience, by all that her heart held to be noble and true. Therefore she repented nothing, she retracted nothing. Her one regret was that she had allowed Léon Daudet to escape! . . .

When Daudet himself was called he showed, contrary to his custom, great restraint. The vitriolic and loud-mouthed outpourings with which he had so frequently regaled the *Chambre des Députés* were conspicuously absent. He even refrained from the slightest suggestion of heated oratory. The evident hostility of public opinion had undoubtedly depressed him; and perhaps he felt that the death of his son had been in the nature of a terrible retribution.

It may be that he feared the outcome of the trial and looked ahead to a day when this fiery nemesis of a slim girl again might seek to carry out her plan to kill him. Or was his attitude dictated by a shrewd idea that his quiet humility would prejudice the jurors against the defendant?

But no legalistic tactics or personal posing could have averted the storm that was gathering about him. As he left the witness-stand, Germaine turned on him with all the ferocious loathing of her passionate nature, and cried out:

"Monsieur Léon Daudet, I wanted to kill you because you are responsible for the murder of Jean Jaurès. It was *you* who killed him! We loved Jaurès—even we anarchists. Jaurès meant for us a symbol—the soul of a noble France. Monsieur Daudet, I bitterly regret having shot Marius Plateau and not you!"

Jean Jaurès! The name had an instantaneous and magical effect. Jaurès! He had now become Germaine's defender. His spirit had risen, and it dominated that tense tribunal. Its power acted like a spell. And in that moment Léon Daudet was convicted and sentenced by the girl who was on trial for a murder of which he was to have been the victim!

In the great court-room strange and startling things took place. The representatives of the radical and socialist parties continued the attack so spectacularly begun by the prisoner.



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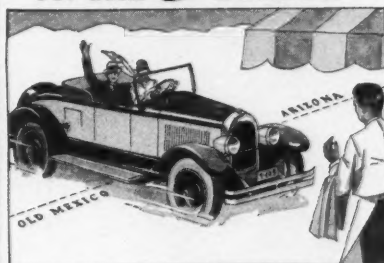
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Famous men and women, whose oratory recalled the old days of Hugo and Zola, came forward as witnesses. It was like another Dreyfus trial. One and all testified eloquently to—nothing relevant to the issue.

Only one name was heard—Jean Jaurès!—whose murder they had come there to avenge. Augustin Hamon, the famous Shaw translator; Marius Moutet, the defender of Madame Caillaux; Léon Blum, the eminent critic and deputy; Marcel Cachin, director of "L'Humanité" and former council general of the Seine; Ferdinand Brissot, the dramatic historian, director of the "Annales," and Commander of the Légion d'Honneur; Jean Longuet; Georges Pioche—men of all creeds and political opinions were united by the magic of that one name: Jean Jaurès.

André Lefèvre, the Minister of War, and General Sarraill, the defender of Saloniki, took the stand in behalf of the defiant girl who had gone forth, a solitary crusader, against the powers of militarism. Pierre Hamp, the poet, showered the court with impassioned rhapsodies in the defense of a second Charlotte Corday. Madame Séverine, the noted philanthropist and writer, appeared for the prisoner. All these, and many others of national and world distinction, were there to turn the tribunal into a second Académie Française.

And through it all Germaine sat with philosophic unconcern, her large beige-colored cape thrown carelessly back from her slender shoulders, tidying her hair with the aid of a small pocket-mirror.

On December 24th, six days after the opening of the trial, Monsieur Torrès rose and, drawing his black robe about him dramatically, summed up for his client. His *plaidoyer* was at once great oratory and great literature. It was conceived and executed as only an inspired French advocate could have done it; and it ranks among the most stirring summations in legal history. It was a masterpiece of pleading, crowded with references to religion, art, science, philosophy, history—in fact, to almost everything in the world except the unimportant issue before the court.

In a final burst of eloquence Monsieur Torrès invoked the deep and sacred sentiment of the season. It was Christmas Eve, the anniversary of that night nearly two thousand years ago, when the mother of the world's greatest apostle of peace, the world's greatest hater of war, came to the little inn in Bethlehem...

The jurors, almost without leaving the box, voted a verdict of acquittal. Germaine Berton was free, her crime condoned and forgiven!

That night Paris held a *réveillon* second only to the wild celebration on armistice night in 1918. And Germaine was its patron saint.

Thus the curtain fell on one of the most spectacular criminal cases of our day.

But this is not quite the end. There is another picture to be added—an epilog poignant with wistful tragedy. In this picture we glimpse the unrequited sorrow and the thwarted romance of a heart too tender, too idealistic for the harsh realities of this life... A year later, on November 1st, 1924—All Saints' Day—Germaine is found unconscious on Philippe Daudet's grave in the cemetery of Père-Lachaise.

Next month Mr. Van Dine's second article in this series of famous criminal cases will deal with "The Murder in a Witches' Caldron," the sensational and grotesque tragedy of Franziska Pruscha, who was tried in Vienna in 1924 for the strangling of an old woman as the result of jealousy for a boy of nineteen. The Pruscha case was one of the most widely discussed murders of modern times, and contained elements almost unique in the history of criminology.

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